What German Paratroops Carry

BY FRANK GERVASI

Collier's

JULY 26, 1941

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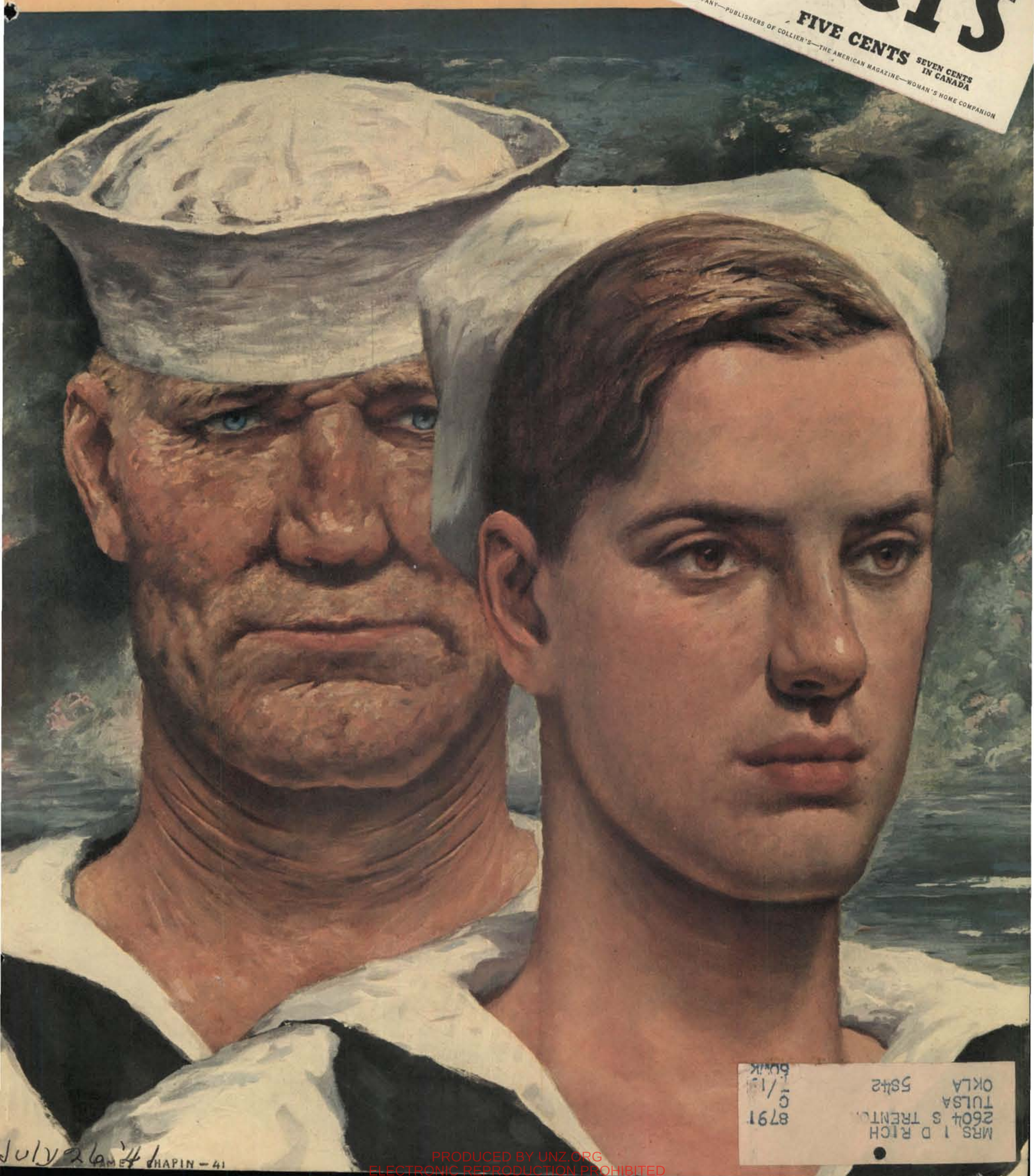

July 26 '41

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Sail your way through Summer
Keeping crisp and cool—
Let a bowl of Krispies
Be your daily rule.

Snap!
Crackle
Pop!
Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES

Ahoy, CRISPNESS!

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RICE KRISPIES
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RICE
KRISPIES
POPPED RICE WITH SUGAR
MALT FLAVORING

the lasting kind

"Get away from it all!" That's the ticket! And while you're at it, get away from those ho-hum, humdrum breakfasts. Delicious Kellogg's Rice Krispies can give you real vacation-time zest *every* morning.

What a picture! Start with a generous heap of these mellow-flavored, golden bubbles. Highlight them with your favorite fruit. Splash in frosty milk or cream. Then listen as Rice Krispies proclaim their crispness—snap! crackle! pop! What's more, you'll find they *hold* that famous crispness to the final mouth-watering spoonful!

Yes, here is *extra* goodness! It's the result of a unique Kellogg flavor recipe, oven-popping, and gentle toasting. Get the Rice Krispies habit. Enjoy them often at home . . . traveling, too. Leading hotels, restaurants, camps and trains feature Kellogg's Rice Krispies in individual packages.

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

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MADE IN BATTLE CREEK
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES • RICE KRISPIES • ALL-BRAN • WHEAT KRISPIES • PEP
KELLOGG'S 40% BRAN FLAKES • KRUMBLES • KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT

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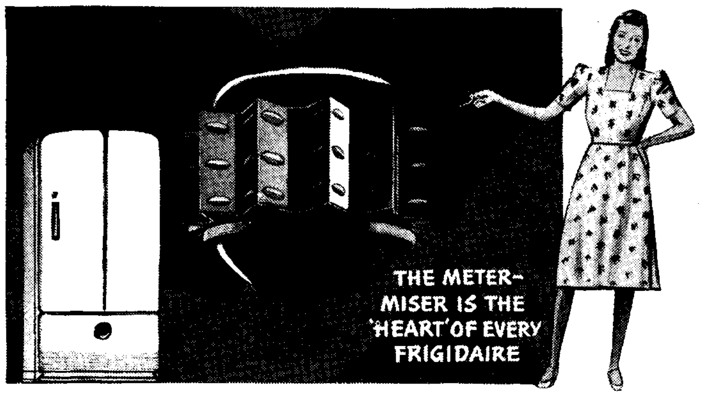
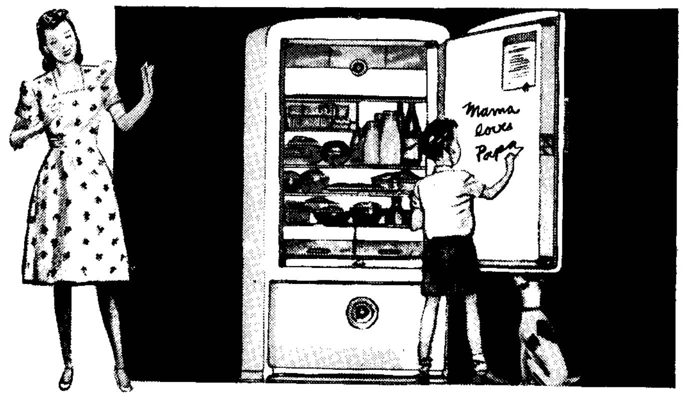
"My beautiful Frigidaire Cold-Wall gives me grand conveniences and wonderful economy that I couldn't find in *any* other refrigerator at *any* price!

"FRIENDS ALWAYS TOLD ME Frigidaire was best . . . and they were right! It's *miles* ahead, and has loads of exciting features! I knew I couldn't make a mistake. Frigidaire, you know, is made by General Motors—the same people who make those grand motor cars, like Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet!

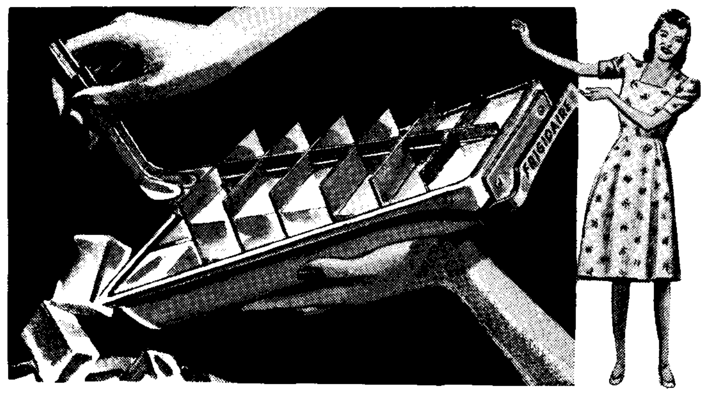
"IT'S NOT AN ORDINARY REFRIGERATOR . . . oh, no! Chilling coils within the walls keep vegetables dewy-fresh and preserve precious vitamins. And I don't even have to cover foods! That nice, friendly salesman showed me lots of other models, too—each one just bursting with features you'd *expect* from General Motors. For example—


THE METER-MISER IS THE 'HEART' OF EVERY FRIGIDAIRE

"SAVING MONEY'S FUN—Just think! Frigidaire's famous Meter-Miser mechanism has 22% more freezing power this year—yet thanks to General Motors' superb engineering, it uses less current than ever!



"YOU'LL BE THRILLED—with the smooth, satin beauty of Frigidaire's Lifetime Porcelain. *Every* Frigidaire food compartment—even the inside of *every* door—has this easy-to-clean, sanitary finish! Many models have Lifetime Porcelain inside and out! See them all—*today!*



"LIFT A LEVER, AND BINGO—there are your ice cubes! No broken fingernails, no lost tempers. No separate gadgets to lose or break. With Frigidaire's exclusive Quickube Tray, you get ice instantly—every time! Yes, you'll find Frigidaire is way ahead in *all* ways."

FRIGIDAIRE SUPER FREEZER
FRIGIDAIRE GENERAL MOTORS
FRIGIDAIRE HYDRATOR
FRIGIDAIRE HYDRATOR

CAUTION: Unless a refrigerator bears the Frigidaire nameplate, it is not a genuine Frigidaire, made ONLY by General Motors, world's largest builders of automobiles, motors and refrigerators.

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COVER JAMES CHAPIN

ANY WEEK

THE chances are dazzling that you don't care much that we have recently visited the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Nevertheless, we get that way every now and then. Once under a similar emotion we called on the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. About the Bartholdi symbol in the harbor, however, we noticed as we stood at its enormous bronze feet that a gang of men were repairing and refurbishing her. One was on her right shoulder. Another was scaling her vast face which, incidentally, is turned toward France. The first was yelling something at the fellow on the bridge of her nose. The second was nodding his head—yes. We don't know what the man on her shoulder was saying. But we like to think that he was asking a question—"D'ya see any tears in her eyes?"

WE HAVEN'T kept count. We don't know, for example, how many organizations there are in this country devoted to lashing us into a holy war frenzy against Hitler and his pathetic stooges—Mussolini, Darlan and the rest of the quaking crew. However, we're inclined to agree with a letter we've just got from Mr. Jere Hannibal of Del Rio, Texas. It should be understood at once that Mr. Hannibal is no appeaser. Nor has he been swayed away from a healthy prejudice by the false promise shoutings of our isolationists. "Yet," sighs Mr. Hannibal, "can't some of these firebrand organizations be persuaded to stop duplicating effort and turn their uproarious energies to exhorting the United States to put its own house in order? If we can't lick our own Quislings, if we haven't got the will nor the strength to be firm with outlaw strikes, materials hoarders, food speculators, nonco-operative industrialists and free-lance profiteers, how are we going to lick a one-purpose, ruthless Hitler? That man started right: He licked his own country first."

IN INCREASING numbers we're receiving letters from Englishmen—chiefly soldiers—telling us that this magazine is a very present help in time of need. Almost invariably, however, the letters contain a request that we put the writers in touch with nice, good-looking American girls. We agree with a certain modest heartiness with the first but are having some trouble understanding the American girl yen. Of course, we know that the American girl is pretty peerless, but we're wondering what's wrong with the English girl, or what's become of her. There's a lack of patriotic gallantry in these letters. Mr. Edmund Tenbury, of Great Grimsby, asks for the name and address of "one of your slim young unbombed beauties" and Lance Corporal G. Trippin, of Maidstone, Kent, desires correspondence with "one not too young, a flibbertigibbet, nor too old, a maiden aunt." These are samples. Out of them all we gather that war has not been kind to the British girl, that a bomb-sheltered life has not endeared her to the British youth. And this is more tragedy than we thought because we saw several of them just before the war and got so enthusiastic that we had some trouble with (1) a cop, (2) a Horse Guard and (3) a beautiful English actor. Baybee! That mouse in the red hat at the Savoy Bar, for example. Her name, oddly enough for an Englishwoman, was Vi. On this score, therefore, we're not wholly in sympathy with such as Mr. Desmond Charles Stoan, of Tynemouth, North Shields. He says: "I should like a pretty American girl who is not purposeful, who has no powers of analysis, who has more chic and less intellect, who is not out to reform society to meet The Aftermath. I ask only that she be able to read and write small words."

THE War Department has just sent Mr. Ed O. Jambrich of Evansville, Indiana, a copy of the official Army Song Book. This inspiring compilation has been got together in the interests of soldier morale. The theory is that selections therefrom be sung by soldiers in their spare time, thus keeping them from less healthful recreations. Mr. Jambrich notes with some satisfaction that the songs that soldiers sing officially have not changed since he was in the Army twenty-three years ago and that jive has not crept in with its modern dissonances and pagan cacophonies. But the old slow narcotics—Auld Lang Syne, Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny, I Been Workin' on De Railroad, Juanita, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, Pack Up Your Troubles, Smiles and My Wild Irish Rose—are in there with the other deathless drippers. "I notice though," writes he, "the inevitable sign of the fifth column. In this collection there are such songs as Minstrels Sing of An English King and Home, Boys, Home. The former, if sung in the words that we gaffers used to use, is not warranted to fill us with reverence for our English ally. Maybe you remember it. And the latter is filled with discontent, reminding the lads that there are pleasanter places than Army camps. However, I do find that they've left out I Wanna Go Home, a nostalgic ballad of bawdy birth which we used to sing in France and which the morale mammas tried to have proscribed. They went so far as to ask General Pershing to ban the singing of I Wanna Go Home. And Pershing, bless his tough old heart, threw them out, roaring: 'Who the hell don't?' "

WHEN Quentin Reynolds returned to England for this magazine he took with him a movie of one of America's biggest airplane plants. He invited his friend Lord Beaverbrook to see it. The tremendous Beaverbrook, as you know, has been Britain's Minister of Aircraft Production, setting a record under all but impossible conditions which America might profitably shoot at. He is now Minister of State, a sort of Assistant Prime Minister. The point is that we think Beaverbrook's letter to Mr. Reynolds worth reading. "My dear Quentin: I am most grateful to you for bringing the film over. I shall, of course, be very glad to see it. I should not receive congratulations from you. I should give thanks for all you have done to explain the English struggle to the American people. This nation will live free and the people will always remember you with gratitude and devotion."

HOWEVER, our Jim Marshall, just returned from a survey of a survey of our military morals reports that the New Battery Park Hotel in Asheville, North Carolina, is advertising itself as "the most antistreamlined place in the United States." And the town of Fitzgerald, Georgia, has decided to forgive and forget. In Fitzgerald, all the south side streets are named for Southern generals; all the north side streets for Northern generals. This latter verifies what we've been suspecting. Mrs. Jennie Zoe Hafftiller, of Montgomery, Alabama, is fostering a movement aimed at the substitution of Darnyankee for Damyankee and, although we have heard nothing from him directly, we have rumors that the Honorable Pat V. James, of Hotcoffee, Mississippi, is out to abolish the Mason-Dixon Line. And while it has nothing to do with that, Mr. Lawrence Byles, of Little Rock, Arkansas, notifies us that there's a roadside diner near Tulsa, Oklahoma, which displays the sign: Polly Doe, The Thin Man's Friend.

STRING beans a specialty. . . . W.D.

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Why you should act your age

At any age, it is wise to know your safe limits of work and play. As you pass forty, however, it becomes increasingly important to understand and respect those limits.

After forty, diseases of the heart and circulatory system begin to take their heavy toll. It must be remembered that heart muscles and blood vessels grow older just as does your external appearance. As they do, coronary heart disease and circulatory diseases, particularly, are more liable to develop.

So it is the better part of wisdom to act your age—to adjust your habits, modifying your activities to match your capacities—even though you don't *feel* the need of doing so.

For instance, after forty it is well to avoid sudden indulgence in unusual or over-long exercise—don't be a "week-end athlete." Ease up on your more strenuous activities, and get plenty of rest. Avoid overweight, and take more seriously the annual physical examination that so often detects the first stage of trouble before serious symptoms appear. Above all—*follow your doctor's advice.*

This doesn't mean that you must *worry* about your heart, or entirely abandon your usual recreations. Sensible consideration for your heart, on the contrary, should bring *freedom* from worry, and the likelihood of enjoying *added* years of fun and usefulness.

Of course, warning symptoms of possible heart trouble, such as fainting, shortness of breath, sense of oppression or pain near the heart, call for the immediate attention of your physician. He may make use of such aids to accurate diagnosis as the X-ray, the fluoroscope, and the electrocardiograph. He knows best how to guide you in safely and sensibly acting your age.

For valuable information concerning the hearts of young and old, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart."

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An interesting 10-minute technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"*—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

"I say: 'Put Sealed Power Rings in your car. Then you'll save more on oil and gas than I save by washing our windows.'"

SMOOTH but saving, too!

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

SEALED Power Piston Rings do great things for a car—make it run smoothly, swiftly, thriftily. You get remarkable oil economy as well as thrilling pep and power. That's why ace mechanics specify them *always*. These rings, you see, are designed by the same engineers who create the rings used in 12 of the 18 American makes of automobiles. Surely, these engineers know what rings your car needs for top oil economy and power. Sealed Power Rings are now available in sets engineered for your particular make of car. Ask for them. They cost no more than ordinary rings. Sealed Power Corp., Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars!
Best in old cars!

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WING TALK

HANS GROENHOFF

Army Air Corps Cadets who don't make the pilot grade now have a second chance as navigators, gunners, bombardiers

QUALIFIED though he may be in every respect, the Flying Cadet has no assurance he will come out of the Army training schools with a pair of wings. It used to be that when he was washed out the Army Air Corps was through with him and he was through with the Air Corps. But not so now. The lad who has the educational and physical qualifications, but is a wee bit short of that certain something that spells the difference between a pilot and none at all, and who still loves to fly, has another chance. He can become a navigator or bombardier. And he can keep his commission as a second lieutenant, for which he worked so hard.

It takes more than a pilot to take a heavy bomber to distant points, perform the assigned mission and return to base. That pilot couldn't do it if he didn't have a good navigator to get him to his objective and a good bombardier to know just when and where to drop the bombs to destroy the objective. The three constitute an inseparable team and the boy who can direct the bomber to the objective, maybe thousands of miles distant, and the boy who knows just when to lay the eggs from 30,000 feet or even higher, means just as much to the Air Corps as the boy who lifted that load off the ground and brought the ship home safely.

THE day is not far off when the air will be teeming with 50,000 or more airplanes—military, airline and private. Up to now the system of airway traffic control has been adequate for the volume of traffic. But as air traffic of all kinds increases, so is there the need for more protective measures. In anticipation of the day of crowded skies, the CAA has gone to work on a collision-prevention system which should be ready for practical application when the airways really become congested.

The system now under study is an elaboration of the radio altimeter developed a few years back by United Air Lines and Western Electric. By sending out a radio wave toward the earth and picking it up on the rebound, the pilot has accurate information at all times as to his height above ground. (The standard airplane altimeter registers height above sea level.)

Now this radio altimeter, or terrain indicator, also can be used as an obstacle detector by projecting the beam horizontally. The CAA engineers hope to radiate enough energy so that the beam will go 20,000 feet vertically, and also 20,000 feet horizontally, which is very important.

With the detector sweeping the airways in all directions for a distance of about four miles, should another plane be at that same level, the radio waves would hit it, bounce back to the receiver and give the plane with this device sufficient time to do something about it.

ONCE upon a time a guy who would voluntarily jump out of an airplane with a parachute was catalogued with flag-pole sitters, human flies and marathon dancers. How they have been vindicated!

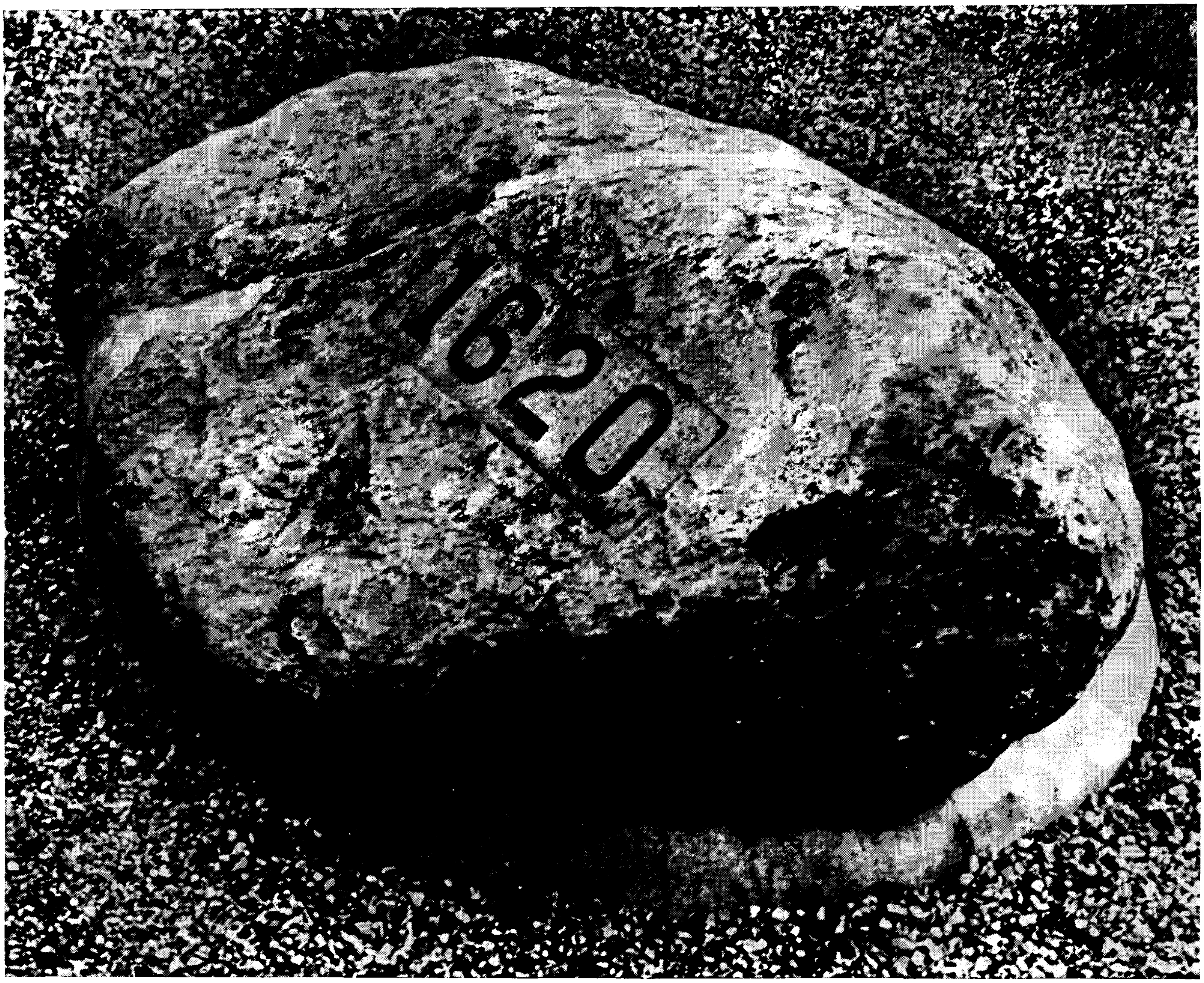
The exhibition parachute jumper took no chances at first, but as cash prizes went up for spot landings, the boys worked the delayed jump, pulling the ring when they were uncomfortably close to the ground. But they were always in the air and free from entanglement with the plane from which they jumped.

Our parachute troops have no such latitude. When they jump out of a troop carrier, their parachutes open automatically by means of a 12-foot strap, one end of which is attached to the chute pack and the other anchored to the plane. Then they've got to hit a military objective, a bridgehead, a crossroads, or an airdrome, and go into action immediately with their tommy guns and hand grenades. And there's only one way to assure that marksmanship—jump at a low attitude, as low as 350 feet. This produces those prime essentials, speed and surprise, and also reduces the chances of being picked off on the way down.

GATHER around, all you kids who up to now have suffered, as your reporter has, because you are not over six feet tall with big broad shoulders and lots of beef on the bones. Your Army Air Corps looks to you, more than anyone else, to save the country from invasion by bombers. How? By being in the cockpits of our interceptors, pursuits and fighters.

For high performance, this type ship has to be kept to a minimum of size and weight. It's come to the point now where the pilots have to be tailor-made. Latest orders from the Air Corps specify the cockpits large enough to accommodate pilots from five feet four to five feet ten. So, you tall, handsome brutes, go over to the bombers and leave it to us short people to operate the fast-flying pursuiters and shoot down any big bad bombers that dare to approach our shores.

F. R. N.



Good Old Rock_

UP IN NEW ENGLAND there is a rock at the edge of the sea.

It is unadorned. The hand of man has changed it only by cutting on its surface the date 1620.

Thousands visit this rock and are inspired. For Plymouth Rock is a monument to courage, fortitude, endurance, unselfishness and vision... in almost superhuman degree.

Plymouth Rock might well be called the threshold of the American Way of living.

The pioneering spirit which created this nation has, to the everlasting credit of our people, never faltered.

There is a good measure of this indomitable American courage in the car that proudly bears the name PLYMOUTH—famed as the pioneer of better engineering in a low-priced car.

At its start, Plymouth faced real obstacles. It was an unknown car. It was meeting competitors strongly intrenched. But by pioneering out ahead of every other low-priced car—with such advances as hydraulic brakes, all-steel bodies, and many more contributions equally important, Plymouth marched through all obstacles—including the most trying business years of our time. Success was swift, spectacular, continuous.

The triumph of Plymouth pioneering is one of the brightest pages in the history of an industry celebrated for brilliant achievements.

More than four million Plymouth cars have proved on the highways and byways of the world that forward-looking ideas, well carried out, win a quick and loyal following.

Looking ahead—you can count on Plymouth to advance the tradition which its founders began by making a better car. People have come to say—"Plymouth builds great cars." Building the best car a low price can buy is the rock upon which Plymouth's public service is based.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO.1 CAR

DON'T DOUSE EVEN DURING SUMMER!

No matter how unruly summer's sun and winds make your hair, don't douse it with water or anything else. "Dousing" makes hair look unnatural, pasted-down. For handsome, natural-looking hair, follow the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method below.

TO KEEP HAIR SMART...

AND CHECK DRY SCALP TOO!

BEWARE the effect of summer's punishing heat on your scalp. When needed natural scalp oils are dried out, Dry Scalp sets in, with falling dandruff and wiry, unmanageable hair the common results.

The 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method gives real protection against Dry Scalp . . . plus the smartest hair-grooming you've ever had. And here's all you do:

1. EACH MORNING, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair.

2. BEFORE EACH SHAMPOO, as an extra precaution, massage vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Start fighting Dry Scalp and improving your hair's appearance today. Get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic now.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

40¢ and 70¢

By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Sports records made by women include the twenty-six-mile run by Violet Piercey between Windsor Castle and London in three hours and forty minutes in October, 1926; the lifting of a 365-pound bar by the 126-pound Ivy Russell of Croydon, England, in March, 1932; and the successful landing of a 792-pound blue-fin tuna fish by Mrs. L. G. Bloomingdale off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, in September, 1940.

Thousands of Hindu ascetics in India wear all the hair they ever grew, saving the combings and interweaving them, from time to time, with their braids. When these men reach old age, they may have as many as 150 of these plaits of live and dead hair, most of which are so long that they trail on the ground.

During recent weeks, German airmen, when forced to bail out over the English Channel, have first dropped a small collapsible dinghy whose equipment contains a bottle of green chemical. When they reach the boat and pour this liquid into the water, it forms a highly visible spot about them and greatly enhances their chances of being detected and rescued by brother airmen.

Mercuric salts, especially the chloride and iodide, are believed to be the most powerful of all disinfectants. One part of perchloride of mercury in 500,000 prevents the growth of anthrax bacilli and one part in 2,000 kills all known bacteria.—*By Alfred W. Olson, Nashville, Indiana.*

The Remarriage Table of the Dutch Royal Insurance Institution, which gives the probability of the remarriage of a surviving wife, is considered so accurate that it is used by some departments of the United States government when computing a lump-sum compensation payment to be made to a widow by the employer of her late husband who was killed on his job. —*By A. G. Goodrich, San Francisco, California.*

Not long ago, a study made among a large number of persons to ascertain how closely they could judge the length of a minute, by ringing a gong at the beginning and end of their estimate, revealed that their average guess was only thirty-five seconds.

A federal law requires all American coastwise vessels to carry a certain quantity of "storm oil" to be put overboard during storms to allay the roughness of the sea.—*By Kenneth I. Foote, Belmont, Massachusetts.*

Des Moines has a Railfans Club whose members, from all walks of life, are so enthusiastic about riding on streetcars that they have one of their own, which they take out, from time to time, for a pleasure trip about the city.—*By Marie Schelles, Des Moines, Iowa.*

The British Overseas Airways Corporation operates the longest commercial airline, running between London and Auckland, New Zealand, a distance of 18,000 miles. On the west to east trip, the planes fly south to Monrovia, Liberia, cross Africa to Khartoum, proceed north to Cairo, thence to Bagdad, Delhi, Calcutta, Bangkok, Singapore and Sydney, going over three oceans and serving twenty-five countries on four continents.

No strike has occurred in the stove-manufacturing industry in the past fifty years. The employers' group, now known as the Manufacturers Protective and Development Association, and the labor group, now known as the International Moulders and Foundry Workers Union of North America, agreed in 1891, and have since kept their mutual promise, to settle all differences through strike-free collective bargaining.

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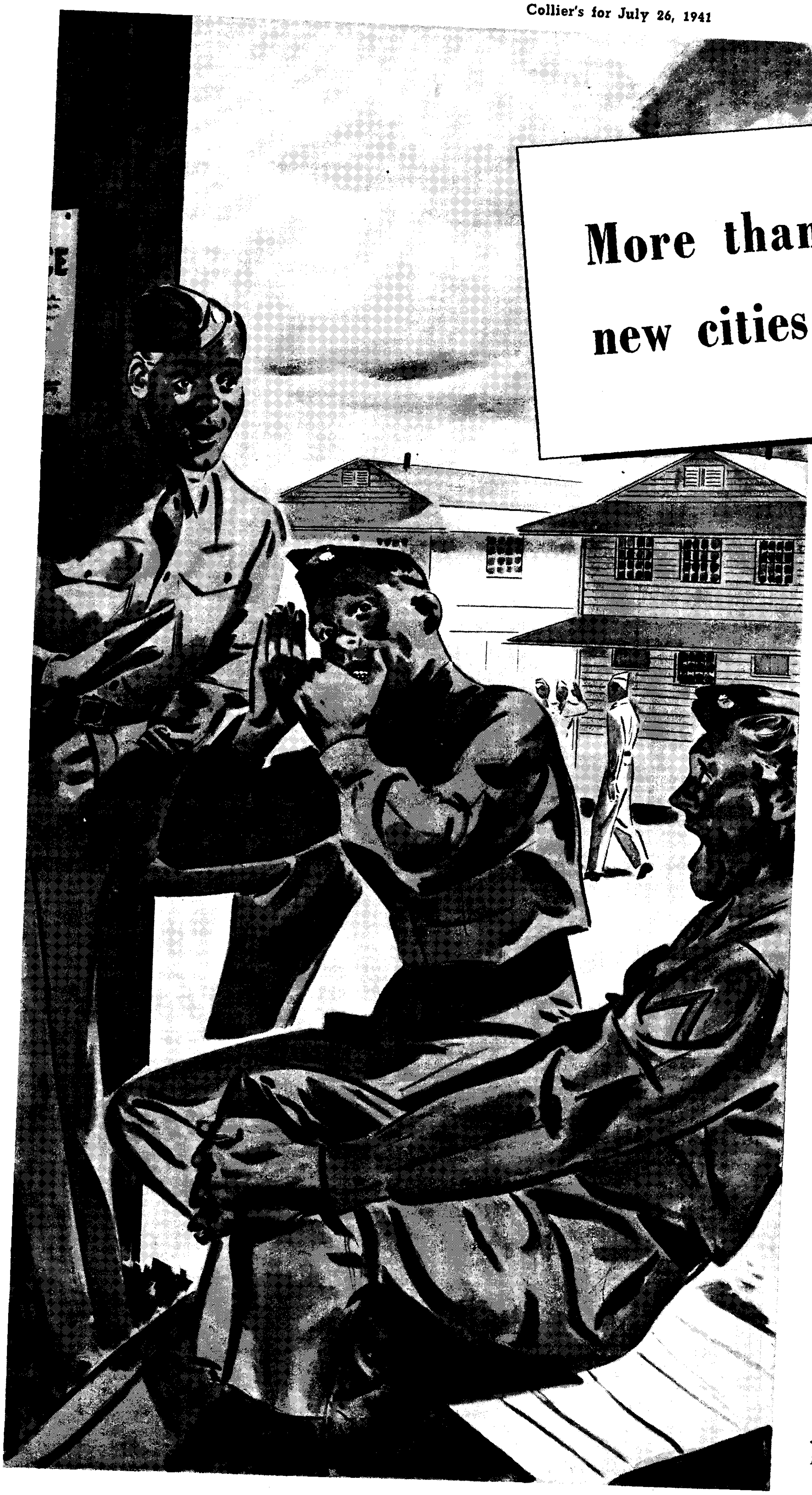

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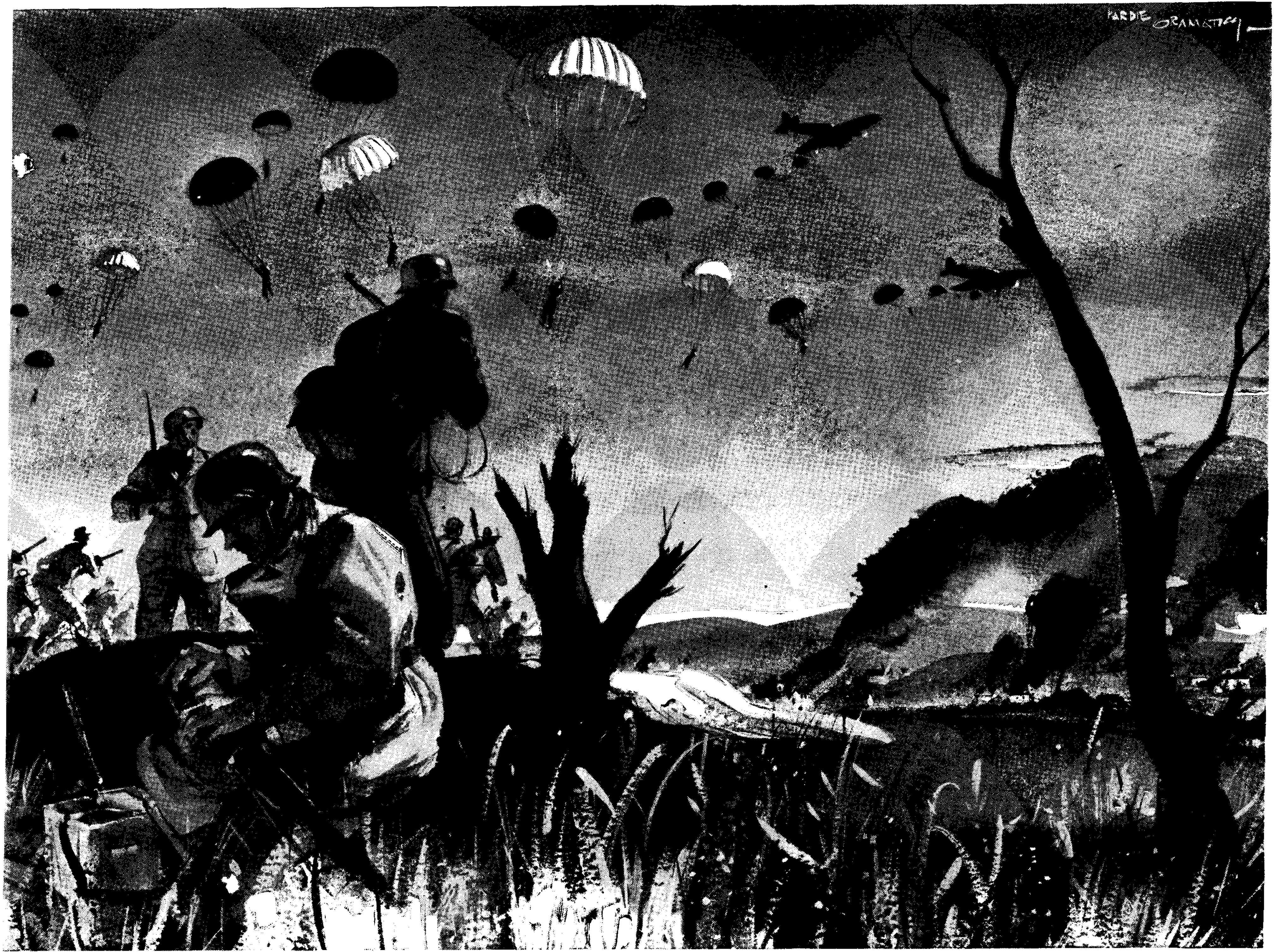
Collier's The National Weekly for July 26, 1941



HARDIE GRAMATKY

Remarkably well drilled, the parachutists rallied about their officers—who used colored chutes—and were fighting within two minutes after landing

HELL FROM ON HIGH

BY FRANK GERVASI

BY RADIO FROM CAIRO

Contained in this article are excerpts from the German operational orders for the capture of Crete—published here for the first time. They are "as detailed as the working drawings of a battleship" and they show how the air-borne conquest was carried out. Here also is the account from British eyewitnesses of the fierce and incredible battle for the island

GEOFF is an old reporter friend of mine. We covered Europe together for years and every few months we'd meet in Paris, Budapest, Rome or Berlin in the old days. I hadn't seen Geoff for nearly two years, not since one day in London just before the war when he told me he was joining up. He said he was sick of reporting. He said he hated diplomats and politicians. War was coming, he said, and they were doing nothing either to prepare for it or avoid it. Geoff said he wanted to fight. He was tired of talk and newsprint and of men of little faith and little knowledge.

When I arrived in Cairo the gang told me Geoff was in Greece. He'd joined the army as he said he'd do and he was an officer in the New Zealand forces. Geoff was an Anzac even before he was a Britisher. I remembered him as a slight, sharp-featured little man with burning blue eyes and an inexhaustible vitality, and I could see him fighting Germans with the same grim look on his face he wore that night he pounded a typewriter in the hotel in Munich. They evacuated Greece and Geoff didn't come to Cairo, and we all worried about Geoff. Greece, you'll remember, was just more of the same—one Englishman against five Germans, one British tank against fifteen German tanks, one Hurricane against twenty Messerschmitts. The British fought for nearly six weeks in Greece, bone and muscle against fire and steel, and then there was Navplion. The boys fought their way to the beach at Navplion as they'd fought free of France to embark at Dunkirk. In Cairo we wondered what next.

Yesterday I was sitting in the main salon in Shepheard's and thinking how like the movie conception of a harem the place looked, with its Byzantine columns and mosquelike high dome and the brightly striped silk coverings on the low couches with their mounds of pillows. It was cool in the salon. The doors and windows of the hotel had been shut to seal out the heat hurled from pavements and masonry by the relentless sun. I hoped vaguely that it would rain. I wished fervently that all the rich refugees who clutter Cairo and Cairo's better hotels would suddenly go away because they reminded me of Paris, Amsterdam and Athens. The light was uncertain, so I didn't recognize Geoff at first.

He'd grown square and sturdy with a face chiseled in bronze and his eyes held a level look of fierce contempt. Geoff's mouth cracked in a smile when he saw me, and that look left his eyes and he said, "Hello, guy." And I said "Hello, Geoff." And he dropped onto the couch. He said he'd just returned from Crete. His legs were sunburned where his khaki shorts ended and his long woolen socks began. His hands looked as though he'd been grubbing in nail kegs and tanning fluid and they had been cut and scratched a thousand times and were healing. Otherwise there wasn't a mark on him that you could see.

He said he was on the wagon. He said he was saving it up until later in the day. At six o'clock, he said, his leave would begin and he would be getting drunk, and would I join him? I said I would, and then I asked him how it had been in Crete. He just looked at me and said nothing and I was trying to think of something else to say when he said, "It was awful. It was just bloody awful."

They didn't mind the bombs. Except where bombs hit groups of men squarely, they didn't do much damage. A bomb that explodes fifty yards away is harmless if you're in a slit trench. It was the strafing that was bad. The Germans have developed the technique of strafing into a fine, cruel art. They strafe and scatter small fragmentation bombs that spread over a wide area and there is nothing you can do about it but stand there and keep firing your Bren gun at the Messerschmitts, and there's small percentage in that because as you fire you give away where you are and if the bombs don't get you, then the next Heinie will. "They hosed us with bullets," Geoff said.

The men lay in zigzag trenches. They'd lie for three or four hours at a time trying to shield themselves from the bullets. The German planes held the British in their trenches with the strafing while near by they dropped paratroops by the hundred. One day they dropped 5,000 in a few hours, the Germans falling out of the big Junkers planes thirty at a time, three planes at a time, three planes every seventy seconds.

"After a while," Geoff said, "you get used to strafing. You're not afraid. You just lie there, your guts tied up inside you into one cold, painful lump. I remember finding an old newspaper lying in the dirt in the bottom of my trench. I pulled it out and started reading an article on agriculture. I read it all through and got drowsy and looked at the chap next to me and he was sound asleep and the Jerries were blasting us with bullets. Funny, isn't it?"

But the boys couldn't sleep long. Once the strafing ceased the enemy would come, Tommy guns blazing, mortars throwing five- and six-inch shells or mortar bombs from 5,000 yards. Some mortars! After a heavy strafing and mortar bombing the boys would lift themselves up out of the trenches to face the enemy. They'd stumble out, bayonets agleam, and go for them.

"I can't figure it out," Geoff said. "I always thought the German was pretty brave. But he isn't, Frank. He's no better than the Italian. The Jerry isn't for steel. They'd turn and run and squeal like frightened pigs. Either he isn't for steel or he had orders not to mix with us. When the German mixed with us we gave him hell. The enemy's losses must have been terrific. We butchered them, Frank. Still I think the German had orders not to mix it because when he did he lost the support of the mortars and it made it harder for the Messerschmitts to strafe and dive-bomb."

Courage Alone Isn't Enough

Bit by bit he put together for me the pieces of the Cretan puzzle. And when he'd finished he'd proved again what had already been proved. Courage alone can't win battles and so far in their ventures in Norway, France and Greece courage has been the Briton's principal weapon. What Geoff had to say proved once again what every correspondent who has covered this war and the war in Spain already knew. It is that planes and tanks and rapid-fire arms will win every time over high faith and morale and rifles. More specifically, the battle of Crete showed the futility of any major military operation undertaken without superiority in the air and co-ordinated with at least equality in numbers of tanks and artillery and men in the field below. And Crete proved too that with aerial and armored equipment there must also be perfect ground organization insuring supplies of food, ammunition, water, fuel, medical attention and replacements of every description.

War is a craft, a highly technical craft, and in Crete the Germans demonstrated what skilled craftsmen they are. And they demonstrated that it is folly for any nation to oppose them with any makeshift military machine. No doubt the British will profit by what they learned in Crete, but for America too, now in the throes of assembling what will probably be the greatest military machine man has ever known, there are innumerable lessons in what happened in Crete.

But there's a long distance sometimes between things as generals would like to have them and conditions as they are. When you jolly well haven't got air superiority or tank superiority you've got to fight anyhow. Geoff reminded me of that and the son of a certain important British politician reminded me of that too while we had a drink on the terrace at Shepheard's. "We've just bloody well got to fight," he said, "and hold the enemy, no matter what the odds. And we're fighting for you Americans, old boy, fighting so that you'll have time to get ready."

Although in yielding Crete the British yielded an important strategic area, the punishment inflicted upon the Germans was of such proportions that the Nazi timetable for attack of the Middle East was seriously upset. German documents captured by the British showed that the Germans expected to conquer Crete in forty-eight hours, but the battle lasted eight days and the enemy was obliged to employ many times the number of troops and airplanes originally planned, which means whatever striking power they'd accumulated for action in Syria and the western desert in Egypt was proportionately reduced.

The strength and at the same time the weakness of the German military machine was demonstrated in the captured operational orders for the capture of Crete. These were as detailed as working drawings for the construction of a modern battleship. They listed what equipment paratroops were required to carry down to "pencil with point protector, handkerchief and three ounces of toilet paper." Those who are inclined to pooh-pooh the German use of the fifth columns might be disillusioned perhaps by the following excerpt of operational orders which Collier's was permitted to see at GHQ: "Fifth-column men on the island of Crete, a proportion of whom are Cretan, will make themselves known to German troops by the password 'Major Brock.' These people are to be marched (probably they meant conducted) to regimental battle headquarters." So far as is known this is the first direct documentary proof of German employment of fifth columnists as active participants in military tactics.

Individual Looting Verboten

Here are further extracts from the captured documents, the full text of which covers hundreds of pages: "Immediately locate and arrest important personalities, enemy divisional commanders and other senior officers, members of the Greek government, the mayor, bishop and chief of police. These people may be used for hostages or in negotiations.

"Get interpreters. Write out from German-Greek pocket dictionary the most important points about these people for all commanders and junior commanders. All British subjects are to be provisionally arrested. If population offers resistance ruthless measures are to be taken but otherwise spare them.

"People working in the fields are not to be allowed into town during the

(Continued on page 29)

German parachute troops in Crete during the battle for the island—an official photograph released by Berlin. Armed with rifles, grenades and machine guns, carrying supplies dropped with them, they are the men who won the initial foothold in the eight-day battle

INTERNATIONAL

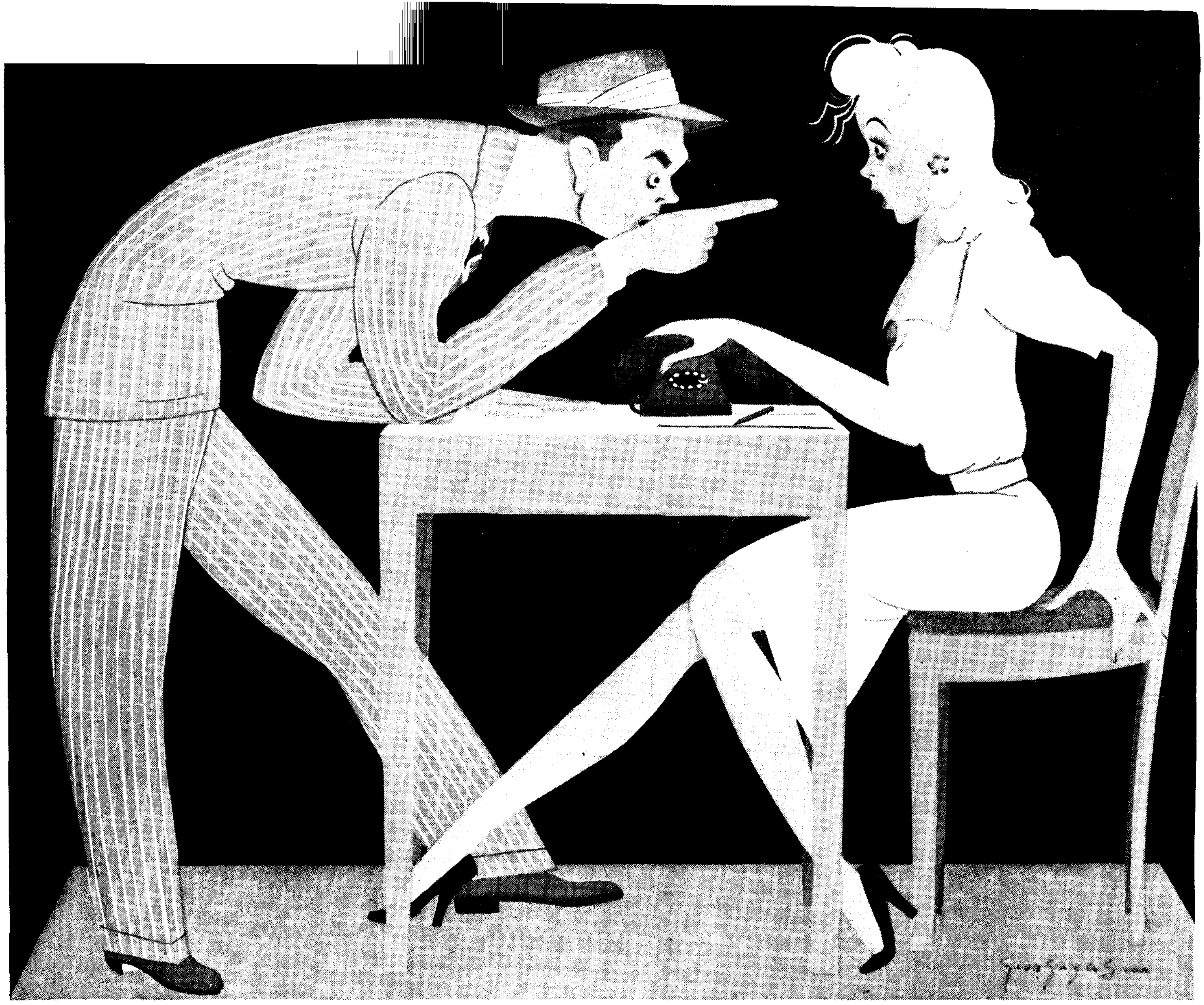
Shy Young Man

By L. L. Foreman

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Here you are," he said, "and I know where you are, and I've got to have a job." He knew he was acting like a maniac, but he couldn't help it. "You get me a job, do you hear?"



THEY bumped getting out of the elevator, and he said, " 'Scuse me," and hurried on. She went on her way, and that was that.

Later, though, he got to wondering and finally found it was the perfume. He'd smelled it in the elevator, and when he bumped into her it had been quite fresh and unspoiled in his nostrils for that instant. He liked perfume on girls; and her perfume made a memory in him. He strained to recall what she had looked like, and remembered that her hair was blond and she'd been rather small and she'd carried some kind of little green leather case.

Bit by bit he added her features. He hadn't actually seen her face at all, but he told himself that he must have got a better look at her than he realized, for pretty soon he could see her in his mind. She looked like the girl who had sat across from him in school one bittersweet year, and like a lot of girls since then, and like all the girls in the movies.

In a week he had her on his mind so much his work suffered, and that was serious. They told him it was serious. He'd done better and now he was letting down. So he got mad for once, and he said after working here for three years he considered himself in line for a raise rather than a bawling out.

They thought that was pretty uppity and they fired him. Maybe they were sorry after he'd gone, but they weren't going to run after him.

She still haunted his mind, and he blamed her for what had happened while he searched for another job. He was a color matcher and handyman in the printing-ink trade, and not a bad one. He tried the little places first because it was a little place where he'd broken in and been fired from. The big outfits scared him with their laboratories and staff chemists.

"Who've you worked for?"

"Fabenner's . . . three years. Down on River Street, near Ninety-fourth. I began as a mill hand, but I was working on the slab when—"

"Where? Oh . . . well, leave your name, and if anything turns up . . ."

That's what they told him at the big outfits when he finally got around to them.

When he went around to the biggest of the lot—Ruskin's—he wore a shirt he'd pressed over the steampipe in his room; the collar and cuffs, and part of the front that his coat and tie didn't hide.

He rolled a cigarette and smoked it quickly, and went inside before he could get too nervous. Thereby he missed the discreetly unobtrusive factory entrance, and got into the subdued splendor of the reception office. He heard the soft clatter of typewriters and adding machines somewhere, and his stomach felt empty. There would be no job here. He wanted to turn and walk out.

A voice said moderately, "Can I help you?" and he said, "Yes," and as he reached the reception desk he smelled the perfume.

HE SAW her sitting there, small and young and blond, trim as a racing yacht, but with softer lines, and he knew this was she. Besides, the perfume was unmistakable. He went all silly, and angry and desperate too. It was her fault, his being like this, out of work. And there she sat, cool and safe in a job, gazing at him with an impersonal appraisal that blankly denied any share of blame or even the smallest recognition of him.

He had not been eating much of late, but coffee and tobacco were cheap. His nerves were ragged. A kind of angry hysteria exploded in him.

"I want a job," he said, and planted his hands on the desk. "I've got to have a job."

She drew back, completely startled. "Really, I . . ."

"That damned perfume. I lost my job because of that. I mean . . . because of you. You and your perfume stuck in my mind and I couldn't work, and they fired me."

"But I've never . . ."

"And now here you are and I know where you are, and I've got to have a job." He knew he was acting like a maniac, but he couldn't help it. "You get me a job, do you hear?"

"Yes," she said faintly, and backed out.

Beyond the opened door he heard a man bark an irritated: "What? Why do you come to me about it? Don't bother me."

"But he says—"

"My dear Miss—uh—whatever your name is . . . What the devil's got into you? Go away, I'm busy. Now, look here, Bohn, if that ink hasn't been suntested how d'you know it's fadeproof? We've got to be sure."

"We *are* sure. The report from the lab shows—"

"Mr. Colter, if you'd just see him for a minute . . ."

"Huh? You again? How long have you been with us?"

"A-about four months. Mr. Bohn hired me when—"

"Yeah, I guessed that. Bohn, let her go at the end of the week."

She came back, a litle pale, closed the door behind her, and seated herself at the desk. "I'm sorry. He won't see you."

"Fired you?"

"Yes."

He slumped into a chair. "Sorry." He rested his head in his hands. "My fault." The fire had died cold in him.

She rose, and came around and sat beside him. Misery and disaster held hands. "That perfume . . . what is it?" he asked.

"*Eau de Chino.* Like it?"

"M-mm. Nice."

The door of the inner office opened. A large gray man with impatient eyes looked in, and bushed his brows the way a boss will do when he catches such goings on. He started to withdraw, changed his mind, and looked at them again.

"Miss—uh . . . is that the fellow?"

"Yes, Mr. Colter. He—"

"All right, all right. Let him talk for himself. Boy friend, I s'pose. Young man, do you know anything about ink?"

"Yes, sir. I'm a color matcher and—"

"That's what they all say. Ever match true English vermilion?"

"Well . . . I'm not sure, but I don't think it can be matched. I've got near it with a touch of madder lake and—"

"What about sienna?" The gray man eyed him without expression.

"Sienna?" He swallowed. "I've matched it fairly close, except for undertone. But I guess it's cheaper to use the sienna itself, unless it's for copperplate work."

"Why not for copper plate?"

"Well . . . they say it eats the plates. Maybe it's because it won't grind fine enough. I'm not sure."

"Are you sure of anything?"

". . . I guess not. No."

"Where've you worked?"

"Fabenner's. It's—"

THE gray man nodded. "One-horse outfit. But their ink's not bad. Hey, Bohn, start this fellow on the slab for a trial. He says he's a matcher, and maybe he is, but he's not sure. Oh, yes . . . and never mind Miss—uh—this young lady. All right, you go on in there."

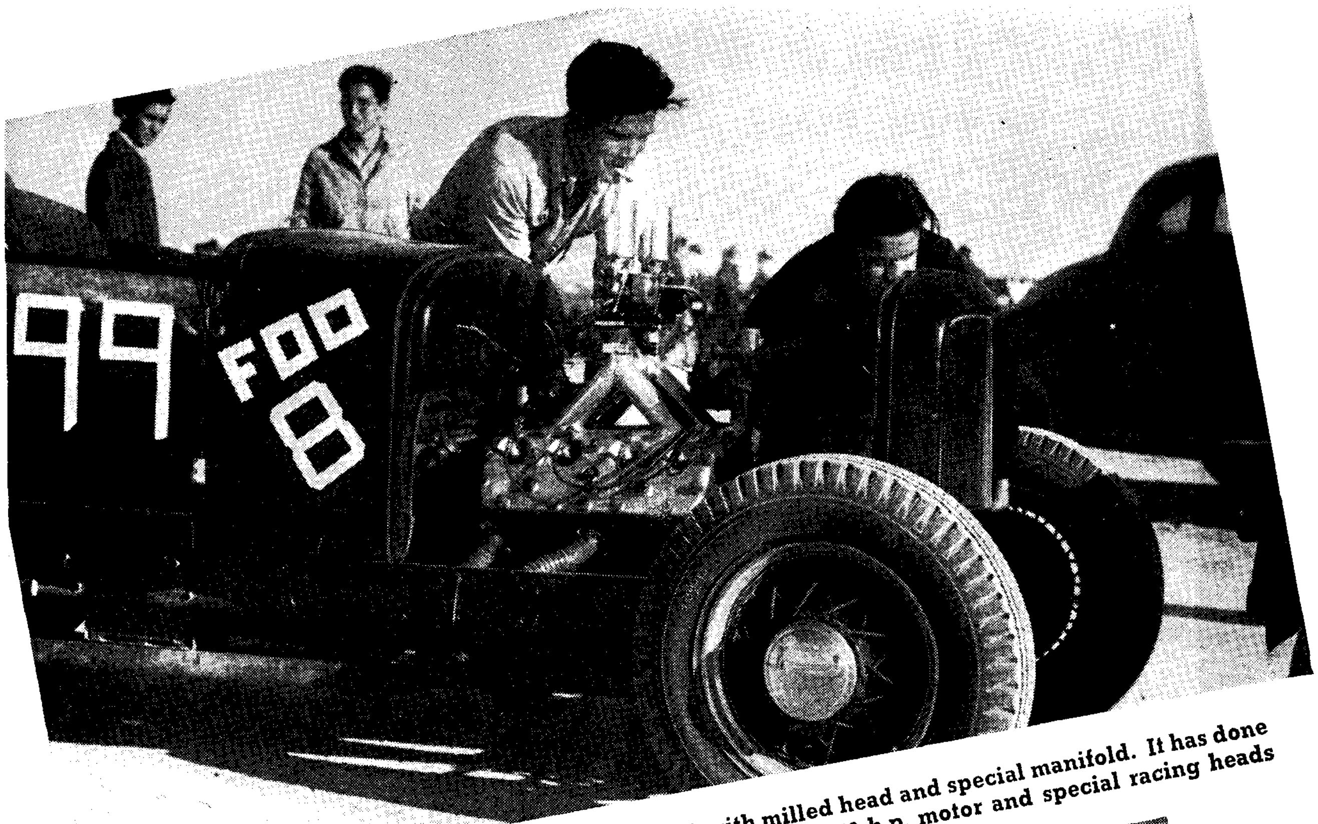
"Yes, sir . . . thank you." He looked at the girl, and her bright eyes followed him. They would see more of each other, and both knew it.

Alone, she took out her pinch of handkerchief and smelled of it, and smiled. She was glad that amazing young man liked it. It was awfully expensive perfume. She had thought it altogether too expensive, when that blond salesgirl with the cute little green leather case dropped in this morning and persuaded her to try a tiny dab of it.

Gow Jobs

By Edward Lawrence

They put a sixteen-cylinder, souped-up motor in a flivver chassis and skim across the desert at speeds well over a hundred miles an hour. Jalopy racing is the West's newest and by far its most exciting sport



Dick Kraft's No. 299 is a converted Ford pickup truck with milled head and special manifold. It has done 125.52 m.p.h. Below is Frank Wilson's Austin with Ford V-8 60-h.p. motor and special racing heads

Below, a pair of young speed enthusiasts strip their converted light truck for a time trial. Windshield and headlights are being removed; SCTA safety rules forbid glass on cars in competition

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY CHARLES E. KERLEE

THREE years ago in Los Angeles, quiet residential districts were being invaded by wild-eyed kids in hopped-up jalopies. Up and down the streets, stripped cars raced at dizzy, breakneck speeds.

Citizens complained. Life and limb were in constant peril. The arrival of the police only added to the hazards. At the first sound of the siren, cars darted into side streets in all directions, whipping around blind corners on two wheels. The resulting traffic accidents made the public, the press and the law loudly vocal in condemning the menace.

This attitude, while justified, failed to recognize a vital fact: All over the United States, in cities, villages and hamlets, grimy, greasy youngsters like these were and are producing mechanical masterpieces. Their ages range from fifteen to twenty-five, with a few veterans. Average is twenty-one.

Jalopy is a misnomer. Nothing that roars over the ground at 120, 130, 140 m.p.h. is a jalopy. It probably was patiently built up from the most remarkable collection of castoff automobile parts ever assembled under a hood.

The jalopy is an accurate indicator that mechanical genius has been bred into American youth. He was born into an age of speed. He has accepted it as his natural heritage.

These boys were not to be denied. The trouble arose in a lack of space, proper courses ideally suited to speed tests where, under safety regulations and understanding supervision, gifted young mechanics could prove the practicability of their jalopy creations. City streets and highways are no place for speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h.

In sharp contrast to three years ago, the jalopy driver has come into his own. Today, you will find him, and an endless stream from the same mold, pouring into sprawling aircraft factories, well-equipped for his task in defense industries. At aviation schools he is being turned out as the master mechanic, the designer, creator of horsepower.

A Natural for California

The jalopy builders can be seen going to work at Douglas or Lockheed or North American or Vultee in the daytime. At night, they labor diligently over their jalopies, although this is a name they despise and never use, preferring, in their spicy jargon, "Hot Iron" or "Gow Job." Most of them have gone without lunches and proper clothes and cigarettes to try and realize their dream—a rig capable of setting a world amateur speed record.

For a radical change is taking place in jalopy racing, elevating it to a higher plane. This is notably true in southern California, key center of the mushrooming aviation industry, and as far back as 1927 a hotbed of the wild model T's.

The Southern California Timing Association, Inc., was founded in 1938 by the cooler heads, who wanted to protect their hobby. The secretary of the SCTA, Art Tilton, is an officer in the United States Air Corps Reserve.

Southern California is *(Continued on page 56)*

The Weapon

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Bards are supposed to sing of battles, not to fight them. This is the story of a bard who fought his battle first and did his singing later

HIS name was Rinco César Rivera. But no one ever called him anything but just plain Rinco-tinc. Sometimes the pescadores said his name in a jocular tone; sometimes there was a touch of affectionate scorn in the way they idly tossed it after him. They thought a man must have a strangeness in his head to be always making up such merry songs as Rinco did. Especially Lía, the long-legged girl with the gray smolder in her eyes and the two thick braids of hair the color of half-ripe pampas grass coiled atop her fine, small head.

It was Lía who gave him that name many years ago when he sang her a childish song: she laughed her husky laugh at him and called him "foolish little Rinco-tinc." Even that very first song Rinco ever made was about the girl. It went a little like this:

"Tinca tinca, Lía blonda.
Lía linda, tinca-tinc . . ."

It was a very silly song, but even then he sang it with a wide and eager wonder in his eyes, looking at Lía with the tawny hair. That was when they were children together.

BUT there was no laughter now in the city of Santa Muritos. Not even in the heart of Rinco-tinc. For the corvette Halcón arrogantly rode her anchor in the gulf off Punta Marta, her gun ports bristling, the tyrant flag of Castile and Aragon aloft.

Now the drums of the landing parties cracked their dry, harsh summons. They swarmed along the Road of Blind Beggars in clusters of two and four, sword chains jangling, herding the peons before them toward the sea-wall square. And two bullock carts—a marine on either side of the wooden wheels that kept dripping dust like water—stopped at each poor house in the search for a sword, a pistol, an ancient flintlock musket some mozo might have hidden away against the day when Guzman and his ragged army should arrive to set the country free. For this was the time when the recurring dream of liberty ran again like fire in a field across that continent, rekindling a flame that leaped alive in the hearts of little men.

Bolivar was marching in the north and east; Santander, crying liberty; General Rivas of the shaggy mane, the roaring bull-like voice. Liberty! That single word, harder to kill than a thousand men, rang like a tocsin with a bell-like tongue through all the land. And from across the plains of Corbador Estéban Guzman led a barefooted horde of unarmed men toward the city of Santa Muritos, wanting only weapons to drive the tyrant out.

This the three who watched from the lower slope of the city knew, and this they saw while high overhead the peaks of the mountains now darkened by storm. There was Grandfather Tío; Lía, the girl, and Rinco-tinc.

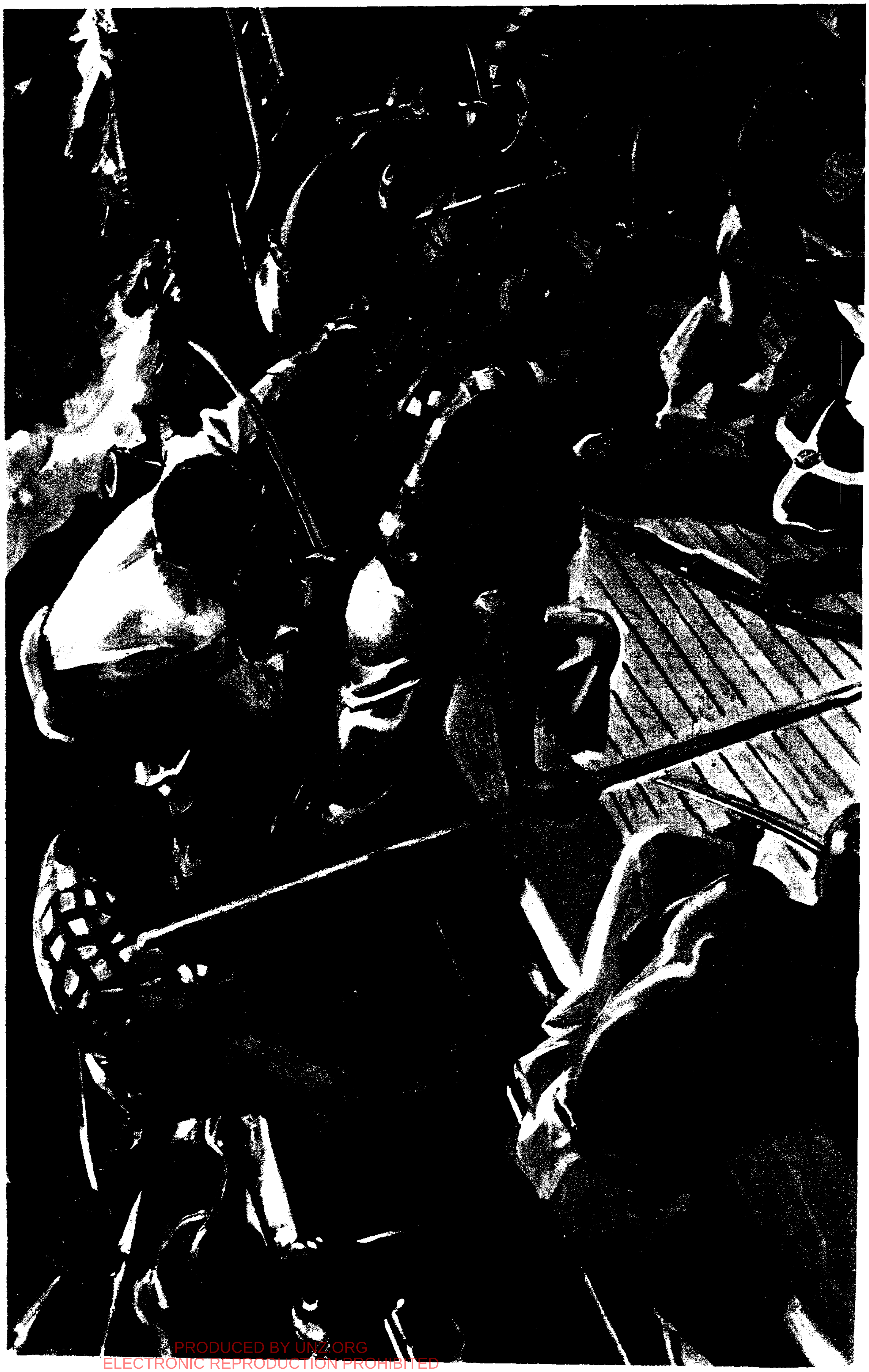
"They have the last of our weapons aboard the corvette," Lía said in her husky, soft contralto. "They put fire to the grounded schooner. Grandfather Tío!" she cried. "How did they find out?"

The old man sank back on his heels, his earthy hands resting hugely on his knees. But it was Rinco who grayly muttered, "A man who knew told them."

The girl whirled on him: "You will tell me again that Grebhardt is—"

"I will tell you nothing, Lía." Slow

(Continued on page 43)



Rinco leaped to the corvette's deck with a naked cutlass in his hand, crying the men after him. The pescadores poured over the bulwarks

Russians are Like That

By Alice Leone Moats

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

ON THE morning of the day Germany attacked the U. S. S. R. a diplomat told his maid that the war had begun. She took the news with typical Slav fatalism. "If it's come, it's come," was her only remark as she picked up her dustcloth and went on with her work.

That just about sums up the attitude of the entire Russian population toward war. The atmosphere of calm that pervaded Moscow was quite extraordinary. There were no traces of fever or panic or excitement. There were not even any demonstrations in front of the German embassy while the ambassador was still there. People went about their business as usual and, except for nightly black-outs, the sight of groups of reservists marching toward the recruiting stations and the fact that all the populace were carrying gas masks in neat bags, the city looked just as it did in peacetime.

On June 22d I was awakened at nine o'clock by a friend in one of the embassies who telephoned to advise against taking an excursion to the country that I had planned for that day. He said the news had just come over BBC that the Germans had attacked Russia at 4 A.M. and Count von Schulenburg had gone to the Kremlin at 5:30 to make a formal declaration of war. Thinking my hotel uncomfortably close to the Kremlin in case of bombings, I decided to move to a friend's house and began packing. At noon I heard the blare of loud-speakers placed on roofs all over the city for broadcasts during patriotic celebrations. It was Molotov's now historic "Et tu Brute" proclamation announcing to the Soviet people they had been at war eight hours against the nation with which two years earlier they had signed a friendship and nonaggression pact.

Going down to the lobby with my luggage, I saw that all taxis had disappeared as if by magic from the stand in front of the hotel and that queues had formed, waiting to pick up taxis that returned from depositing fares. An Intourist car was ordered, but an hour later it became clear that none would be forthcoming. I left my luggage and set forth on foot. On the way I stopped at the American embassy to find that most of the staff already had departed, following plans, prepared well in advance for shifting offices, the ambassador's residence and living quarters to a country place twenty-six miles out of town. Most of the embassies, incidentally, had made similar provisions and had sent off women, children and supernumerary clerks the week before.

Having read accounts of the pandemonium that usually occurs under such circumstances, I expected to see large crowds of frantic evacuées rushing out of the city. Instead, the streets presented their usual Sunday appearance. As I walked along I was struck by the general air of serenity. The only noise was that made by the loud-speakers announcing a complete black-out of the capital and of Moscow Province, and giving instructions for full air-raid precautions. There was no trace of alarm on the faces of passers-by: they were quite expressionless. I tried to read significance into this fact and interpret it as due to shock, but later an Englishman with whom I discussed the phenomenon pointed out that Russians always look that way. Every now and then I would encounter a knot of people standing together, deep in conversation, talking over the news, but for the most part there were only strollers going about on ordinary errands.

One thing was strikingly evident: in a few hours the former attitude of mistrust toward foreigners had changed. Everyone I smiled at stopped and spoke to me. When I made it clear I didn't understand Russian, they usually asked if I spoke German. I always hastened to preface the affirmative answer with the statement I was American. Their remarks about what they called the treachery of those German gangsters were not flattering to the gentlemen in question, but none showed any anxiety as to the outcome of the war. They were sure of victory and, though the news was already out that Kiev, Sebastopol and several other towns had been bombed, with two hundred casualties, they refused to believe the enemy would ever get close enough to the capital to bomb it. I asked each person I talked with if the news of war had come as a complete surprise. All answered that, although during the last two weeks there had been rumors of impending trouble with Germany, nobody really believed such a thing possible. One woman gave as her opinion that the war wouldn't last long. When I inquired why she thought that, she answered, "Because he is no fool."

"Who is no fool?" I persisted. "Hitler," she said, and went on her way. I still haven't figured out what she meant.

Ivan Keeps His Balance

There were already small groups of reservists marching to the recruiting stations, all carrying gas masks and many carrying teakettles. The sight created no stir among the people and, although there have been many stories of weeping women following these men, I have yet to see any. Queues had formed in front of savings banks and food stores. There was a run that day on sugar, sweets, potatoes, flour, groats and noodles.

Since then an announcement has been made that there was food in abundance on hand, and buyers have gone back to normal marketing ways. The only long queues I have seen since the first day are lines of people stretching two deep for a couple of blocks, waiting to get into Lenin's tomb; those in front of shops that sell maps; those in front of post offices turning in radios to be stored for the duration (loud-speakers of the public radio system broadcasting Soviet programs remain in all homes), and those in front of newspaper kiosks.

It is interesting that line-ups for papers are particularly long when the Moscow afternoon paper comes out. It makes a specialty of advertisements of all kinds. The other evening, watching people who had bought the paper, I noticed all of them turned immediately to the back page, devoted to advertisements. In this moment of crisis they still had time to give attention to everyday problems. This is the off season for the theater in Moscow, but five theaters, presenting operettas, comedies and dramas, as well as the circus that opened at the outbreak of the war, continue to play to full houses. Movies also are popular. Now all the pictures are either war films or patriotic or historical, depicting the former Russian victories over the Germans, or anti-Nazi films. The newspapers have been writing up Chaplin's The Dictator in glowing terms as one of the best pictures ever produced, and there is talk of showing it here if it can be obtained.

Restaurants and night clubs are also keeping open on a "business as usual" principle. The Hotel Metropole dining room is crowded every night with people gaily dancing, drinking and eating in a rather eerie blue light imposed by the black-out. Last night I went to the Caucasian Restaurant, one of the most popular in town, and noted no change since my last visit. Cossack musicians and dancers were performing with as much noise and verve as ever, and I had an excellent dinner with caviar, shashlik, coffee and wine.

On the evening of the 22d I drove about town and was struck by the amazing efficiency of the black-out. The city in the twilight, typical of the semiwhite nights Moscow has in summer (it is really dark only between midnight and 2 A.M.), looked far more beautiful than it ever did when the street lamps were on. There was not a slit of light to be seen shining from any window, and hooded red and green lanterns held by traffic policemen lent a Christmasy air to the streets.

The next day there was an announcemen over the radio that seven people had been arrested for violation of black-out rules. It seems a very small number considering the unexpectedness of the German attack and the fact people had only one day in which to put up heavy curtains and dark blinds and to cover lamps. One man I know took the rules so seriously that he nailed up green shades on all his windows, which makes it impossible to open them during the daytime. The result is that he lives in a permanent black-out and appears dressed in a weird assortment of garments because he can't find his clothes in the dark.

Too Much Efficiency

Night patrols that work three-hour shifts went into action immediately, keeping an eye on houses, checking headlight dimmers. Strips were pasted on windows to prevent shattering. Digging of shelters and trenches began in all the courtyards of the city and bags of sand to put out fires appeared on stair landings of apartment and office buildings. Tenants of each apartment house must take turns sitting up all night to listen for the air-raid siren in order to make sure everyone hears it and to wake any heavy sleepers. Patrols have shown so much zeal that one friend of mine was warned for having a light on at three in the afternoon, and a man in the country was told to do something about his white dog. At least it shows they are erring only on the side of overcaution. Air patrols fly over the city day and night. By the 23d, antiaircraft guns appeared on roofs and squares all over the city, and the evacuation of hospitals was finished. To date trains and busses continue on regular schedules and, as far as I can ascertain, no train services have been interrupted.

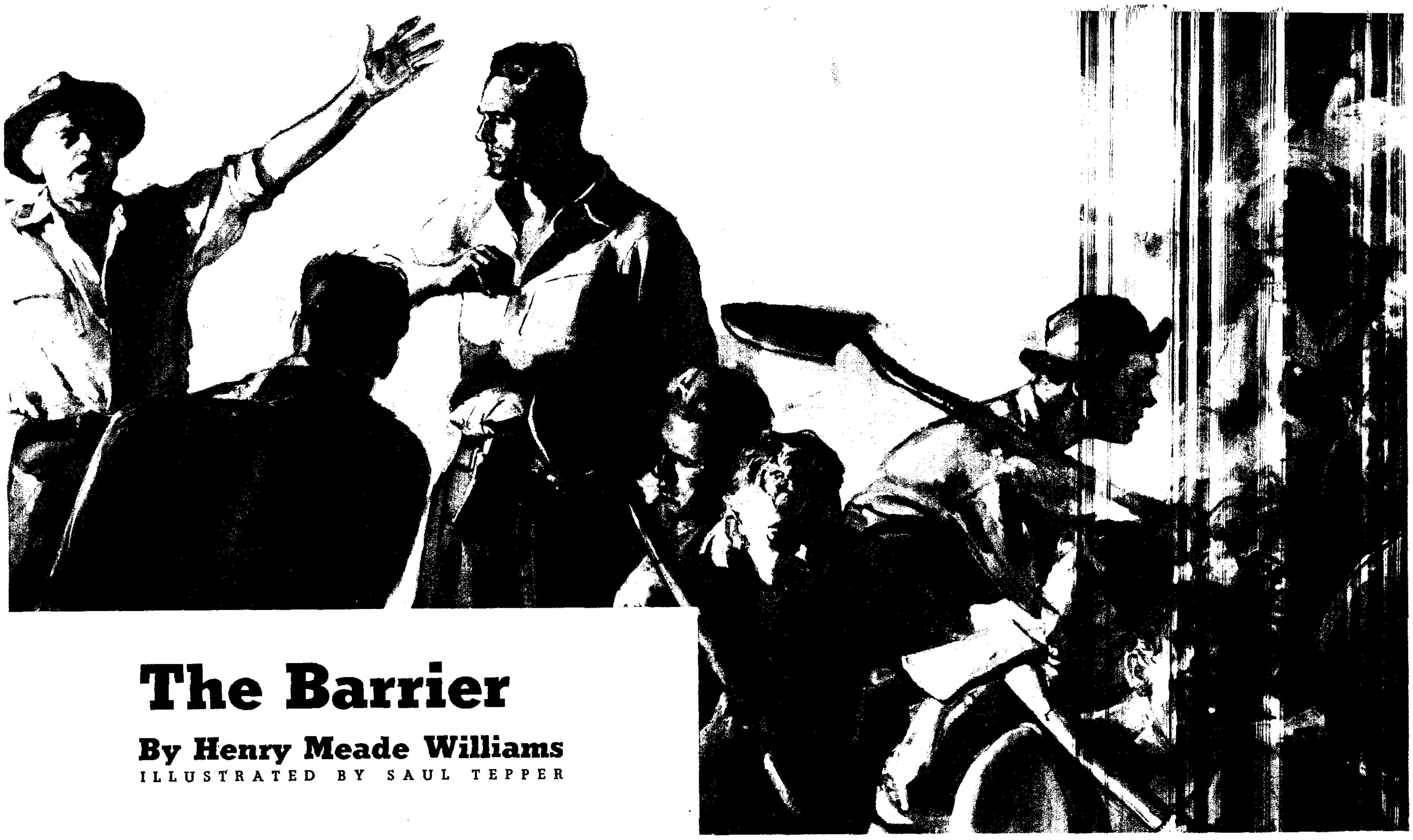
On the 26th the curfew law was published, instructing people to keep off the streets either in automobiles or afoot between the hours of midnight and 4 A. M. Theaters, restaurants and other public places must close at 10:45 P. M. and no vodka may be sold. Early in the morning of the 24th we all had a chance to see how effective the preparations were, for at 3 A. M. we were awakened by sirens. I dressed quickly and went out into the courtyard to see what was happening. A few people were hurrying past on the street, but they didn't look unduly excited. There was a drone of airplane engines overhead and I was looking up at the sky in an effort to see them when an antiaircraft gun was fired near by. I broke all records for the broad jump as I leaped back into the house. Scurrying into the basement, I found the servants assembled there. The Russians and Tatars were absolutely calm; the Volga Germans were rather nervous and restless. The terrific noise of antiaircraft and machine-gun fire continued and I was surprised to hear no explosions of falling bombs. At one moment I did think a bomb had dropped in the vicinity, but it turned out to be the crash made when a door had to be broken open with hatchets. It had slammed behind a member of the household who had rushed out in his pajamas.

The next day the papers announced it had been only a sham raid, put on with sound effects to test air-raid precautions.

A state of siege was declared and martial law was imposed the first day over practically all of the European U.S.S.R. Military authorities assumed all state functions in districts affected by martial law. They were given the right by the Presidium Supreme Council

(Continued on page 46)

When the Nazis decided to extend to Russia the same protection they had already given Greece and the Balkans, Alice Leone Moats, special correspondent for Collier's, had been in Moscow two weeks. She was the only American magazine writer on the scene when war came. This story of what it did to the life and people of Moscow was radioed to New York a week after the shooting began



The Barrier

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

Against the black clouds of smoke, new flames reached high. "Let's get out of here," Harry Turner said. Hamlen saw the men running down the woods road

FROM his car, parked as usual in front of Will Libby's store, Scott Hamlen could watch the people of this town go by.

It was midmorning and the sun, which had risen red and burning over the blue hills, had now turned to glaring white. Worry hardened Hamlen's mouth—for in this heat, this brittle dryness, lay his thousands of acres of forest lands.

He shifted his big frame, rerolled the sleeves of a clean white shirt above the elbows of dark-haired forearms. His high, broad cheekbones pressed against lean, sunburned skin. He crushed the cigarette with the slow care of a man who made it a habit.

Across the street he saw that good-looking Oakley girl go into Mary Pater's millinery shop. She kept her head turned from Hamlen, but he knew she had seen him in his car and was aware of him as she pulled open the screen door and went inside.

Hamlen moved restlessly. He hadn't figured out Melissa Oakley yet, but on each occasion he had been stirred by seeing her. And he had noticed her interest in him by the way she looked at him when she thought he hadn't seen her. Sometimes, when they both noticed it at the same time, it made them uncomfortable. He could see that she didn't want it this way—and tried to ignore him—that she held the same distrust for him as did others in town.

Why? Simply because he was still an outsider—a foreigner? No—it was more than that. He felt it was a wordless thing in their blood, almost a kinship that held them apart—the kinship of two stubborn people, who would not move an inch toward each other. And this strong pull and this strong antagonism was already accepted by them—as a dangerous curve in the road is accepted by the local drivers—something there, but never thought of as removable.

He lit another cigarette, buried the match in the ash tray and leaned back in the seat.

This car was his office. Sometimes a man and his car become one—you see the car and you think of the man—then you see the man walking down the street and he looks strange, detached, like a hermit crab without his shell.

It was that way with Scott Hamlen and this yellow, torpedo-shaped roadster. The car had already become a familiar sight in front of Will Libby's store. To many, it was a boil of irritation. It reminded them of this hard, successful, ruthless man who had not become a part of the town—who accepted no help and had offered none.

A green pick-up truck idled by on Main Street and Hamlen saw the khaki-colored soldier's hat of Harry Turner, the fire warden. Hamlen hit the horn button on the steering wheel. The truck stopped abruptly and backed up to Hamlen's car.

Harry Turner, showing annoyance, said, "What's on your mind, Hamlen?"

"This," Hamlen said. "I saw a car with out-of-state plates go upcountry on Long Lake Road. Fishermen, I guess. That's pretty dry up there, Turner. Keep your eyes on them. I got a lot of money sewed up in those woods."

He handed Turner a cigar. He saw the warden light it, break the match in two pieces which he dropped to the roadway between the cars.

"Thanks," Harry Turner said. "I'll keep 'em in mind."

TOM OAKLEY, who had been watching this exchange from the stoop of Will Libby's store, came over to Hamlen's car. He was a tall, spare man, and like his daughter he had a proud way of carrying himself. The smoky blue of his eyes was the same. Those eyes moved slowly, mockingly now, over the shiny car to Hamlen, and he drawled, "Guess the warden kind of likes your cigars, mister. Yes, sir, a good cigar's a powerful thing."

Hamlen smiled. "Have one?"

Oakley brushed it aside. He leaned on the door of the car and said, "How you like our climate down this way? You get heat like this up to Boston?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, I never did see it so dry here before in my fifty-five years. Potatoes burned in the ground, beans frizzled on the vine—and the river's dried up."

Oakley raised his eyes when he said that and looked straight and sharply into Hamlen's. And Hamlen knew then what he was getting at.

Twice before Hamlen had had words with him—once over a property line—theirs was a common one for several miles on Hamlen's southern strip of woods; and once when Oakley tried to stop last spring's drive of Hamlen logs down Union River, because the river went through his land. Both times the dispute ended in Hamlen's favor and a bitterness had grown between them.

"We need water," Oakley said, "all of us along the river."

Hamlen's eyes hardened. "There's nothing I can do about it."

"You can open up that dam of yours on Long Lake. You can let the water come through. You can let us have the water we used to have before you put in that dam."

Across the street Hamlen saw Melissa Oakley come out of Mary Pater's millinery shop. She stood there, tall and straight—a hand holding back the dark hair which the wind was blowing. She looked at Hamlen and her father and came to them, as Hamlen was saying:

"The dam will be open for the spring drive—not before. I look for an easy winter without much snow and a low-water spring. I will need all that water I've got impounded behind that dam—I'll need it to drive the logs I'll cut this winter and the pulpwood I had peeled this summer." He found himself talking now more to the girl who was approaching than to her father.

She stood there, a little behind Oakley and to his left. She waited while her father talked out this new spurt of anger in answer to Hamlen. Then, in the first small silence she said quietly, "Scott, do you ever think about this town you are living in?"

"Plenty," he said. "What has it done for me that I should repay it?"

Oakley struck the door of the car with his thick-fingered, knob-knuckled hand twice. "We buy lumber at your mill. We buy gas at your new filling station."

Hamlen shook his head. "You buy only ten per cent of my milled wood. This town isn't my bread and butter."

"You get your bread and butter from the land that once belonged to us," Melissa said.

Even as she spoke, her eyes betrayed the direction of her words and the impact they meant to convey was lost. She was standing nearer now; he saw the smooth curve of her neck, the sun-drawn perspiration under her eyes and then he caught in the wind that already familiar smell of powder. This same wind brushed a tendril of her fine dark hair against her cheek.

OAKLEY, single-minded, single-purposed, drove home the point he had to make: "We need water. We will get water. There are laws."

"The laws are on my side, Oakley. You ought to know. We had trouble—twice before."

"You will always have trouble," Melissa said, "until you learn certain values."

Hamlen laughed. He liked this girl's straight, fearless talk and even as he realized she held him in no high esteem, he knew she was also curbing this other strong pull—as if there were some barrier between them.

"You haven't seen our dead fields," she went on stubbornly. "You don't know what you are doing to us."

Oakley said, "He doesn't think of fields. He dreams of pulpwood. You can't eat pulpwood."

"You farmers squeal about these conditions," Hamlen said sharply, "as if I were at fault. I don't stop the rains. What *is* this damage you speak of to your crops? Can it be seen?"

Melissa, whose eyes had lowered to the striped canvas shopping bag she carried in her hands before her, looked up quickly, but didn't speak.

It was her father who said, "Come out and see for yourself."

"I think I'll do that," Hamlen said, looking at Melissa. "I'll be through

(Continued on page 33)

POOR MAN'S GARBO

By Ted Shane

This hot weather, Miss Margie Hart of Missouri very sensibly makes a living by her literal reading of her state's slogan

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The Hart strip-tease act lasts exactly four minutes from the time that Margie reaches for the first of a series of hidden zippers

Margie is adept at working her audiences for applause. She has a huge following of faithful fans, none of whom she meets socially

WHEN Margaret Bridget Bryan Cox Hart steps on the stage, in a frilly, sweeping gown and a big picture hat, you imagine the scent of magnolias and old Suth'n homesteads. The music is very Stephen Foster. You expect a sad, sweet moan about her old Kentucky home, a stately minuet.

Nothing of the kind happens.

Instead, Margaret Bridget Bryan—she's a distant cousin of the Great Commoner—winks coquettishly, slinks around a couple of times, girlishly toys with her skirt ruffles, turns her back. Then grasping a concealed zipper, and with a simple, old-fashioned dignity that would have charmed an old-fashioned cunnel, suh—she goes into her great specialty (inspired by Gone with the Wind)—an old-fashioned Suth'n strip tease.

Known as the Poor Man's Garbo, unable to dance, sing or act, the ebullient, artistically modeled and very redheaded Margie Hart is America's Stripteuse No. 1 This may draw protest from other lovely and more gifted ladies in Miss Hart's profession but it is based on the barometer in America's Workingman's Opera, i.e., Burlesque—the box office. Margie packs 'em in. She works on percentage, and is now outstripping her nearest competitors—Ann (Innocent) Corio, and Gypsy Rose Lee by several hundred dollars a week. Recently in defense-rich Bridgeport, Conn., she hit a jack-pot $800 a week—unprecedented for burlesque!

Since Miss Corio sings, dances and soon will emerge as a fully clothed actress, and Gypsy Rose Lee (back from a Hollywood which didn't appreciate her robed) is admittedly talented and a novelist, why does the ungifted Miss Hart pack 'em in? The answer is that Margie, a poor gal from Edgerton, Mo., does something to the boys. Strong men grow weak with whistles and stomps, weak men are made lions again when Margie does her stuff. Once in Brooklyn she had to be rescued by house firemen—after 22 encores. Harvard students, and profs, too, *feel* the same toward Margie. She's lectured on male manners to them! Women, thirty-five per cent of burlesque audiences today, like her too—if in a more negative way. "They come to see my clothes," Margie explains waggishly, "and to make other comparisons!"

Margie entered this world in the usual disrobed fashion in 1916, in the town of Edgerton, Mo., pop. 452; chief occupation, farming; nearest city, Kansas City. She was one of nine children. Father Hart was an itinerant sewing-machine salesman, who carted his family around as he peddled machines and dreamed of returning to the soil. His grandfather had been a prosperous farmer and slave trader in Virginia, whence he had immigrated from Ireland.

"Great gran'pappy," explains Margie in a drawling, burlesquey way she has, "fit as a soldier under Lee. Today," she adds ruefully, "if it wasn't for the Civil War, I'd be sitting under a magnolia tree sipping a mint julep and weighing in slaves!"

She is very proud of her family tree. But the slave racket blew up, Gran'pappy Hart lost his plantation lands, and moved West to a farm where Margie's father was born, and eventually married a distantish cousin of William Jennings Bryan.

Life was hard. One day Margie and a school chum named Mamie Bohenstingle left the third year of a Minneapolis parochial high school to invade the theater. With $5 and a letter Mamie had to a booking agent, they hitched rides to Chicago. Mamie had had some theatrical experience. Before the truant officers had forced her back into the bosom of education, she had played in a "tab," or miniature musical show. Margie had no experience—and no exhibitionists in her family either.

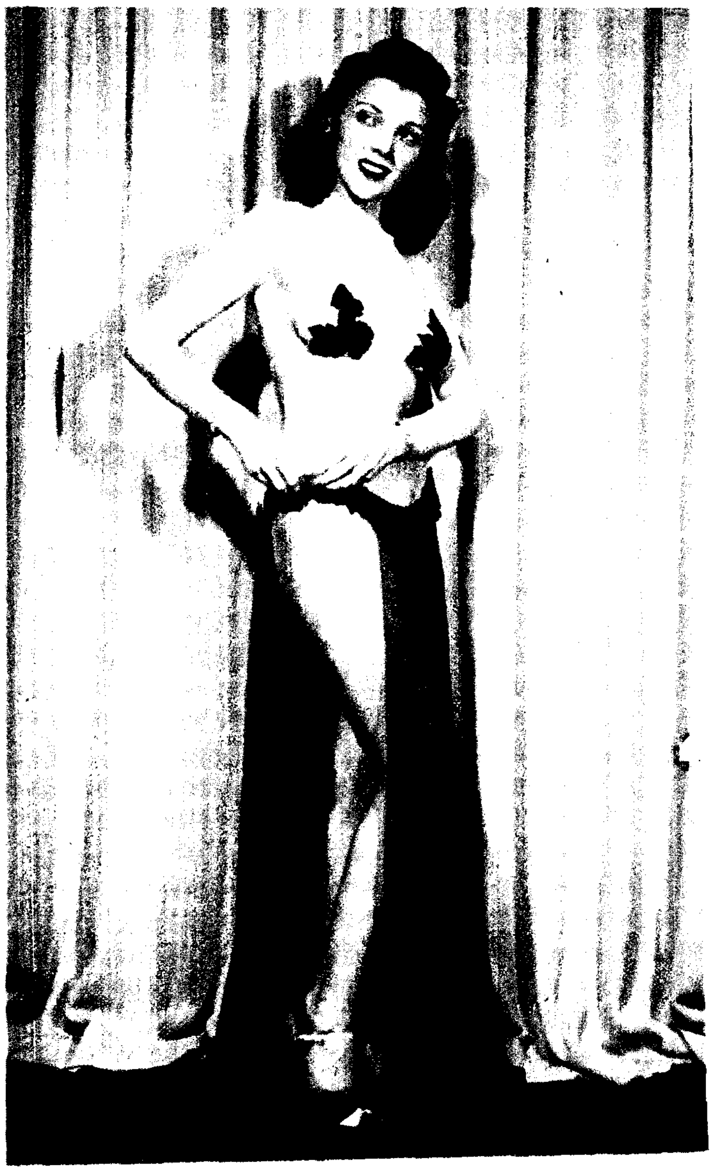
Margie felt no regrets at being wrenched from the joys of the mind. "I guess I was the dumb type," she recollects whimsically. "Even at 16, I had to draw apples to count. Besides, I was spending most of my afternoons studying the figures in the Minneapolis shows." Burlesque looked like a golden opportunity.

Mamie's letter produced jobs for both girls. They became parade girls in the rear rank of the chorus at the Rialto Theater in Chicago—the home of refined burlesque. This meant that for $18 a week they acted as background while more talented maidens undulated and kicked and allegedly sang between comic turns and strip acts. The girls shared a $3-a-week room, cooked on an electric plate, and Mamie Bohenstingle changed her name to Lolette Du Val. For two weeks Margie sent home more money than she had ever seen in her life before. The notorious hazards of such a life on a young schoolgirl! Margie replies witheringly: "Try working five shows a day, then rehearse till one in the morning for next week's show and show up for rehearsal again the next day at 11—and see how much time you've got to drink champagne out of slippers with glamor boys!"

Margie was pretty nuts about it all and most unhappy when her father suddenly appeared and returned her to high school. For two weeks she listened while Father lectured. In the end she went back to burlesque. She has been there ever since. "I promised my father," she explains, "to be a good girl. I proved you could be."

It wasn't long before Margie's true talents were recognized. She was given a specialty to do: In the midst of the gaiety and laughter, the entire cast suddenly formed a patriotic ensemble depicting the Birth of Liberty. Who should be standing in the back-

Below, Margie is halfway through her act. Her greatest dread is appendicitis: "A wrinkle on your face isn't as bad as one on your stomach"



ground, bearing a torch and wearing a crown, her red hair flaming defiantly against dictators—every inch the Statue of Liberty—but Margie. She was stripped to the waist, with blue touches to fit the red, white and blue color scheme.

One day a gentleman named Daddy Pickens was so moved either by patriotism or Margie's commercial possibilities that he signed her up for $50 a week. Margie didn't sign without a struggle, for while she knew her onions, she also knew her limitations.

"I'd seen Ann Corio work," she says, "and I never thought I could do as well as she did. Ann's a born actress."

In the end the chance to help her family overcame her innate modesty and she left Mamie—pardon, Lolette—who married some millionaire whose name escapes Margie—and went to St. Louis to study with the Great Master. Pickens was something of a genius. He sensed that the public requires new yearly models in entertainment, had discovered Ann Corio, Gypsy Rose Lee and Rosita Royce, an artistic young lady who divests herself of a cloak of iron-nerved pigeons which roost on her curves.

Since removing one's clothes is not just a matter of unzipping and stepping out, Margie spent two hard weeks just learning poise. Hour after hour she tramped the stage of Pickens' Garrick Theater with a book on her head, just balancing it.

After about 500 miles of this Margie found she could ooze around the stage, operating the muscles necessary to keep the book from even vibrating. Pickens had her inserted into a rhinestone gown and she practiced climbing in and out of it without falling.

Then one night in 1934 Pickens put schoolbooks aside and pronounced the disrobing Duse ready for her world "première"!

"It was a memorable occasion," she mocks, "all the world of St. Louis was there—in derby hats and no white ties. In fact, they had no ties at all. And, boy," she shudders, "was I scared!"

The première was almost a flop. Cued to chant a little romantic ditty called I'm Playing with Fire, I'm Going to Get Burned, I Don't Know What to Do! the minute Margie stepped on the stage she froze up. All she could see outside the spotlight's circle were dark faces gleaming wolfishly at her. The orchestra vamped and vamped, she finally opened her mouth. Nothing came out.

The audience began to titter. Just before they could whistle and hoot her out of existence she heard the orchestra leader crying hoarsely: "Peel, kid, peel!"

So she fumbled for a zipper, and found it. Suddenly all was right.

"The audience went off its rocker," Margie reminisces gaily. "Strong men went noisily mad. Suddenly I heard the dreaded words: 'Take it off! Take it off!' and I knew I was standing there with nothing between me and the future but a string of pearls. It was awful—but it was wonderful. I stopped the show—but I never sang another note in my life!"

Word of a new sensation immediately spread around the burlesque wheel of about 90 theaters. Margie Hart grew famous. After a few months, she left Daddy Pickens' Academy of Art and St. Louis, lit hotter fires in Chicago than Mrs. O'Leary's cow, assaulted and leveled New York. There she played two solid years in the old Irving Place Theater.

There's Always the Road

First thing she did was import her family. She ensconced them on the upper West Side in the blue-mother-of-pearl bathroom fixture district. Things were looking extremely bright and the family was looking toward Park Avenue, and maybe Fifth Avenue in time—when one day Commissioner Moss of the Theatrical License Bureau, in response to a public indignation that thought Mary Martin stripping in a $4.40 musical comedy wasn't indecent but Margie Hart doing so in 40¢ burlesque was—broke up these dreams by closing burlesque houses.

Being a realistic gal, Margie packed the family to Sandusky, set her father and brother-in-law up in the garage business and took to the road. Since the hinterland has never failed in its true appreciation of youth and beauty, and burlesque has been a substitute for the fully robed theater—Margie kept her earnings at about a $200-a-week level.

This enabled her to keep up her purchases of furs (her great weakness), and the payments on the $50,000 annuity she had cannily started buying. One day, when her father failed in the garage business she made his dream come true. She bought a farm for him. She chose 120 acres near Lathrop, Mo.

Margie paid $7,500 for the farm, cash down, remodeled the house, then went out and stripped furiously to stock it with blooded cattle, modern equipment, college-grad hired hands. When she wasn't performing, she attended cattle auctions. At Christmas time she demanded cultivators and pigs from her swains instead of perfume and furs.

And to insure the flow of popularity, Margie hired a press agent, an unheard-of thing in burlesque.

He dubbed her the Poor Man's Garbo, began mixing her up in fantastic stunts. In Washington, where it is well known that congressmen often relax from lawmaking at the burlesque house,. he installed Margie in a heavy-veiled mystery outfit in the Senate gallery, and spread the story among gossip columnists a certain senator was nuts about her—even met her train. He got her to hint to newspapermen, for whom she has always had a yen, that she was the "Darling of the Diplomatic Corps." He even tried to syndicate a column signed by her called "My Night!" Editors, who also often shake off world events watching the Hartian movement, hypocritically refused to print it.

In New York the p.a. started a feud between her and Eleanor Holm, then the bumptious beauty of the World's Fair, during which Margie accused Eleanor of wearing a padded bathing suit and offered to show her how to take off her clothes in a strip duel for $500—most beautiful figure take all. In Boston he hinted that a certain distinguished gent who adorned the front row daily and wore a beard was a Boston Cabot in disguise. (Actually it was a $5-a-day actor.) Heckled by a Bishop Hart, he tried to trace both ancestries to a common source and was run out of town.

When Gypsy Rose Lee went highbrow he even tried to make Margie read Schopenhauer. She did, however, agree to establish the Margie Hart Scholarship for an Ambitious Burlesque Girl at Bryn Mawr, which declined politely. At men's colleges though, Margie was received with open arms.

"Harvard men," she observed, "are gentlemen and you can always have a long talk with a Princeton man. He's almost like a reporter. But do they teach anything but blocking and tackling at Yale?"

Miss Hart, like most burlesque artists, has had her moments with the law. Broadmindedness varies with the locale. In Baltimore and Washington men bring their wives. In Los Angeles you can remove your skin and slink around in your bones, if the right party is in office, otherwise you've got to wear twenty petticoats during a performance. And burlesque impresarios, emboldened by police ostrichism, insist that performers grow more and more daring—and in time dig their own police graves, have their theaters closed, get fined heavily.

A few years ago, directly after a performance in Brooklyn, where she is a sensation only to her pals, the Dodgers, Margie was greeted backstage by a detective with a warrant. She fled to her dressing room. The law gave chase, got a foot in the dressing-room door and seized her finalities as evidence. That she was not seized in them was due to the prompt action of her lawyer. He got a restraining writ of habeas corpus, or something equally technical.

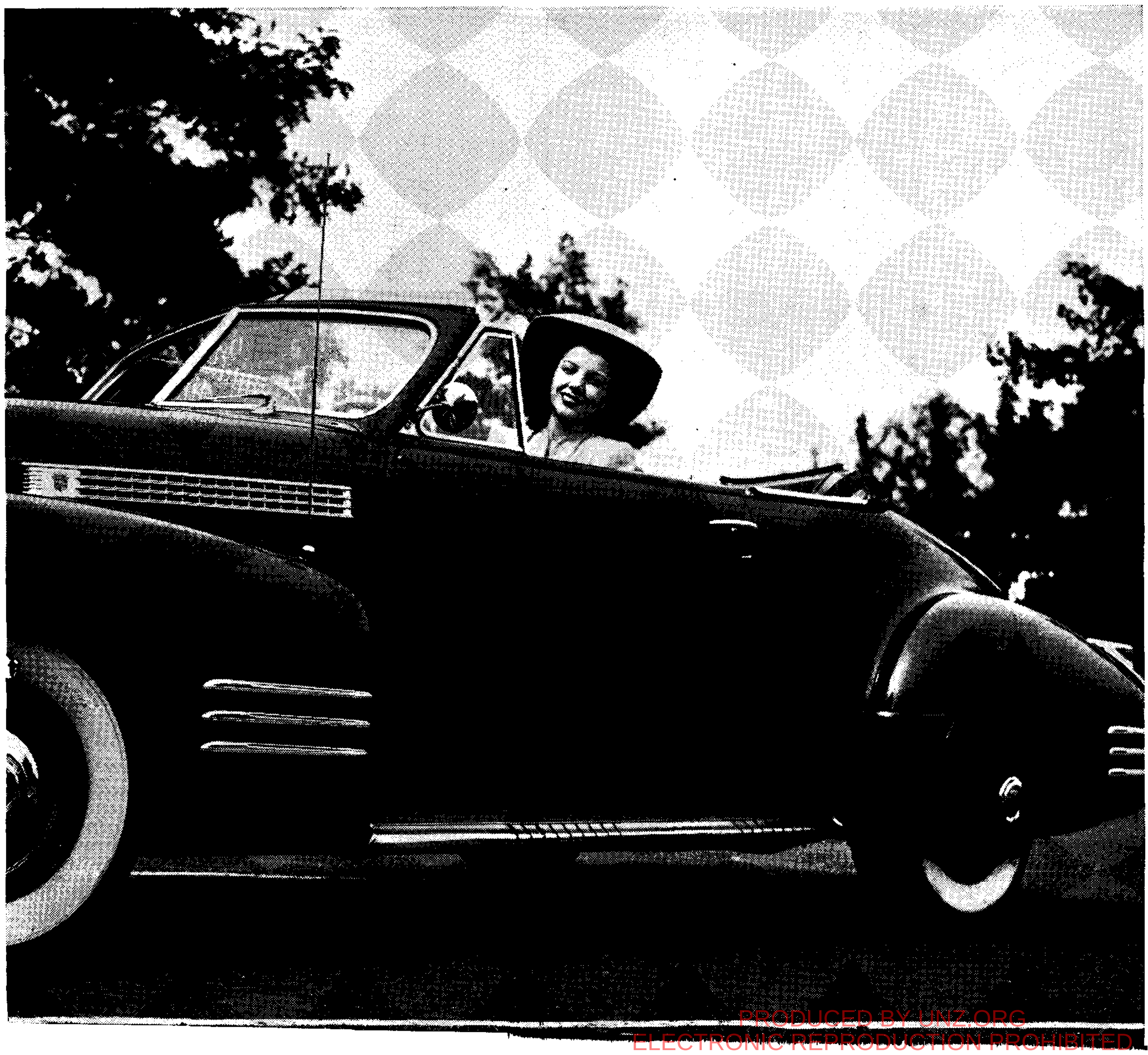
The Case Was Dismissed

It was immediately suspected—and probably correctly—that the complaint had been turned in by a jealous theater rival, who was doing no business in his theater, whereas Margie packed the roof. Everybody hurried over to a private hearing. The lawyer argued it was all optical illusion, and for a time it looked as if the theater manager would have to pay a $500 fine and lose his license. But the case was finally dismissed when the lawyer proved a girl had a constitutional right to show her torso and that to enjoin this would violate the right of freedom of speech! It took some months to get back the evidence, however, and Margie was enjoined to put on some twelve square inches more of clothes thereafter!

Today, at the top of her business, Margie cannot be said to lead a hard life. Though burlesque houses are grimy and badly ventilated, with little air and no air-conditioning, and her star's dressing room usually boasts one naked electric light, little plaster on the walls and a few sticks of mouse-gnawed furniture—Margie enjoys her life and privileges. Comedians do not squirt her playfully with the seltzer bottle and, while her supporting artists move around in wheezy busses or day coaches, Margie is flown from city to city.

She requires no rehearsals, her act having crystallized completely, changing only with her costumes. Her act takes exactly four minutes four times a day. It comes to 96 minutes a week. Sometimes it takes a minute or two longer, for Margie is an adept at working audiences for *(Continued on page 48)*

Offstage, Margie is any good-looking girl driving out to a country club for afternoon tea or something. "I don't know why I get all these swell things," she bubbled as she took me for a ride. "Maybe it's because I'm just a wholesome, clean American girl, trying to get along"



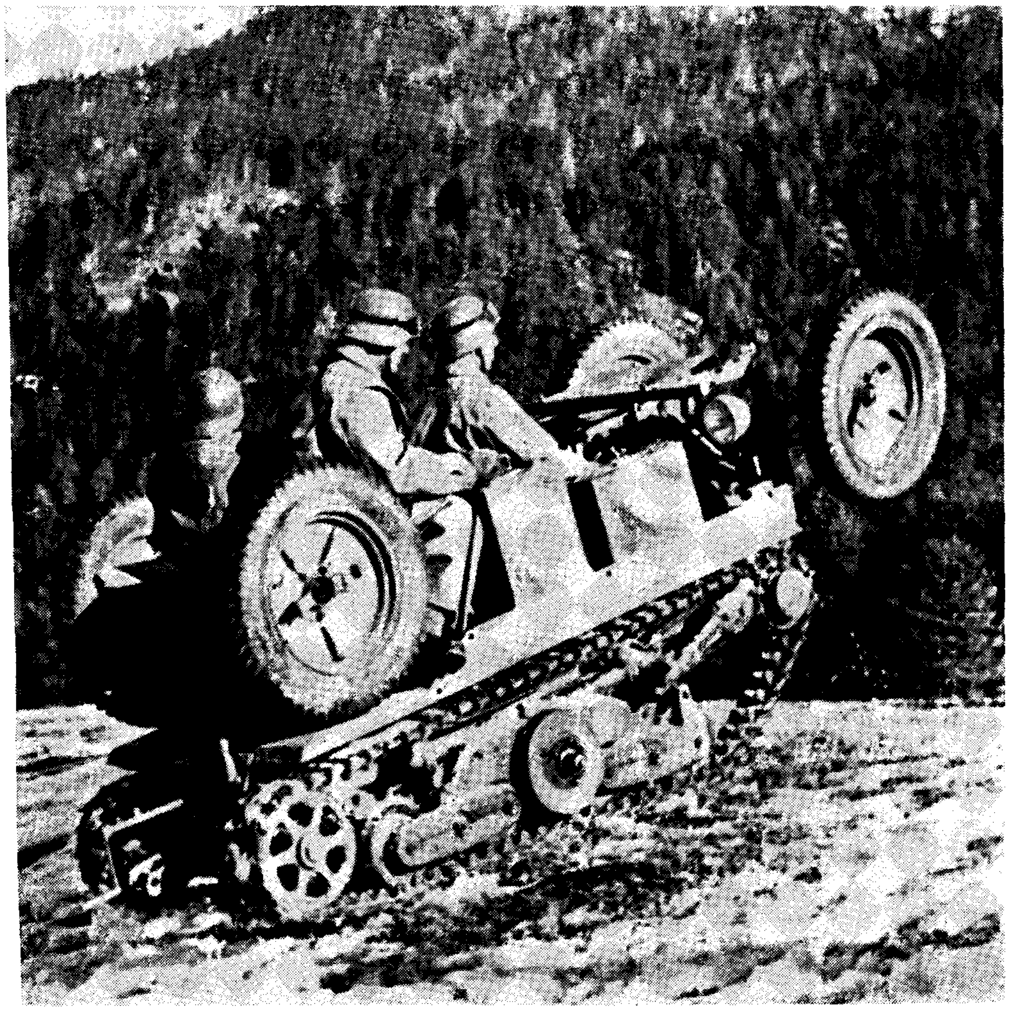
Panzer Diary

By W. B. Courtney

BY RADIO FROM BERLIN

> **"This vivid pen picture of modern warfare, especially the description of the technique employed by the Panzer divisions and their advance through the Balkans, stimulates the imagination and gives a timely message to students of new tactical methods."**
>
> **Maj. Gen. Robert C. Richardson**
> **United States Army**

INTERNATIONAL



Especially adapted for mountain fighting of the kind that took place in Greece is this German combat car that lets down its wheels for speed on good terrain and resorts to its caterpillar tread when the going gets too rough. Below is shown part of a German motorized division moving up through the heavy mud of a tiny Balkan village en route to the fighting front in Greece

WIDE WORLD

Conclusion

THESE roads of Europe and the Balkans may be narrow and unmodern by our standards. But they're sound. Conceived as channels of war as well as trade, they've been pressed, trod, pounded through many centuries by the chariots, elephants, wagons, horses of the legions of Persia, Greece and Rome as well as millions of unknown later soldiers until their foundations have been thumped halfway to China. Officers here think even our best roads in the United States, lacking this seasoning of time and history, would crack like pie crusts under the beating of panzer war.

Roads, of course, have an important place in strategy. Some damage has been done here by the retreating British and Greek forces to impede the onrushing Germans, but you wonder at its lightness, especially on mountain hairpins which are setups for air bombing. Moreover, you are filled with curiosity when you see on the fields at Salonika and Athens many British and a few Greek planes that were captured undamaged. Why hadn't they been flown away? How did their ground and flight crews leave? The Germans claim it was due to the swiftness of their advance plus the activity of the Stukas. The Germans, in conformity with panzer tactics, did not seek to damage the roads ahead of the fleeing enemy. Rather, they strove by speed and ceaseless harassment to prevent his doing so, for they needed those roads. In strafing the retreating British they took sly advantage of the old "scatter technique," whereby foot soldiers are trained to deploy off the road under low-flying plane attacks. The Germans simply ignored the roads and bombed the roadsides, sowing craters along them for miles as neatly as regularly spaced fence-post holes. You speculate upon what might be done for the betterment of humanity if the vast money totals wasted in war destruction were applied to peaceful constructiveness when you see the smashed British rolling stock which virtually forms a hedge along the road to Larissa and Athens. The German officers compare the scene to Dunkirk.

Merriment is caused in our panzer column by the only signs in English visible on the roads to Salonika and Peiraeus. There are hundreds all told strung along the highways and erected at every little crossroad. Each is an arrow and a single word, *"South."*

What Jerry is Really Like

What is the average German soldier like? After eight days—a long time in this war—of sleeping beside him on floors and earth, sharing his food, drink, arguments, headaches and grouses, I got a picture although it is not what an American movie producer might consider the box-office type. The truth is that, save for his uniform, language and perhaps somewhat less inclination toward horseplay, this German boy might pass for an English territorial or one of the new trainees at home. Singled out, there's nothing formidable about him. He acts like a normal human youngster who gets homesick and spends most of his leisure scheming ways to eat more, playing sentimental pieces on a harmonica or writing letters to his girl friend. He's young, good-natured, informal. You never see him goosestepping once he leaves Unter den Linden and state reviews behind. The proportion of blonds seems no greater than in our own Army. He's not so large as you expected, but his physical condition is superb—Germany's modern cult of fresh air and outdoor sports has borne fruit. The democratic relationship between officers and men utterly surprises you. They fraternize in public and patronize restaurants together in a way that would not be countenanced in England and is frowned upon in the United States. In Germany it is politeness to salute any roomful upon entering and leaving. In Salonika you saw a general-colonel turn at the door before going and salute a restaurant in which there were privates and noncoms.

In Larissa a Greek told you, "We expected somebody very tough. So you don't know how to think when they come racing into town on the biggest tanks and guns you ever imagined—and right away buy flowers and toys and begin searching the wreckage, especially business places, for envelopes so they can collect the stamps." Panzer soldiers look H. G. Wellsian in their jet-black uniforms, which resemble ski outfits. Air corps wear slate-blue, infantrymen and most other branches gray-green.

The Germans have a sentiment to "Let the oak lie where it falls," consequently from the Danube to the outskirts of Athens you will note the mounded bookkeeping of war. Not many entries, considering the magnitude of the campaign. One contradiction of blitzkrieg is economy of a grim sort. Unlike the last war in which fluctuating lines churned vast countrysides into sterility, you may travel a hundred miles or more now in the fighting zones without finding a blemish upon the landscape. Blitzkrieg really is like its namesake—lightning. It jumps from place to place and destroys only where it strikes, not where it frightens. Stukas and panzers exact the heaviest tolls of enemy material, rolling stocks and

(Continued on page 42)

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

TO CONTRIBUTE to the support of her family, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman works in a grocery store. Her home, at Railway Flats not far from San Francisco, is a dilapidated shanty. Occasionally her father finds some petty job or other; usually he does nothing. Dina's life is anything but pleasant.

In love with Vere Holland—a young Yale law-school student—she takes a brief outing with him in the Sierras. Then—a few weeks later, after Holland has returned to New Haven—she makes a dreadful discovery: she is going to become a mother!

In need of wise counsel, she confides in her closest friend: Tom O'Connor. Tom urges her to go to New Haven, find Holland and marry him. But she does not go to New Haven. Instead, she calls on Vere's uncle, Rogers Holland, at his Burlingame estate, tells him the whole story, asks him what she should do.

Mr. Holland is a wealthy widower. He assures Dina that he will do everything in his power to convince Vere's mother (a spoiled divorcée who, he feels sure, will not be any too friendly toward a girl from Railway Flats) that the boy should marry Dina. Then he makes the girl a curious proposition:

Recently jilted by a beautiful woman—who has married Andrew Havens, an artist—he is giving a dinner party. The Havenses are to be among the guests. Will Dina (an unusually attractive girl) attend the party? Will she come and, pretending to be very close to him, do what she can to arouse "Aline's" jealousy? Of course, he will remunerate her handsomely.

Dina decides to co-operate with him. In clothes provided by Mrs. Bucket, Holland's housekeeper, she goes to the party. And when it is over, Aline is seething with curiosity as to the relationship between Holland and his "ward"—Geraldine Cashman! . . . Vere's mother comes to Burlingame. Holland introduces Dina to her. And in the course of a long—and bitter—talk, the woman makes it clear that she will never permit her son to marry Dina.

Then Holland takes Dina's breath away with another extraordinary proposition: *he asks her if she will marry him!* Dina, astounded, discusses the idea with him at great length. Holland meets all of her objections. And—"I'll do what you want me to do," Dina says quietly.

VI

"THEN," Rogers said, "we'll stop for a few minutes at your house and go our way. We'll tell your people, and for everyone else it can filter out by degrees. I haven't much hope that we can keep it a secret very long," he went on, "and we don't want newspaper people prowling around your father's place—or mine."

"I should hope not!" Dina agreed fervently.

"I'll go in for a moment tonight, meet them all, and then we'll go off on a supposed honeymoon. Don't worry," he added unsmilingly, as the color rushed into Dina's face; "what I feel for you isn't that sort of thing at all. I know where your affections are. Instead of Del Monte we'll go home, Mrs. Bucket will have dinner ready at half past seven, or bring you up a tray. And that's another thing," he added, "about Mrs. Bucket. She spoke of you this morning as 'Mrs. Holland.' She asked if Mrs. Holland would like her breakfast in bed, said she knew you had been feeling ill in the mornings."

"But she calls me Dina!" the girl said quickly.

"I know she did. But she's changed of her own accord, and very properly, too. It puts you in a false position and it puts her in one to have her call you anything else. So you'll have to put up with that. And now about breakfast. Have it either way, but I think it's easier for them downstairs to bring it up to you. You'd be all alone in the dining room; that house was built fifty years before breakfast rooms came in. But she'll ask you and you can arrange that yourself. I've suggested she sleep upstairs in the room across the hall from yours for a while—until you get used to the place."

Dina looked down at the ring on her finger. They had laughed—it was one of the few laughs the long day had brought her, over the ring. Rogers had entirely forgotten to provide one; he had had to go to a jeweler's in Reno to buy it.

Looking down at it now her face wore an odd expression.

"Mrs. Holland," she said musingly. "I don't think I ever thought of it—this part of it, before. I hope some day," Dina went on, speaking a little thickly now, and with her eyes still fixed on the ring, "I hope some day I can make it up to you. I hope it will really be pleasant for you to have me in the house."

"I'm sure it will," the man answered. He took out his papers again; Dina leaned back and closed her eyes and presently drifted off to sleep.

TWO hours later, a little after six o'clock, they reached Railway Flats. At Dina's somewhat timid suggestion Hall and the car were waiting on the main street of Bonita, some three blocks away. She and Rogers picked their way through the unsavory lanes and along the plank sidewalks; the spring day had been long and languorous and sweet, its last light was just dying away from the unpainted shanties, the tin-patched roofs, the crazy-quilt of vegetable patches and fences and clotheslines.

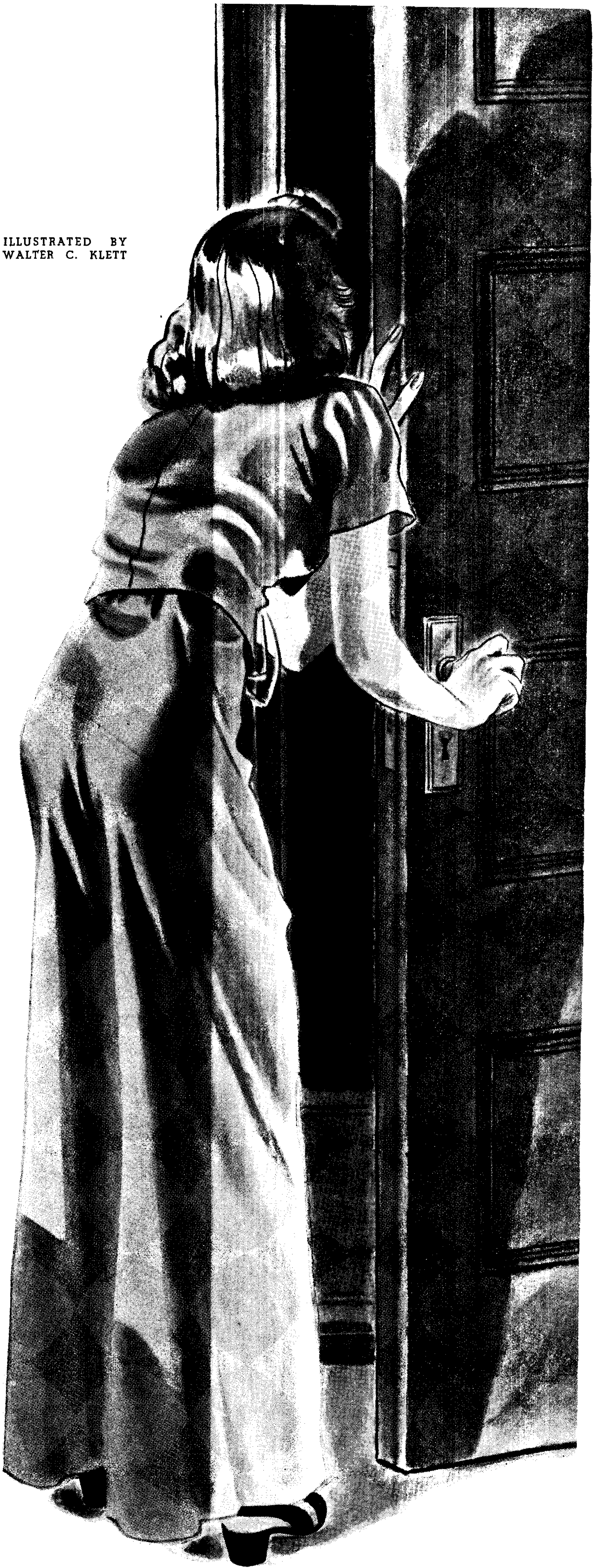
The Cashmans were at supper. Dina had known what sort of a picture must greet Rogers' eyes as she opened the door, but even her imagination and familiarity could hardly have painted the details more glaringly. Everything that was characteristic of supper-time flurry and disorder was there: her father, mustached and lean and suspicious, was in his shirt sleeves, his chair squared about from the table, a handleless cup in his fingers. Her mother, incredibly frowzy of hair, a saucepan in one hand and a spoon in the other, was standing by the stove.

The children were scattered about, little Donny and Myrna and Dooley on chairs, Art half-standing, half-leaning against the sink, Lou beside Myrna. El'ner had stopped at the bedroom door in what was evidently a tearful retreat from the room. The air was thick with smoke, grease and steam; every surface of chair or table or sink board that could be used was crowded with odds and ends of food, dirty pans and knives, dishcloths, paper bags, sweaters, schoolbooks, rubbers, plates. The window shade hung in tatters, having long lost its lower rod. Some thick and gummy substance, spilled on the stove, bubbled and smoked as it fell slowly from point to point on the knobs and doors.

"Mamma," said Dina without preamble, closing the door behind herself and Rogers and backing up against him, "this is Mr. Holland, and he and I were married today!"

An electrified silence followed this

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER C. KLETT



Noiselessly she opened the door and peered out. The wide hallway was unlighted, but from below a faint light came up

announcement, then John Cashman spoke heavily:

"What are you saying?"

The children set up an excited babble of questions, exclamations and cries of surprise, through which Dina's mother said sharply:

"Why, Dina, what do you mean by going and doing a thing like that?"

THE girl glanced up over her shoulder at Rogers. His appearance was not entirely reassuring. He had worn an old raincoat on this uncertain day; his fair, thin hair was mussed above his round, owlish face, his eyes bulged behind their strong glasses.

"We were married in Reno at two o'clock today," he said. "Witnesses and all. What were the witnesses' names, Geraldine?"

"I don't remember." In a sudden rush of love for them all, longing to be back in her old place with them all, she had gone to her mother and put her arms about the slatternly figure.

"Well, I have it here." Rogers took a folded paper from his pocket; afterward she thought how deliberately he had managed that her father should see this evidence of the marriage, but at the time it seemed strangely unimportant. "William B. Barker and Florence Willcox," he said; "she was the clergyman's housekeeper, and his name—see here?—'Harold Clark Kirkham, D.D.'—and a mighty nice fellow, too."

"Married?" her father was demanding with hostility. He hesitated, weakened. "You've got money to provide for her properly, I suppose?"

"Why, you said Vere was a college boy, Dina!" her mother wailed. "I don't know what possessed you to do such a thing! Why on earth didn't you—"

"I'm not Vere," Rogers interpolated; "I'm his uncle."

"His uncle!" Mrs. Cashman gasped.

"I don't understand it and I don't like it," Dina's father said without any particular emphasis.

"It seems funny you marrying anybody's *uncle!*" Myrna put in.

"I guess Dina knows what she's doing," Art said in his raw boy's voice. He walked over to her and kissed her, said: "Congratulations, Sis."

DINA clung to him. "I'm sorry if I've upset any of you!" she stammered, turning to face the circle. "We just decided it lately."

"I assure you I'll take very good care of her," Rogers told them, looking at her father as he spoke.

"Well, I don't doubt that, don't doubt that," John Cashman muttered, mollified. "Here, sit down—"

"And let us get you something to eat—" The situation was reducing itself to elements Dina's mother understood. "Dooley," she said, "you run over to Meyer's—he'll be open—"

"No, no, no!" Dina protested.

"No, thanks just the same. We're going home for dinner." Rogers looked immense and alien as he stood there among them in his raincoat, peering through his glasses. "Geraldine'll be in to see you in a day or two."

"Oh, Dina, don't go away!" Lou wailed. Dina kissed her.

"I'll come back." She began to feel tired and weak; she had had eight hours of driving on a changeable spring day; the motion of the car still was with her. Now her head was weary; there was a nervous, throbbing pain between her eyes and she felt as if the kitchen were beginning to waver up and down in dizzying lines. The hot, greasy atmosphere rose about her in fumes.

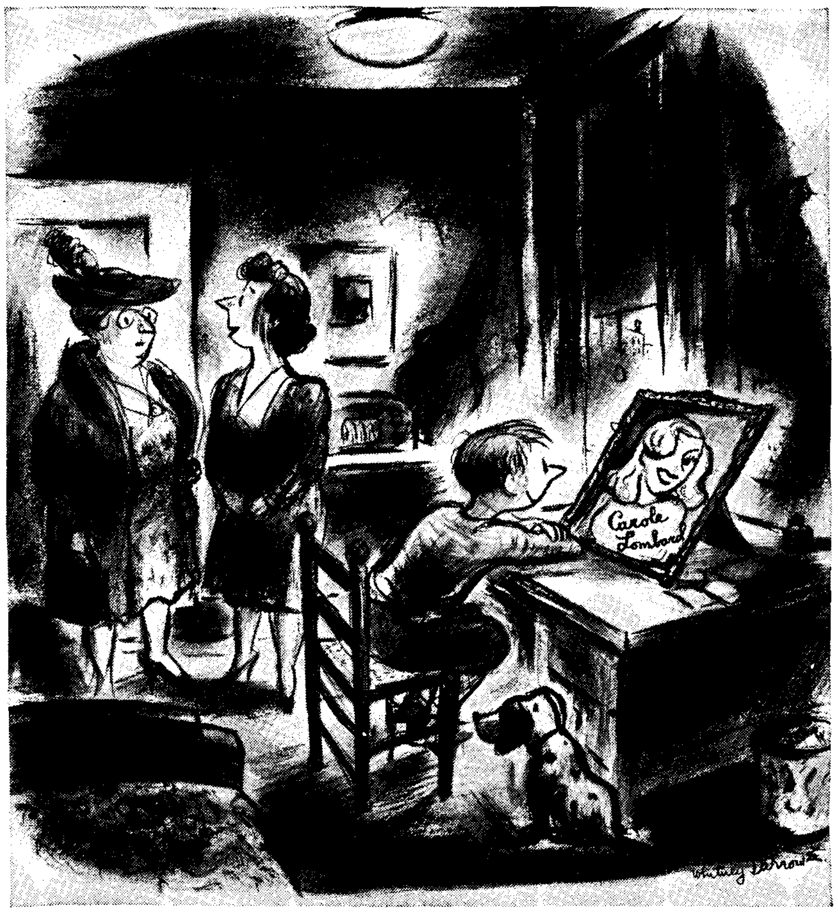
She sat down suddenly, and asked Art for some water, which he gave her in a cracked old jelly glass, and things went on being dreamlike and unreal. Her mother asked if they were going to have a "place" somewhere, and Myrna said sharply, with schoolgirl superiority, "Mamma, for goodness sakes, he's Vere Holland's uncle!" Dina promised Lou that she and El'ner and indeed all of them should see her soon, and they would all have ice cream. Rogers explained that the long trip to Reno had upset Geraldine and that she was tired.

"Reno! You don't mean that you were just divorced!" her mother exclaimed.

"Oh, no. My wife died five years ago. But in Reno you can arrange a marriage easier than in San Francisco."

Then they were out in the muddy lane again, the Cashmans gathering against the red light of the doorway to wish them bewildered goodbys. Rogers gave Dina his arm over the planks and puddles, and she got into the car and sank into her seat feeling that at any minute she might faint.

After that it was effort upon effort. An effort to get out of the car, to mount the steps to the Holland doorway, to climb the stairway within; an effort to show her ring to Mrs. Bucket and begin to take off her clothes; an effort to wash her face, to raise her arms for her pajama sleeves, to move about the big chamber awaiting her.



"At first we thought, 'Oh, well, puppy love'; but now we find he's asked her here for a week end"

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

BUT the piled pillows of the old mahogany bed were deep and soft, and her icy feet struck a hot-water bottle between the smooth, thick sheets. There was a tray with soup and chicken on it, and a blazing coal fire, and softened lights. Dina lay deep in luxury as if she would never move again. She ate languidly, soon satisfied, smiled her acknowledgments when Mrs. Bucket put two books on her bedside table.

"I picked 'em for you because I used to like 'em, but they're real old-timey," the housekeeper said.

"Oh, thank you!"

"You're feeling better, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. It was just that I got so hot and tired, and I was nervous, I suppose, about telling my family."

"Did they make a fuss?"

"Well, they were terribly surprised, of course. But I imagine that they've just about now gotten 'round to saying what they think!" Dina smiled again.

"Mr. Holland said to say good night to you, and that if you felt bad tomorrow we'd telephone Doctor Lilienthal."

"I won't. I really feel fine, and am glad my people know!" Dina stretched out her hand on the blankets. "Thank you for everything," she said, her tone saying much more than her words.

Mrs. Bucket impulsively covered Dina's hand with her own.

"I hope you're going to be happy, Mrs.—Mrs. Holland!" she said.

"I'm sure I will be," Dina told her soberly.

FOR a long time she lay still after the housekeeper had left her. Her first need was rest—body, mind and spirit. Just rest. Just to be alone in the silence with the fire sunken to a bed of glowing embers and the lamp at her bedside giving the only other light in the room. Dina could not think; she did not want to think. Her thoughts surged about aimlessly—now a feeling of wonder that Papa had not made more of a scene, now a regret that Myrna had chanced to wash her hair that afternoon and had had it bound up in a rag.

Again in the wide, grim, rubber-scented passages of the city hall where they had gone for the license; again in the stuffy clergyman's parlor, and the two strange and interested witnesses. The Reverend Kirkham had been unmarried but his housekeeper—or perhaps it had been his servant—had been glad to oblige; the other witness—what had been his name? Barker?—a neighbor living next door. And always, under and over all the other sensations, they were in the car again, rolling on and on and on between the hot greenness or sudden warm rain of the fields, and around the sickening curves of the endless highway.

Three times, or was it four times, she had had to get out because she was ill; she had been ill in the hotel dressing room in Reno. Why had not Rogers been disgusted enough with her to abandon the whole plan? Why had he not walked out when first his eyes had fallen upon the Cashman kitchen, and the head of the Cashman family seated in his shirt sleeves at the cluttered table?

Wonderment, doubt, stinging little pinpricks of memory swept over her. She had gotten this far in her strange adventure. Tonight she felt incapable of getting any farther. Tonight she felt only capable of lying here, forever and forever, spent and silent, with her eyes closed.

But gradually the tide came back. Dina looked about the room, studied it thoughtfully. This was her home now. The Dina who had crept in beside sleeping Dooley or Myrna, glowing over triumphant evenings at Cotta's, planning to pay one more weekly dollar on the new suit, wondering if there was butter enough in the house for breakfast, was no more. This was her home, and this was her room. . . .

A clock somewhere in the hall struck a slow, sepulchral ten. Dina hoped Mrs. Bucket had come upstairs to bed; the bulk of the house seemed tremendous, mysterious, menacing about her. A spring breeze was wandering over the world; it whispered in her chimney, fingered at the old shutters that were closed at her windows. She got out of bed; she must see if there was a light in Mrs. Bucket's room, opposite her own.

Noiselessly she opened the door and peered out. The wide hallway was flanked by doors, and opened on one side to the great vault of the stairway. It was unlighted, but from the floor below a faint light came up and was diffused in the gloom.

She got back into bed; settled herself on her pillows, opened one of the heavy, formidable-looking old volumes that Mrs. Bucket had brought upstairs for her.

"I'm not going to think any more tonight. I'm going to read until I'm sleepy," Dina said half aloud. She opened to the first page, brought her mind resolutely to the opening words of the book.

SHE must accept everything serenely, she told herself, and keep herself busy, and make them all, Rogers and the servants, like her. That was all she must do, not asking for anything, not seeming to be surprised or bothered about anything.

Every morning her breakfast came upstairs on a tray at eight o'clock. At Mrs. Bucket's suggestion she stayed in bed for a while afterward, reading the newspaper or reading one of the old-fashioned novels of Trollope, Scott, Henry Kingsley, Dumas, Victor Hugo. Dickens she knew fairly well already; the Cashmans had possessed few books, but several volumes of Dickens were among them, and Dina had borrowed the rest from various sources, and knew most of them.

At ten she dressed and went downstairs, wandering out into the garden if the day was fair, gathering flowers for vases, talking with the old Scotch gardener. At noon Rogers appeared; sometimes only to tell her that he was going to San Francisco and would be gone for both lunch and dinner, sometimes to lunch with her, completely absorbed in the newspapers and mail. Afterward he might tell her that he had to go on some errand; to see a stamp collector about a rare stamp he had heard he possessed, to see his broker, to interview banker or lawyer, and when he

(Continued on page 49)

Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

"You took it on yourselves to withhold some of my instructions?" he demanded. "There must be some check on you," she said, but it was with none of the defiance Scovil would have expected

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE both press and radio are featuring the daring escape of a German aviator—Oberlieutnant Friedrich Römer—from a train in Canada, Gail Armstrong, a young widow who lives in Windham, Massachusetts, finally realizes that, on the verge of marrying the wealthy and "radical" Lynn Scovil, she is not in love.

Half an hour before the wedding ceremony, in Manchester, Vermont, she hops into her car and starts for her home. On the way she gives a lift to a man who admits, frankly, that the police, suspecting him of having stolen a car, are looking for him. Liking the man, and trusting him, Gail tells him how she has run away from Scovil. Then, approaching Windham, she drops him at the entrance to Camp Ryegate, a popular resort. And she is sorry, *very sorry,* that she will never see him again. . . . *The man is Friedrich Römer.* . . .

Bill Jay, a New York newspaperman, and Connie Scovil—Lynn Scovil's daughter, who is repelled by his anti-American ideas—drive to Camp Ryegate, a group of cabins in the shadow of "Taylor Mountain." While they are climbing the "mountain," a man comes up to them, announces that they are trespassing and knocks Bill down.

Bill, recovering from a serious illness, is unable to defend himself. He picks himself up and walks away with Connie. And he makes the resolve to investigate the camp and find out why, of late, it has been attracting so many ruffians. . . .

Friedrich Römer, registering as "John Page," takes a cabin-room at the camp. Then in need of money, he telegraphs to the Interoceanic Forwarding Company of New York, and asks that funds be wired to *Philip Garfield,* care of him—John Page. A short time later, the owner of the camp (whom Römer instantly recognizes as one Bucher, who had once been a ski-master in Austria) introduces himself to the new arrival, and tells him that, having read the telegram, he feels that it might be advisable for Römer (whom he calls Page) to interview "a man not far from here."

"The man not far from here" is Lynn Scovil. He receives Römer on the terrace of Pinnacle Manor, his beautiful Berkshire estate. Certain, after a brief conversation, that Scovil is a German agent, Römer confesses that he is working for the Nazis; his name, he says, is *not* Römer. Scovil promises not to report him; he asks him to become his guest. As they converse, Gail Armstrong drives up. Scovil introduces the German as John Page, and goes into the house. Gail and "Page" have a verbal sparring match. Then: "You," Gail says, "are an impostor, and an adventurer. But"—she laughs—"I seem to like you, Mr. Page. And it's just as well I do!"

IV

AT THE bookshop, on Friday morning, Gail Armstrong seemed unable to give her emotions the right timing—if she had ever been able to. She had gone to Lynn's house yesterday prepared to make peace, repentant of her indecisions, and convinced that everything was clear and simple at last. She was not going to have doubts any more and she understood just why she had been behaving so idiotically. As for deserting him at the dance—why, just such a drama had been needed to make her sure that she did not want to desert him. As for an outrageous flirtation with a stranger—why, just such an experience had been needed to convince her that no man but Lynn could really attract her.

Calm second thoughts had made everything clear and she had gone to his house in a mood of penitence and surrender, prepared to accept his terms, behave sensibly thereafter and marry him at any time. The presence of the ambiguous John Page had frustrated that intention—but she was in the same mood on Friday morning when Lynn came to the bookshop.

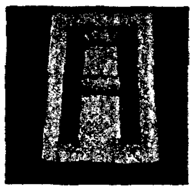
But again her willingness was frustrated. The scenario called for him to be eager and impatient, but he was preoccupied, too concerned about something else even to observe her compliance. It showed in the quick movements of his hands, the brightness of his eyes, the unflattering fact that he hardly noticed her. Annoyed and resentful, Gail attributed his excitement to the mysterious Page and resumed the dislike of him she had conceived yesterday. Humor came to her aid—did she insist on a big scene, probably to violins? There would be time enough tonight.

Tonight, it developed, was what was

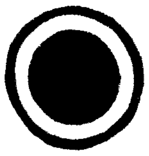
(Continued on page 36)

FIRST ARMY

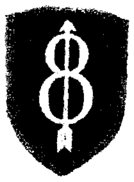
Here reproduced for the first time is a complete set of shoulder insignia for the active units of the U. S. Armies. First Army covers Me., N. H., Vt., Mass., Conn., R. I., N. Y., Pa., N. J., Del., Md., Va.



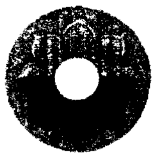
First Army, Governor's Island, N. Y.



First Army Corps, Columbia, S. C.

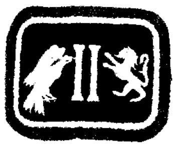


8th (Pathfinder) Div., Ft. Jackson

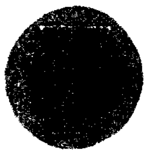


Ninth Division, Fort Bragg, N. C.

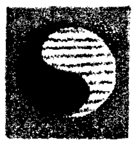
Thirtieth Division, Fort Jackson, S. C.



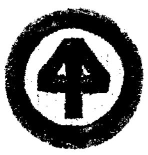
Second Army Corps, Wilmington, Del.



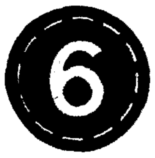
28th Div., Indiantown Gap, Penna.



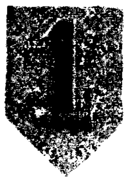
29th Div., Ft. Geo. G. Meade, Maryland



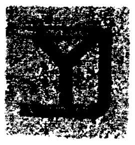
44th Division, Ft. Dix, New Jersey



Sixth Army Corps, Providence, R. I.



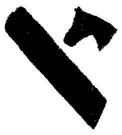
First Division, Fort Devens, Mass.



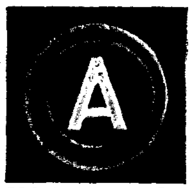
26th (Yankee) Div., Camp Edwards, Mass.

THIRD ARMY

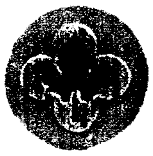
The letters A and O (Army of Occupation) denote the Third Army of N. Carolina, S. Carolina, Tenn., Ga., Fla., Ala., Miss., La., Texas, Okla., Colo., N. M., Ariz. Cavalry div. is unassigned



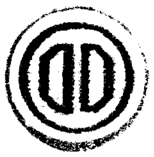
1st Cavalry Div., Ft. Bliss, Texas



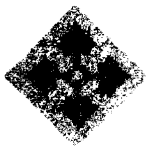
Third Army, San Antonio, Texas



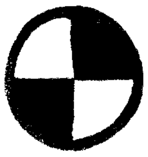
43d (New England) Div., Blanding, Fla.



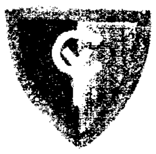
31st (Dixie) Div., Camp Blanding, Fla.



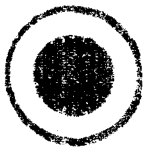
Fourth Division, Ft. Benning, Georgia



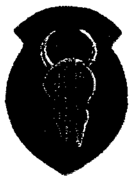
Fourth Army Corps, Jacksonville, Fla.



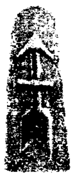
38th (Cyclone) Div., Camp Shelby, Miss.



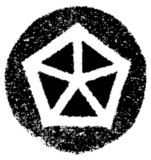
Thirty-seventh Div., Camp Shelby, Miss.



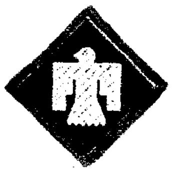
Thirty-fourth Div., Camp Claiborne, La.



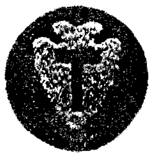
32d Div., Camp Livingston, Louisiana



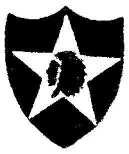
Fifth Army Corps, Camp Beauregard



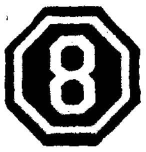
Forty-fifth Div., Camp Barkely, Tex.



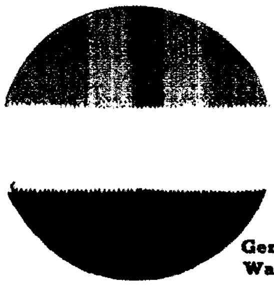
Thirty-sixth Div., Camp Bowie, Texas



2d Division, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.



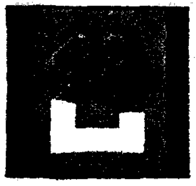
Eighth Army Corps, Brownwood, Texas



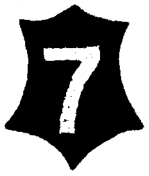
Gen. Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

SECOND ARMY

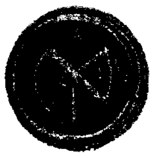
Second Army is located in Mich., Wis., Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, W. Virginia and Kentucky. With exception of GHQ insignia (upper right) pictured patches are approximately one-quarter actual size



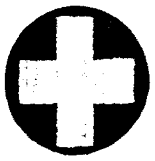
Second Army, Memphis, Tennessee



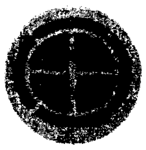
Seventh Army Corps, Birmingham, Ala.



27th Division, Ft. McClellan, Alabama

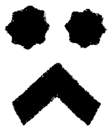


Thirty-third Div., Camp Forrest, Tenn.

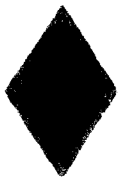


35th Div., Camp Robinson, Ark.

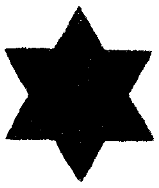
Units at right unattached to Corps



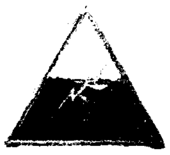
2d Cavalry Div., Fort Riley, Kansas



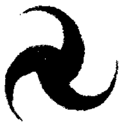
5th Division, Ft. Custer, Michigan



6th Division, Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.



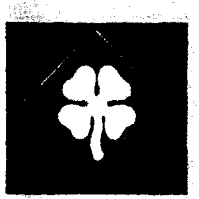
Patch above represents new Armored Div. HQ at Fort Knox, Ky. 1st Armored Corps has Roman I in the yellow field; four other divisions (1st at Knox, 2d at Benning, 3d at Polk, 4th at Pine Camp), use Arabic Numerals.



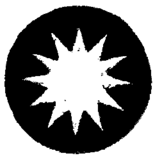
GHQ Air Force, Bolling Fd., Wash., D. C.

FOURTH ARMY

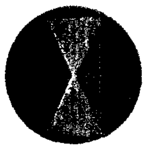
The smallest Field Army, but covers the most territory: Calif., Nev., Utah, Idaho, Ore., Wash., Mont., Wyo., N. D., S. D., Neb., Kan., Minn., Iowa, Mo., Ark.



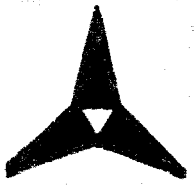
Fourth Army, San Francisco, Calif.



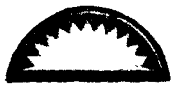
40th Div., Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.



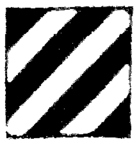
Seventh Division, Fort Ord, Calif.



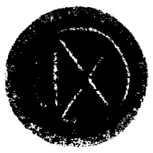
Third Army Corps, Monterey, Calif.



41st (Sunset) Div., Fort Lewis, Wash.



Third Division, Ft. Lewis, Washington



Ninth Army Corps, Fort Lewis, Wash.

COURTESY ARMY INFORMATION SERVICE, SECOND CORPS AREA

OUR NEW ARMY

AFTER you've memorized the range of Army-rank insignia from the four stars on the shoulders of a full general down to the one-stripe chevron on the sleeves of a private first class, and learned to identify the branch of service and regiments by the gadgets on a soldier's lapel, there's nothing left to wonder about except the Field Army, Army Corps or Division to which he belongs. The tip-off is a colorful cloth patch on the left sleeve under the coat shoulder seam.

As pictured above, here is how your Army is set up. In each of the four Field Armies there is one or more Army Corps, each Army Corps consisting of two or more divisions. There are currently active nine Regular triangular divisions, bearing numbers under twenty-five; eighteen National Guard square divisions numbered from twenty-six to seventy-five; and two cavalry and four armored (mechanized) divisions.

The number of men in a division depends upon its type. Newly authorized strength of the square division is 22,260 officers and men; that of the modern *and more mobile triangular division,* 14,859 officers and men. Smallest group in a division is the squad (ten privates, a corporal and a sergeant). Three squads normally comprise a platoon; a company consists of three rifle platoons; a battalion is made up of three rifle companies and heavy weapons company (mortars, light and heavy machine guns). *A regiment is composed of three rifle battalions.*

Each triangular division contains three infantry regiments, four field artillery battalions, one battalion each of engineers, medical and quartermaster corps, a signal company and a reconnaissance troop.

Square divisions are organized on the principle of two infantry brigades of two regiments each, and one artillery brigade of three regiments. Essential difference between the two divisional *types is shortening of the chain of command.* In the triangular divisions the brigade commanders have been eliminated, thus giving the division commander direct control of the infantry and artillery forming the combat teams.

Square divisions have been maintained with the idea that men of each of the various National Guard units *would be able to return to their home* stations at the conclusion of the year's training. State and local organization thus would not be completely disrupted as it would have been if the square divisions had been reorganized as triangular divisions. Infantry now rests, moves, and fights while constantly protecting itself in five directions—north, east, west, south and overhead. Its role remains unchanged—to take and hold ground.

FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. No. 1 Gripe is the Army's habit of looking over a guy's questionnaire to find out what he's good at, then putting him to doing some-

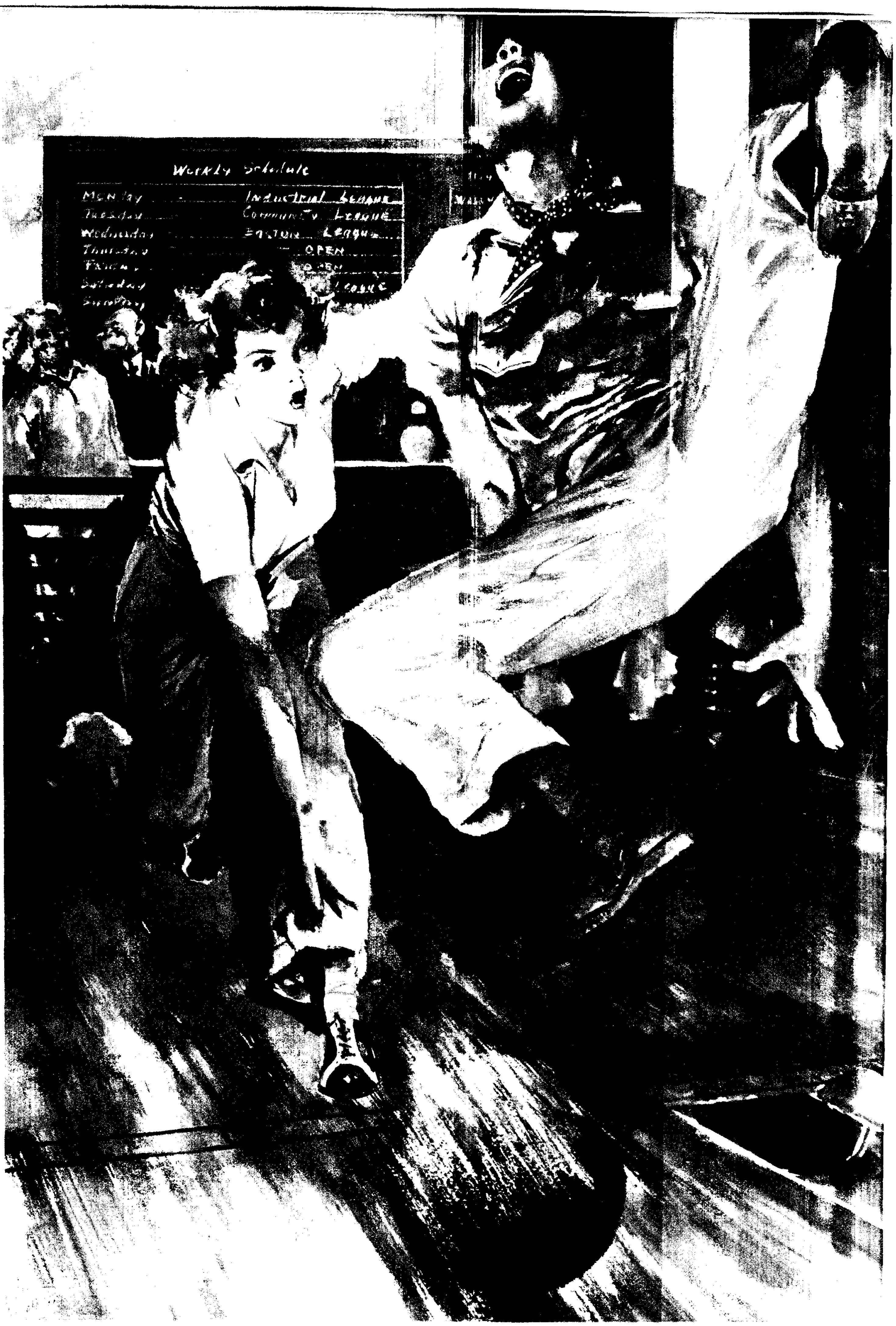
(Continued on page 54)

Three on a Spare

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Wally was so in love with the game that a full moon looked to him like just another bowling ball, but the lady champion was able to meet that challenge, too



The ball caught him smack on the instep. And then there was Wally, right up in the air and spinning

YOU know the careless way people sling words together, and when I used to hear them say that the first time some fellow laid eyes on a certain girl she just bowled him over, why it just sounded silly. Until I actually saw it happen.

And I mean actually. In my very own alleys on Main Street. I got a sweet layout if I do say it. Eight alleys with a steady, high-class trade, and Blaufuss Motors on the ground floor for a good rent, and just the thin sliver of a mortgage on the building. And Wally Fleischer.

Of course, it would have to happen to Wally Fleischer. What I mean is, I got a good trade like I say, but Wally really represents the profit. He's a bowling nut. Just about every night of the week he's in there rolling them down, league or pickup, and most afternoons on his way home from the plant he drops by just for a string or two to keep his hand in. Only this particular afternoon it was his foot.

He come leaping up the stairs like he was afraid the pins would run off and hide before he got there. Not a bad-looking guy except for maybe a little too much ears and elbows. And, as he rounded off by the number one alley, his foot landed right on this little flat gadget with wheels we use for waxing the alleys. Of course it went off like greased lightning, and, of course, Wally went with it. Arms and legs flying. He flung out a foot to save himself, and the foot carried him clean across the gutter of number one and landed smack in the middle of the alley. Just when this girl in number one was letting go of the ball.

It was really a picture. Because all Wally's weight was on that foot, and the ball caught him smack on the instep. A ball with plenty of steam behind it. And then there was Wally, right up in the air and spinning. It looked like three or four times, but I guess it was only twice. His face lit first, and then the rest of him by sections. It really was a picture.

The girl stood there for a couple of seconds with her mouth open, and then she laughed. I guess it was that laugh made the trouble. There was Wally sitting in the middle of the alley with a silly look on his face, and the girl laughing, and me behind the soft-drink counter, and even Elias the pin boy fit to bust his black sides.

Wally picked himself up, very slow and trying to be dignified. The girl stopped laughing then. At least partly. She said, "I'm—I'm awfully sorry."

But a laugh choked it. Wally said, very mad, "You sure look sorry."

Which was dumb of him, because how could she know she was going to have ten pins and a man to shoot at? And, anyway, she wasn't the kind you could talk that way to. She was a good looker. A very good looker. And if her hair wasn't exactly red, it had tendencies. She looked at Wally, and you could see that she was still trying to make allowances. She said, "I *said* I was. And I might point out that you spoiled my shot."

Wally turned around and looked down the alley. She'd got eight pins on the first shot, and left the seven pin in the deep left corner, and the six on the other side of the alley. That's an awful split. You got to nick the six pin on the outside, and make it jump clean across the alley and knock down the seven, to score the spare. Only an awful good bowler can make that shot, or an awful lucky one. Wally looked at the split, and then at the girl. He said huffily, "Sorry I spoiled such an easy one. But go right ahead."

And he stepped off the alley with a sort of sarcastic bow. The girl got kind of pink. She picked her ball off the rack, and swung it up once to aim, and took three smooth little running steps and let fly.

She had beautiful form, and I mean that any way whatever. The ball went skimming down the edge of the right-hand gutter. With just a tiny hook to the left when it hit. And the six pin went up spinning, and smacked the seven clean on the kisser.

Elias let out a yell, and the girl turned around with a so-there look on her face. But it was too much for Wally. He just turned on his heel and walked over to me and said, "Pop, gimme a pop."

I give him one, and he said, "Did you ever see a lucky shot like that?"

There was a crash from the number one alley, and I said, "There's another lucky one. She got a strike on that one."

Meaning she'd knocked down all ten pins on the first shot, and would get the whole count of the next two balls added to that one. I said, "That's her last frame on that string. Maybe she'll strike out."

Wally said, "She can't keep her eyes closed all the time."

There was another crash from number one. Wally choked on his drink. And again there was that ball rolling, and the crash that nothing in the world makes but ten pins flying. I said to Wally, "She's still got her eyes closed. Now maybe you'd better open yours and go look at her score."

He didn't want to, but he couldn't help himself. He wandered over to number two, like he was about to roll himself, and looked across at the girl's sheet. When he came back, he said, sort of dazed, "She's got four spares and six strikes. She scored two thirty."

I might say that anyone who averages a hundred and fifty bowling is fair, and upward of two hundred is the real class. A three hundred game is perfect and practically never happens. Wally said, "It must've been luck."

I said, "Sure. But she's been here about six times, and ain't been under two hundred yet. The girl friend ain't so much. A shaky one-twenty."

WALLY looked across at her, and a look of real reverence come across his face. And just that minute, she happened to catch both his eye and the look. Being a girl, I guess she interpreted it the way a girl would. Which was a mistake. Wally said, "I just can't believe it. Who is she?"

I said, "Name of Sally French. Moved here from Walterboro about a month ago. Used to roll in a ladies' league there. Ed Spigler told me."

Wally said, "Ed's a serious bowler. He wouldn't lie about a thing like that."

I said, "Nobody needs to lie. You just got to look."

Well, he was looking, all right. The French girl was starting another string, and she was a pleasure to see. Wally just stood there and stared, and his soul was in it. I guess the girl couldn't help knowing it. She got a little pink again, and once she missed an easy three-four spare. But she made the next one a strike. Wally said, in a sort of dazed, faraway voice, "I bet I could get her."

I thought I was hearing things. Because never in all his life had Wally Fleischer been known to be even conscious of any creature of female form. I said, "Well, I wish you luck. But ain't you off to a kind of a bad start?"

He looked at me, still sort of slaphappy, and said, "How do you mean?"

I said, "Nothing except she just knocked you flat on your kisser and you passed back words and looks by no means calculated to soothe."

Wally said, "Oh, she won't hold that against me."

Just like that! I said, "Huh! Just a case of love at first slight!"

Wally jumped like he was shot. He said, "Love! Who said anything about love? Why, she's a two hundred bowler! I got to get her for the team!"

I felt better then. Because at least he was still normal. He was talking about the Belsco bowling team, that he was captain of in the Industrial League. He loved that team like a mother yearns over a crippled child, and that ain't such a bad way of putting it, either, because the team ain't never done right by him yet. They'd lost out three years running to the Manning Bottlers, and Wally was like to die of it. Wally was the best bowler in town himself, and Billy Herman, the foreman at Belsco, was a steady, reliable one-seventy-five. And Jake Speer would've been a steady two-twenty if he could stop putting fancy touches on his form whenever there was a girl around. But that was the end of it. Belsco never had come up with a fourth man who could bowl peanuts. And here was a two-hundred bowler right under Wally's nose! But I put my foot down.

I SAID, "Now wait a minute. I'm referee of the league, and I take my duties serious. We'll skip it—she's a girl. There ain't nothing in the league rules that specifies sex. But no ringers. That's in plain writing. Only bony-fide, full-time employees."

MARTY'S GYM
SHOWERS

"Must you always announce my weight when you introduce me to your friends?"

ROLAND COE

Wally said, "That's all right. I'll get B. J. to put her on."

He was talking that offhand way about B. J. Belser, who only owns the Belsco tooling plant. He said, "By golly, I'll put it up to him right now!"

And he lit out for the stairs like a man betranced. Only passing by the number one alley he sort of checked. Sally French was just picking a ball off the rack, and for a split second they was eye to eye. He looked like he might almost speak to her, and she looked like she wouldn't mind too much if he did. It was one of those moments when a man's whole life hangs in the balance. To say nothing of a girl's. But Wally lost his nerve. He just got red and ducked.

The French girl stared after him with a funny sort of look on her face, and then she slammed the ball down the alley.

Wally didn't come back all afternoon. But he called up about ten o'clock, and I could tell right away he'd seen B. J. and it was no dice. He said, "The old horse collar won't even think of doing it. And I thought he really cared for the team!"

I said, "He just knows it ain't ethical."

Wally said, "Ethical, hell. She's a two-hundred bowler. And I bet she could type or lick envelopes or something." Then he said, "What did you say her name was?"

I said, "Sally French. You couldn't've forgot that quick."

Wally said, "All I could remember was her score."

And he hung up in a cloud of gloom.

But the next morning I heard this whoop from downstairs. It was Wally. He come busting up the steps and over to where I was polishing down the number six alley. He hollered, "We got her, Pop! We got her! I went into the front office this morning with a manifest, and what did I see sitting right there at a typewriter? Right in the Belsco front office!"

I said, "Don't keep me in suspense."

"Her!" Wally said. "Miss French! Me trying to get B. J. to hire her, and she worked for us all the time! We're all set!"

I said, "You mean she's going to bowl for you?"

Wally said, "What else would I mean?"

I said, "You mean *you* asked her?"

He said, "Well, not exactly." It seemed to shadow his joy a little. "I got Jake Speer to do it."

I looked at him. I said, "Wally Fleischer, you stand there and tell me you got Jake Speer to do that for you?"

He said, "Well, he's got a sort of a way with girls."

"That," I said, "is just what I mean."

Wally looked baffled. He said, "*What's* just what you mean?"

"Never mind," I said. "But if someone slipped up on you and switched your head for a bowling ball, who'd ever know?"

SALLY FRENCH come up with her girl friend that afternoon, and when she come over to get a soda, I congratulated her on being tapped for the Belsco bowling team. She said, not too enthusiastic, "Thanks. I guess it's quite an honor for a girl."

She sipped her drink a minute, and then she said, "Is Mr. Speer the captain of the team?"

I said, "No. Wally Fleischer is. The one you bowled for a strike yesterday."

She said, "Oh, him," in a funny sort of voice. And just that minute Wally come up the stairs. He almost lost his nerve and went right down again, but he pulled himself together and came over. He stammered something about how nice she was going to be on the team, and then he said, "How's for we roll a few strings? I got to figure what spot to give you."

She said, pretty cool, "I'm so sorry. But I promised Mr. Speer I'd meet him at five-thirty and ride out to the lake."

"Lake?" Wally said. "You mean instead of practicing?"

She said, "That's what I mean."

She put her drink down and went back to her girl friend. Wally looked after her, and his face was the face of a stricken man. He said, "But I thought she was a serious bowler!"

And then, very slow and painful, "Maybe I made a mistake."

I said, "It's just possible."

BUT not about the bowling. She was serious enough about that. She'd come up most every evening to roll a couple of practice strings, and mostly it was Wally that give her a ride down from the plant. They'd come into the alleys with Wally talking very earnest about this little thing in her footwork, or that in her follow-through, or whether to take the one-six split on the inside or the out. And then Jake Speer would show up and maybe sling one to show how good *he* was, and carry her off to the lake or something. And leave Wally to tell it to the pins.

I never did think too much of Jake. But he did have a way with girls, and he certainly was taking up a lot of Sally French's time.

I got to know her pretty well. I liked her, too. Once, when she come over to get a drink between strings, she said, "That Wally Fleischer is certainly a funny boy."

There's only one thing a girl means by that. She means ain't it funny he don't pay her more mind. I said, "Wally's all right. It's just that he's got bowling balls for brains."

The look she give me was just a little bitter. I said, "When he carries you back and forth to the plant, what's he talk about?"

She said, "Bowling."

WELL, the league season got started. It was really something. Being in there with all those men didn't faze Sally a bit. She was a two hundred bowler, and she didn't scare. It really made Belsco a team. They battled it out with the Manning Bottlers all the way. And to make a long story short, come the end of the season, and there they were. The Mannings was one game ahead, and the Mannings and Belscos had one more match to roll. The other four teams was out by miles.

We got a lot of bowling fans in town, and it really had them. It even got old B. J. Belser himself. He promised the team a week's vacation with pay if they pulled that last game out and won. I don't ever remember as much excitement as there was around the place.

That afternoon, Wally and Sally French came up for a practice roll. I took one look at Sally, and I seen she was looking sort of pale. I got Wally off. I said, "Look, maybe you better let Sally just go home. She looks kind of overdrawn to me. After all, you got to remember she's a girl."

He said, "She's just a little excited."

I said, "Maybe. Or maybe she's got something on her mind."

Wally said, "Besides the *game?*"

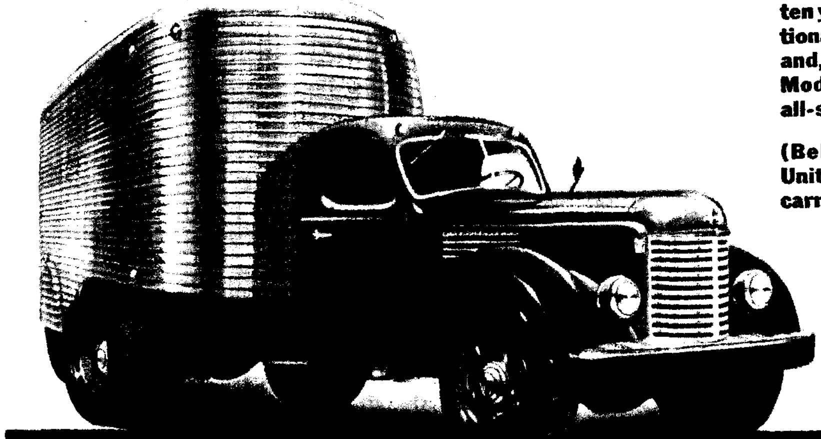
I just give up. But I was right. How I was right! Halfway through the first string, she missed an easy spare. And Wally began patiently explaining just what she'd done wrong. She stood there looking at him, and I hung onto the counter with both hands. Sally picked a ball off the rack and slammed it down on the floor. She said, "Wally Fleischer, I'm sick of it! You hear me? Sick of it!"

Wally said, "For goodness sake, sick of what?"

"Bowling!" she said. "Can you understand English? Bowling! I don't ever want to see another bowling ball as long as I live."

Wally was struggling for air. He said, "But, Sally! But tonight's—"

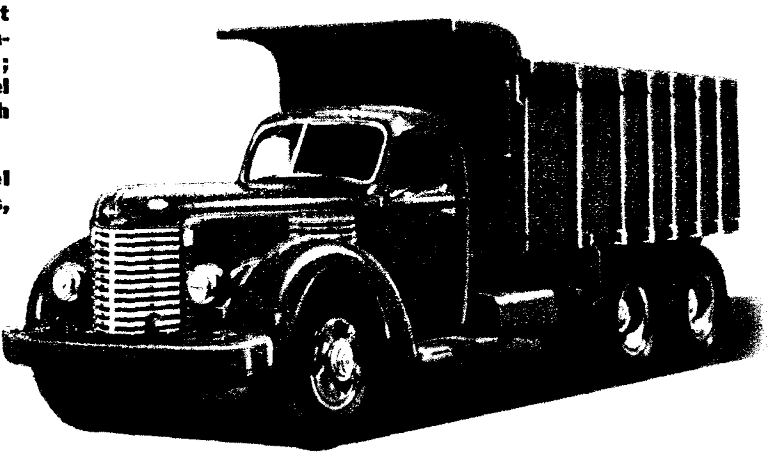
"Not tonight," she said, "or tomor-



Outstanding Leadership

Two of the reasons why more heavy-duty Internationals have been sold for the last ten years, than any other make. International 3 to 4-Ton Truck-Tractor (left); and, (right) one of the many Six-Wheel Models, dual-drive and trailing axle, with all-steel welded dump body.

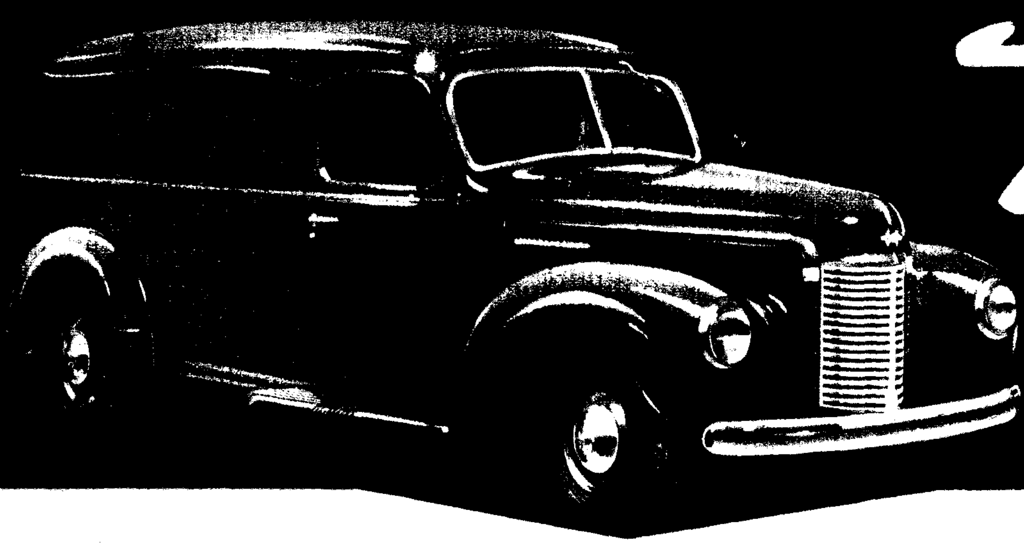
(Below, center) International Panel Units, ½-Ton to 1-Ton, three wheelbases, carry your name with distinction.

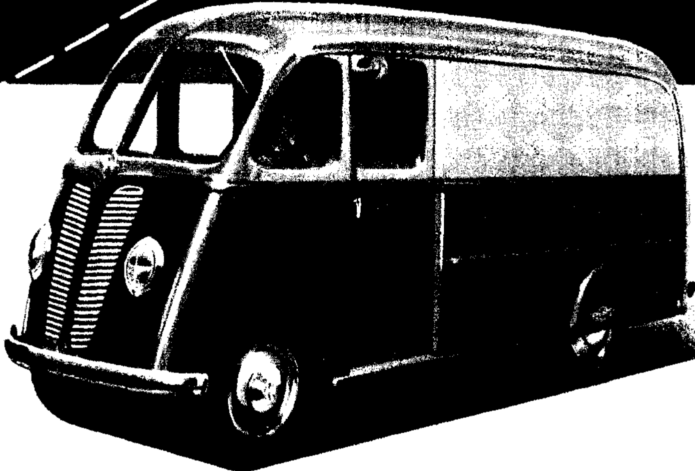


INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL

Trucks





Double the Payload Space

International De Luxe Delivery Trucks, with all-steel Metro Bodies, are multi-stop champions for bulky loads.

For Business—For Defense!

Heavy loads, bulky loads, light loads! Whatever there is to haul in a Nation whose every resource and energy are turned toward defense... the new K-Line Internationals answer with a range of power and performance that *blankets every trucking requirement.*

Among 42 models, 142 wheelbase lengths, there is a new K-Line International built to *fit every job like a glove!*

This new line meets with exactness the urgent needs of today for speed and efficiency in truck transportation. Add to that the unbeatable economy of the new K-Line Internationals, and you have the perfect combination for peak performance and rock-bottom hauling costs, at a time when these factors are vital.

New modern lines, advanced engineering, and driver-comfort hitherto unknown, feature these new Internationals, from half-ton delivery to giant-powered six-wheelers. Ask any International Harvester dealer or Company-owned branch about this brilliant new line.

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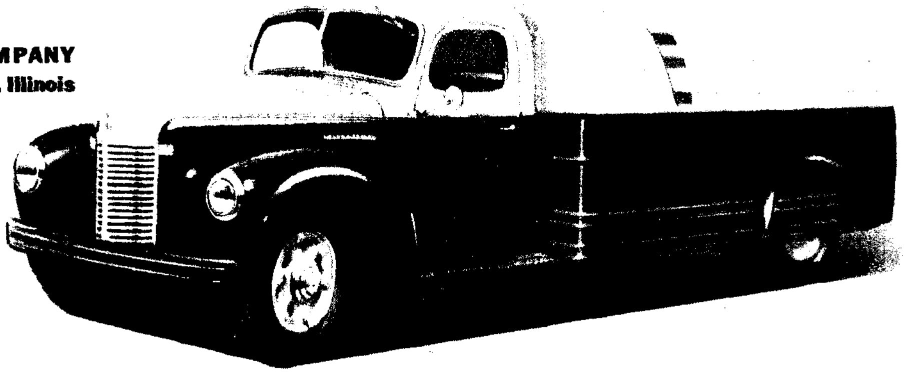
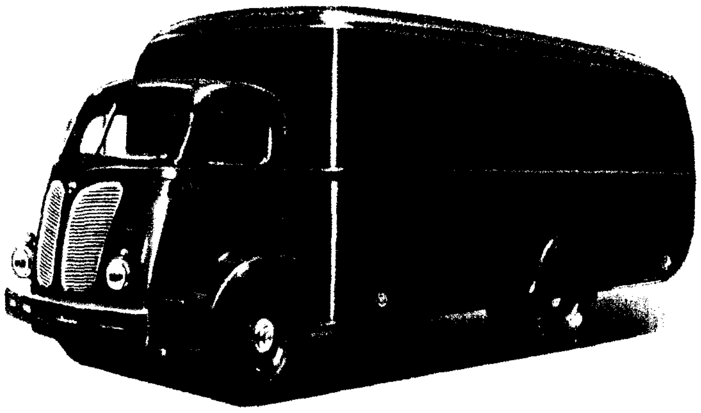




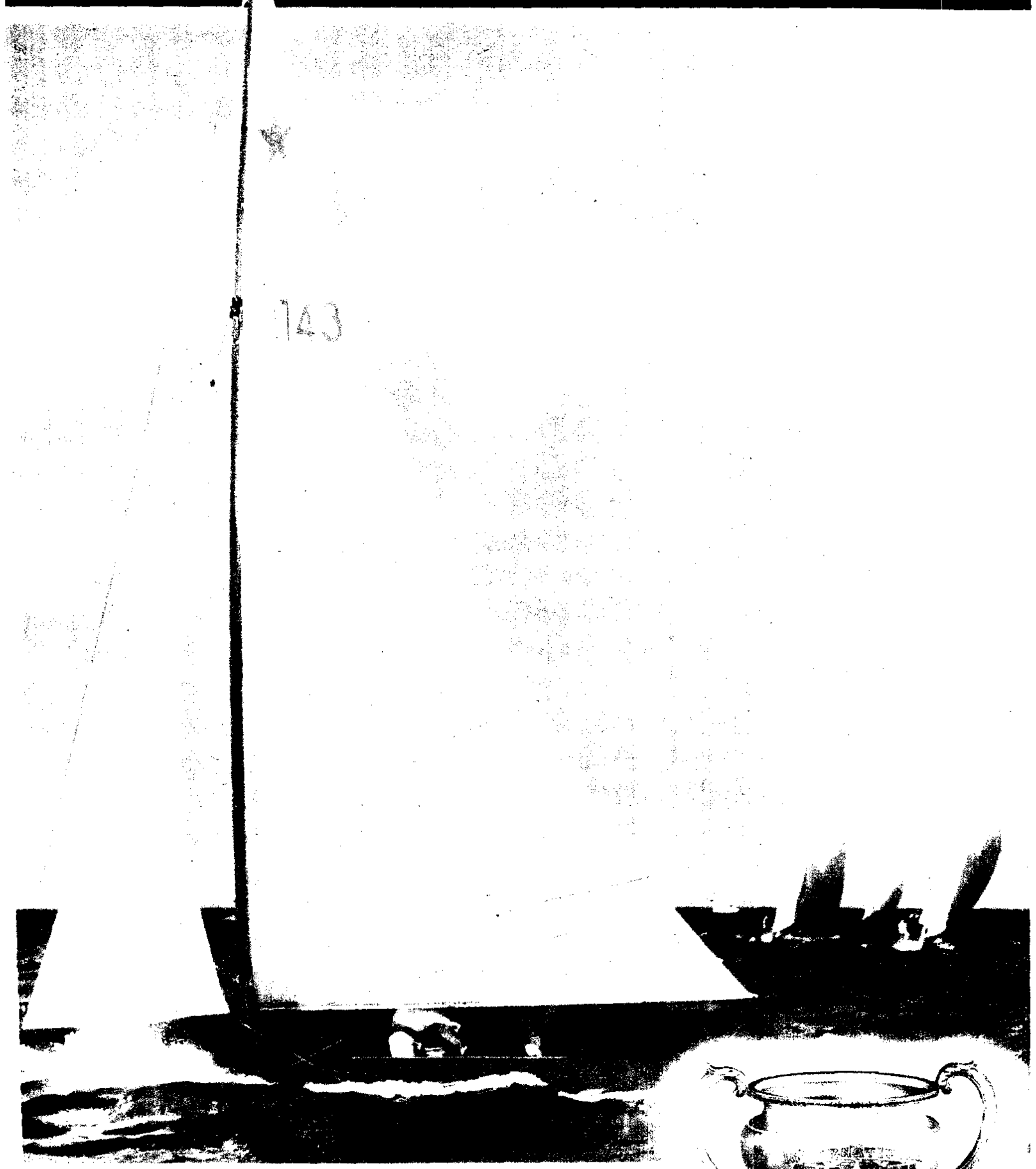
At Home in Heavy Traffic

(Left) International Cab-Over-Engine Models set new high standards for economical operation on crowded city streets.

Setting the Pace for Medium Duty

International 1½-Ton with special panel-stake body. This and several other models take care of medium-duty requirements.

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS TROPHY. "The Blue Ribbon of the Seven Seas" is the name often given the world's championship trophy of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association. To win this cup, shown at the right, the owner of a Star Class yacht must first become champion of his Fleet—and then outsail Fleet champions from every quarter of the globe in a final series of international races. To win this cup you must be a sailor indeed; you must be better than good!

CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

WITH ETHYL ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

row night, or any night you could think of! I'm through!"

And just for good measure, she grabbed another ball off the rack and slung it at him. But her aim was terrible. And then before Wally could blink, she run off down the stairs.

Wally, he just stood there in a fog. Then he staggered over to the counter. He gasped, "Pop, this is awful! This is the most terrible thing ever happened!"

I said, "It's pretty bad."

He said, "I just got to do something."

I said, "Well, there's one thing you could do."

He looked at me, still in the fog. Then it cleared. He said, "Sure! Sure, there is! I'll send Jake Speer around! I'll get him right away!"

I just put my head down on the counter and cried.

BUT it worked. Sally showed up that night. She was pale, and there was dark rings under her eyes, and she treated Wally Fleischer like he was just an empty space between two pins. But she showed up. And she bowled.

How she bowled! Everyone else, for that matter. It was the best rolling I ever seen. Even Billy Herman crowded two hundred for the first time in his life. There was better than three hundred people crowded into the alleys, and they like to went nuts. Manning and Belsco was both red hot. They were rolling three strings for total score, and at the end of the first Manning was nine points up. And at the end of the second, Belsco had cut that lead to two.

And you couldn't hear yourself think for the hollering. I was keeping score, and I kept watching Sally French. I never saw anyone stretched as tight as she was. But it sure didn't keep her from knocking them down.

All through that last string, the two teams was strike for strike and spare for spare. And come the next to the last frame, and Sally stepped in there to roll a beautiful strike. Everybody hollered, but the Manning captain hollered loudest of all. He yelled, "She rolled out of turn!"

And by golly she had. The Manning captain kept jumping up and down and hollering, "It don't count! She rolled out of turn!"

I shoved him back in his seat. I said, "I'm refereeing this match. And I guess I know the league rules! It counts. But the next frame you got the right to call when you want her to roll."

He said, "All right. I call it now. I call for her to roll last!"

It was kind of mean, but he had the rules on his side. Sally didn't say a word. Wally went over to her, and tried to pat her on the back, but she brushed off his hand like it was poison.

They rolled down that last frame, and it was a heartbreaker. Billy Herman knocked down nine on his first shot, and then blew sky-high and missed his spare by a foot. And come Sally's turn, with all the scores in but hers, and Manning was still ahead thirteen points!

It wasn't too bad. If she got a strike, all ten pins on the first ball, she had two more chances to pick up the three to tie or the four to win. Even if she just got a spare, all ten pins on two balls, she still had one more chance to roll for those four pins. It would've been easy if it hadn't been for all that noise.

She picked her ball off the rack and stepped up there, and took her run and let go. It was a beauty, right for the one-three pocket, and everybody started to holler. But at the last second it hooked a little. Just a little bit off. The pins started falling, and three hundred people was holding one breath. And then they groaned. Because it was a split. The old six-seven nightmare. Practically impossible to make. And then there was a dead silence, only you could hear Jake Speer saying, "That's what you get for taking on a girl!"

I don't know if Sally heard him. She was looking at Wally Fleischer. He said, "You can do it, Sally!"

She said, sort of funny, "You'd really like it if I made that shot, wouldn't you, Wally?"

He said, "Why, sure I would."

She said, "You'd like it just about better than anything in the world, wouldn't you?"

He said, "Why—why, I guess so."

She said, "All right. I'd hate to be the one that ruined your life."

And she turned quick and snatched up her ball and let fly. She didn't even seem to aim, but it was a honey. It nicked the six pin on the edge, and the six jumped over and knocked the seven for a loop. Everybody started whooping, and down in the pit Elias was setting up the pins for her last shot. And all she had to get was four to win!

Wally grabbed her and hollered, "Sally! I knew you could do it!"

She said, "You big idiot, you don't know *anything!*"

She jerked away from him, and snatched another ball and rolled it without even taking a run. And she couldn't've aimed, because she was crying too hard. Wally just stood there with his jaw dropped. And the ball sort of staggered down the alley. It hit the three pin and sort of tipped it over, and caromed off to the gutter, and just sort of nudged the six over as it went. And that was all. Two pins down, and Belsco beat by a single point!

Sally French turned on Wally and stamped her foot. She said, "I don't care! Do you understand? I don't care one little bit. I hope you're satisfied!"

Wally stood there looking at her. He seemed to be struggling with an idea. He said, "Why, sure, Sally. I'm satisfied."

Jake Speer jumped up. He hollered, "Well, I ain't. I said all along I—"

Wally just reached around without looking and give him a shove. Sally said, "Oh, Wally! You mean you don't care—"

Wally said, "Listen—"

BUT just then Elias down in the pit let out this awful yell. And we all turned around. And there was the three pin, still rolling! Under the rules, it was still live wood. It swung around, and the butt hit the one pin. And the one staggered and went over, and hit the two, and the two the four, and then they was all down: Ten on the spare and Belsco won!

You never heard such a noise. And then worse than that, because someone hollered "Fire!" and there really was smoke coming up the stairs. But it was just a trash can in the entrance that the pin boys had out in three shakes.

Only when the smoke cleared, you could really see how things stood. Wives was hanging onto their husbands, and husbands was hanging onto anything they could reach, and Jake Speer was hanging onto his own pet bowling ball, and Wally and Sally was hanging onto each other. Maybe they knew three hundred people was watching them, but you can't prove it by me. It hadn't been more than a minute, but they seemed to have covered a lot of ground. Then Wally pulled back a little. He said, terribly serious, "But there's one thing we got to get settled. There's one thing we got to have an understanding on."

Sally looked almost scared. She said, "What is it, Wally?"

"That last shot," Wally said. "That last shot you made. You got to admit that wasn't bowling. You got to admit that was just rank luck!"

Sally said, "Oh, I do!"

And it sure sounded like a practice shot to me.

Hell from on High

Continued from page 12

fighting. Requisition all means of transport immediately—motor vehicles, bicycles and horsecarts.

"There must be no individual looting. All stocks are to be seized immediately. The more important stocks of booty will be immediately reported to the regiment.

"The divisional commander has forbidden the wearing of English uniforms. Units will be so instructed.

"Troops will be made familiar with the battle area by careful map study. The names of neighboring units are to be drilled into every man. It must be as though each man had jumped into his own country. Tasks and objectives will be drilled into the men word for word. Adjutants and company commanders will continue reminding troops of the objectives.

"Troops must again be emphatically warned against hysterical firing in view of the ammunition situation."

The documents disclose the German aptitude for organization but they reveal too the German's lack of imagination and his inability to improvise—a weakness which the German high command recognizes by drilling Nazi troops as carefully in their parts as Radio City Rockettes. One of these days somebody is going to surprise the Germans into a situation that their ballet masters failed to foresee and when that time comes, it will be the turning point in the war against Germany.

Air Control is Essential

The foremost lesson Crete taught is that air superiority—a canopy of planes fending off the enemy bombers, paratroops carriers and fighter machines—must be insured before operations on the ground below can succeed. But first let's have a look at Crete, its position, topography and size. The island lies just south of the Aegean Archipelago and about sixty miles southeast of the southernmost points of the Grecian Peloponnesos and an average of about one hundred miles by air from the Greek mainland airports. The island is approximately 160 miles long and about thirty miles at the widest point.

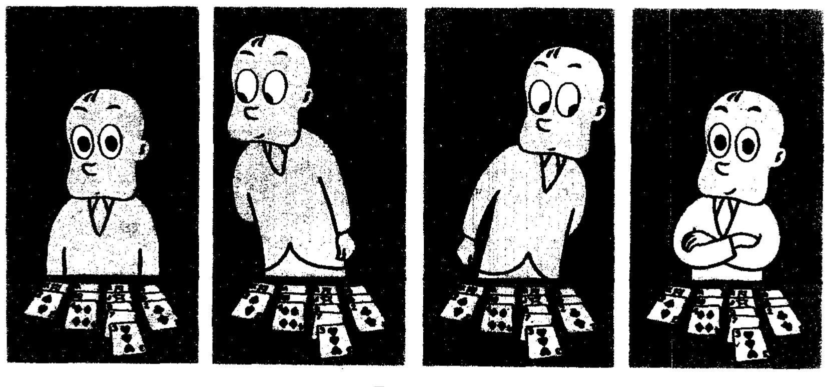
It is only about 225 miles by air from the main Cretan airport at Herakleion on the north shore of the island to Tobruk on the northern Libyan coast, where the British hold what have been until now impregnable positions.

In addition to Herakleion there are airports also at Retimo and Meleme, both on the north shore, the first east of Suda Bay where there is a naval base and a good harbor, and the other on the western end of the island. A single road connects the towns, running the periphery of the island which is ribbed longitudinally by a high range of mountains that tumble down to the sea to the north and south in rugged, heavily wooded hills. There are no clear areas that could be used as emergency landing fields. The only airports available to the Royal Air Force were those at Meleme, Herakleion and Retimo and these the Germans began bombing two days before they invaded with paratroops. The R.A.F. was obliged to clear out or lose their machines, and thereafter what air support the defenders of Crete got was what could be flown from the African mainland, and it's a lot farther from Crete to R.A.F. bases in the western desert and on the Nile than it is from Greece to Crete or Crete to Tobruk.

Air support for Crete therefore was impossible and the British lost Crete even before the desperate hand-to-hand fighting on land began. The Germans were able to keep the air over Crete filled with planes, which bombed all attempts of the Royal Navy to bring reinforcements to the island by sea. The harbors were filled with sunken or half-sunken merchantmen laden with guns and ammunition. In one action the British lost one light cruiser and three destroyers and there was no doubt the losses in merchant shipping were relatively high. The Royal Navy did heroic work, however, in evacuating at least 15,000 of the British troops which were brought to Crete from Greece at the end of April.

Since, to have properly covered every part of the island with troops deployed to meet every possible surprise attack would have required from 100,000 to 150,000 troops, the British started with the double handicap of inadequate air support as well as a large deficit in ground troops. Once the Nazis had made the island untenable for the R.A.F. they began plastering it with bombs. They bombed every square mile of the island, planting bombs with the methodical monotony of coolies planting rice. They bombed and machine-gunned civilians and troops, and one Australian officer who survived the worst of it told me that it was worse than anything he had experienced in the World War of twenty-five years ago when great numbers of guns of various calibers rained shells on men for days at a time.

From general bombing the Germans then reverted to bombing small restricted areas to clear the ground of defenders and facilitate the landing of their parachutists. This sort of bombing was immediately followed by the scattering of the deadly fragmentation bombs and then machine-gunning, the planes coming low and the pilots seeking out their targets in the bush and the olive groves and the gullies with a ferocity unequaled so far in this war. Bren guns didn't stop them. "Sometimes the bullets clipping rocks and branches and



Dummy

CROCKETT JOHNSON

"The Tougher They Come . . ."

J. RICHARD ROCKJAW is a man of determined purpose. "When you get into a difficulty, take the short way out," says he. And he praises to his weaker half the merits of "a good strong purge."

BUT THE WEAKER HALF has ideas too. "You and your caveman cures! 'Give old constipation a right to the jaw,' says you. Did it ever occur to you to get at the *cause* and *correct* it?"

"FOR INSTANCE, my dear?"

"For instance, this crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It has just what it takes to get at the cause of constipation due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

"SAY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW? Darn it, it *does* taste good! If ALL-BRAN can make you 'Join the Regulars,' make way for a place in the front rank!"

"Not so fast, my bold one," says she. "It takes a little time. You must eat ALL-BRAN every morning, and drink plenty of water."

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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Two shoulders *to the same wheel*

When you buy a General Motors car there are several things you may take for granted.

It is a good piece of engineering, well-designed and well-made. It is a good value for the money. It will keep running years on end. When you are done with it, it finds a ready market.

These are only highlights, yet even these call for far more than General Motors research and manufacturing resources, essential as they are.

They involve the skilled collaboration of some 18,000 local businessmen, General Motors dealers, whose job it is to bring our cars to market and serve the customers who buy them.

Without such collaboration volume would be less and prices higher, in vicious spiral; research impeded; reliable repair and maintenance service hard to find; your used car a drug on the market.

Under such handicaps the automobile would never have grown to be the serviceable instrument of transportation for millions that it is today.

That is why we say that in the endeavor to give you greater value and greater satisfaction from your automobile dollars, General Motors dealers put their shoulders to the same wheel with ours.

That is why we call them partners in progress with GM, and with the communities in which they live.

GENERAL MOTORS

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CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE
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LAPS THE FIELD AT INDIANAPOLIS—

but couldn't pass the "bite zone" in his pipe!

Any pipe mixture containing only one or two tobaccos forms a "bite zone" in your pipe AFTER THE FIRST FEW PUFFS!

Five Different Tobaccos Cut Five Different Ways—

means no "bite-zone" with Revelation

Perique (champagne of tobaccos)
+
Burley (cool burning)
+
Carolina (adds sparkle)
+
Virginia (rich flavor)
+
Latakia (spicily aromatic)

HERE'S the story that's switching *thousands* from *so-called* pipe mixtures containing only *one* or *two* tobaccos:

Five great tobaccos—a *real*, balanced blend—make REVELATION infinitely cooler—milder—richer-tasting! Each tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each tobacco is cut separately to the special size and shape that makes ALL FIVE *blend* best, *burn* best, *taste* best!

That's why REVELATION smokes sweet clear to the bottom of your pipe bowl—with *gloriously different flavor and complete freedom from bite!*

15¢ POCKET TIN

Ordinary mixture: Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down—retain heat—often cause soggy heel.

Revelation: Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes"—burns more evenly, coolly.

REVELATION PIPE MIXTURE

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

men all about you sounded like the chatter of a million lawn mowers all at once," Geoff said.

And then came the paratroops. At first the British held their own. They fought in packs, hunting the parachutists down as you hunt boar, with the same merciless viciousness with which you hunt boar, one of the most dangerous of animals when trapped or wounded. For two or three days from May 20th when the paratroops started coming the slaughter was incredible and there was hope the Germans might fail. The Royal Navy crushed a German attempt to make a large-scale landing by sea in caïques, little Greek kayaks, and larger ships. But the Nazis increased the rhythm, set the pace up to a maddening beat and the paratroops began dropping out of the sky in overwhelming numbers. Their methods warrant the attention of any country building a paratroop army.

The Paratroop Technique

The parachutists were as well drilled and as well articulated as the backfield of a crack football team. Every man knew his job to the point that thought processes were unnecessary. He came out of his plane and, if he survived the sniping, was out of his parachute harness almost the moment he struck the ground. Often the British found they were receiving reasonably well placed fire from paratroops two minutes after they'd landed.

Each section leader or officer had a different colored parachute from the troops or if the parachutes were camouflaged the leaders would have chutes with special identifiable markings. The men rallied about their officers immediately they had landed, freed themselves from their chutes and gathered up the equipment dropped with them. The troops came down armed with submachine guns, automatic pistols and hand grenades. They carried no rations but were supplied with compact containers which carried an emergency medical kit, cigarettes, chocolate, writing materials and three regular army issue contraceptives.

Upon landing, the section leader fired a white Very light to indicate all's well. He'd fire a red Very light if his section had run into trouble. A cluster of three white lights from the Very pistols would indicate "We have gained our objective."

When the leaders fired red Verys, planes would arrive almost immediately over the region. The paratroops signaled what they wanted. They called for ammunition or direct assistance and they got what they wanted—mortars dropped in sections in long, shock-proofed aluminum containers—or machine guns or grenades. Or if the paratroopers required it fighter planes would intensify the light ground bombing or strafing of the objectives the paratroops had been assigned to take.

The big Junkers troop carriers spilled thirty men at a time. They didn't do so well with their gliders. These carried seven to ten men each with equipment. Most of them pancaked in the trees or fields. Those the defenders didn't get as they came down they got later with Mills bombs and machine guns. The Germans couldn't manipulate the gliders as accurately as they could the planes, and frequently the gliders ran into ambushes.

"But they did all right with the Junkers," Geoff said. "I saw 167 planes land on one of the dromes on the second day of the fighting. They came right down. There was nothing we could do to stop them. I timed the planes. None stayed longer than two minutes. We couldn't leave our positions to attack. We were being held there by the strafers. To have changed would have been sudden, certain death. And we couldn't bring reinforcements up on the single road. The Germans chewed it constantly with machine-gun bullets—and there you are."

The Germans dropped light field artillery in sections by parachute. They dropped no tanks, though there were scores of stories that they had. Against the German artillery the British had very few guns, most of them captured Italian seventy-fives. And the British had few tanks. The 150 the British had had in Greece were left behind after being put out of action.

For that matter, it wasn't till toward the end of the fighting that all of the troops defending Crete had rifles. Until the last couple of days there were 400 men on the island still unarmed. The Germans struck before the British had time to be ready although as long as three weeks before the Germans assaulted Crete Winston Churchill admitted that there had been large concentrations of German planes in southern Greece and that these concentrations had been effectively bombed by the R.A.F. Yet in the three weeks between the time they evacuated Greece and the Germans struck at Crete the British were unable to amass the arms and men on the island essential for its successful defense. For this there can be only one reason short of criminal neglect of bald facts and it is that Britain could not rob the Nile defenses to save Crete and that General Sir Archibald Wavell, operating under handicaps that would have broken lesser men, refused to rob Peter to pay a dubious Paul.

The Greek campaign, which required men and materials that were badly needed in the Nile and for the defense of North Africa, had already weakened the force of the Middle East. To have shipped large quantities of tanks and ammunition and planes to Crete would have been tragic. Wavell perhaps sacrificed Crete to save Egypt, at any rate he refused to embark on another large-scale venture predestined like those in Norway and Greece to failure.

Working Model of Invasion

Tragic as the Crete affair was, it wasn't completely a debacle. The men who died there didn't altogether die in vain. Maybe Crete saved England. For there is no doubt in the minds of those who saw the Cretan show that the German invasion of Crete was a small-scale working model of an invasion of England. But Hitler lost in the invasion of Crete his greatest weapon next to the airplane and the tank. He lost the element of surprise.

British tacticians know now precisely how an air-borne invasion operates and they have learned lessons therefrom. And the German drive on Crete was costly. "We butchered them by the thousands," Geoff told me and he looked as though he'd gotten a few himself. And it will be some time before the Germans can recuperate from the cost of Crete. It's not known how many planes they lost but they must have smashed up scores on the rocky beaches and badly surfaced airports and must have lost others from antiaircraft and Bren gun fire.

And the other day the R.A.F. rained tons of bombs on the airport at Meleme and from the air photos I've seen of the debris the R.A.F. left behind the Nazis lost at least forty ships in that one raid. The defense of Crete started on May twentieth and it collapsed on May twenty-eighth and they were probably the most expensive eight days Hitler has sustained since the war started. On the other hand Crete is gone.

The Barrier

Continued from page 17

work early this evening. I'll come out then."

Melissa said to her father, "You can't change Scott Hamlen by talking to him. We'd better be going." And she turned to her father and led him away.

THE Oakley place was four miles out on Long Lake Road. Hamlen drove his car into the barnyard. He left it, walked to the house and knocked on the screen door. There was no answer. After a minute or so he tried again and then walked in, calling for Tom Oakley.

There was a smell of sweet grass in the kitchen. The stove held no fire, but the heat of the day was heavy in the room and flies fussed at the windows. The room seemed to be waiting—the two big chairs, the sofa with the rug cover, the two places set for supper at the long table. He was about to sit down on the sofa when the back door opened and Melissa came in. She was carrying a box filled with raspberries.

She put the berries down on the sideboard before she spoke: "I saw your car. Father's up the road talking to the Marshalls. He'll be back soon."

She was wearing a white, starched, sleeveless dress now, and her bare arms were rich and dark against the white.

She turned from the sideboard without leaving it and said, "I was wondering if you would come out." She spilled the berries out of the box into a pie plate and began working through them, removing the few brown, curled leaves. Then she said, unexpectedly, "What are the things behind you, Scott, that make you fight alone this way—against us all?"

Hamlen sat on the edge of the table. He pulled out a cigarette and smoothed it between his fingers. He was curious to know how she had guessed that much and he thought of telling her the things he had kept for so long to himself—the sour things of the past, which still bothered his dreams. A city childhood for a boy whose heart was still in the land of his birth—this deep land of woods. He had seen his father's broken spirit dragged back each night after factory work to a hole in the city block of buildings which was called home. He had seen the way men had had to fight to keep their heads above the flood. He had learned early that help came from no one—and you were a sap to give help to others.

He swung away from the table. Why should he try to justify himself before this girl? The past in a man's life would never count with her—it would be a whine. He said, in answer to her question, "I'm making a living."

She had finished with the berries, and they stood there that way for a minute, each aware of the other—both suddenly conscious that they were alone there in that house.

Scott said, "I guess I'm early," and his voice sounded strained.

He saw Melissa leaning back against the sideboard. The violet light from her eyes reached him and he felt himself follow that light. He stepped toward her. He saw her hand lift to stop him. He knew her hand held no strength. He moved closer to her and felt her hand on his chest—felt it give under the force of his body. Her head fell back in his arm and he kissed her. There was no tenderness in that kiss—it was hard, crushing—and her kiss was as strong as his.

She pulled away, suddenly, angrily—the anger she had for herself including him.

He heard Tom Oakley out in the yard talking to the dog. His voice rumbled nearer as he walked toward the house.

Melissa said, standing there in front of him, the anger strong in her voice, "This shouldn't have happened! You think I let you come out for this."

"I asked myself out—to see you."

As she started to speak, they heard Tom Oakley outside, shouting. His voice had gone high with alarm:

"Millie! Millie! Is Hamlen here? For God's sake, tell him to come out here."

Hamlen turned from Melissa and went out the door. He ran across the yellow grass to Oakley standing at the corner of the barn. The old man pointed up the valley to the hills across the river.

It was almost as if Hamlen had expected it. He saw in the distance a faint smudge of gray smoke.

Oakley said, "I saw it when I was coming from the barn with Gyp. She's got a quick start in that dry stuff."

"That's on my land," Hamlen said, "that's my woods that's burning."

Oakley looked at him for a second but he said nothing.

"I'm going up there," Hamlen said. "There's a lot of good wood in there.... Look! There's a strong wind driving it!"

Even as they were talking there, the smudge had broadened and blobs of dirty gray smoke rolled upward into the sky.

Hamlen ran to his car. He put his hand to the starter button. He glanced around impatiently at Oakley's knobknuckled hand on the door opposite him. "I can't wait, Oakley. I'll see you later."

Oakley fumbled at the door. "Hell, how do you open this thing? You got shovels and axes in back?"

Hamlen nodded. Then, for the first time it struck him that Oakley meant to go with him. He turned and stared at the old man, a little bewildered.

"I'm not asking you to come."

Oakley said, "You don't have to. You'll be needing all the help you can get."

Melissa was running toward the car. She said, coming to her father's side, "I called Harry Turner at the lookout tower. Colson said he had already gone up to the fire. There are sixty CCC boys coming by truck from Schoodic. He said to tell you to leave the car at Dorman's—there's no road in right there."

As Hamlen turned out onto Long Lake Road he wasn't thinking for the moment about the fire. He was thinking of Melissa Oakley and this silent, spare man beside him. They both despised him and yet, apparently, it had never occurred to either of them to let him go up there alone.

AT FIRST he had thought when he saw a car pull out of Marshall's in front of him and another draw in behind from Frye's that these farmers were going up to the fire in case they had to protect their own land. And later, when he saw the headlights of many other cars moving along the lake road toward the fire, he had told himself bitterly that the people of that town had come out just to watch his timber go up in smoke.

But he had been wrong. Since then he had seen things happen. He had seen seventy, eighty men working, sweating beside him; he had seen others come to the warden and ask how they could help—men from town he had never laid eyes on before.

And slowly, reluctantly, the realization had come to him that there was something beyond and bigger which had brought these men out here. This was

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his personal emergency, but it was being met by a united front.

This didn't strike him in so many words—rather, it was built up of a series of shifting impressions: Jim Parlow, his soft, barber hands torn by brush, wrapping a piece of shirt around them so as to get a better hold on his shovel. He saw big Will Libby, the storekeeper, his fat, rolling neck red with heat, his lips open to get breath for a bad heart, clearing along the fire break with the speed of the best of the choppers. He saw Shorty Norcross, a lobster fisherman from downriver, lead a gang in to control a runaway backfire. He saw Mr. Newcome, the Methodist minister, riding his bicycle along the woods road to bring axes and shovels to the men up front. Someone told Hamlen that the minister had been attending evening services when the alarm came and he had shouted to everybody there to get up to the fire, that they could do more up there than praying in church. Once Hamlen and Phil Coffin had carried a CCC boy, who got an ax through his foot, back to Dorman's and there he had seen the kitchen, bright with lights, filled with women making coffee and sandwiches for the men.

These were the quick pictures that he knew, as they registered one by one, he would never forget.

BY NINE o'clock that night the situation was this: The fire had already jumped the first state-maintained north-and-south break, had worked down the eastern slope of Shaticook Ridge and was now rolling along on a vast front, several miles broad, toward Long Lake Road, the Union River and the farm lands at the other side of the river. Between it and the farms lay two more fire lines—one maintained by the Hamlen Pulpwood Company—the other was the river.

Harry Turner called together all men he could find at the southern end of the Hamlen break. He said to them, but looking at Hamlen in the light of twenty, thirty lanterns and flashlights: "This is the last chance, boys. We'll have to stop her here. If we don't . . ."

"How about the river?" someone asked.

"There's no water in the river."

"Well, blow up Hamlen's dam! There's enough water behind that dam in Long Lake to drown this country."

Turner said, quietly, "It's too late. I sent Milt Dorr up, but he couldn't get through—the fire's jumped the road a few miles up."

Hamlen said, "What orders did you give him, Turner?"

"To blow up your dam."

Hamlen said, "I'll do the ordering, Turner, when it concerns my property. There's six thousand cords of pulpwood on the bank below the dam. The fire is all this side of that. But if the dam is opened, there'd be no water to get that wood out of there."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Turner said, "Your dam's safe, Hamlen—no one can get to it."

A man came running through the woods from the west. They heard him shouting and they saw his lantern jiggling through the trees. "She's coming!" he shouted. "The wind shifted and she's scaling through the tops of the trees."

Hamlen said, "Turner, is there any chance of stopping her here?"

"Not a chance—we got to see that the men get out first."

Will Libby, standing near them, shouted, "There she is, boys!"

To the west the sky suddenly went yellow, and against the black clouds of smoke, new flames reached high and they heard the roar, as if all the waterfalls on earth were coming down on them.

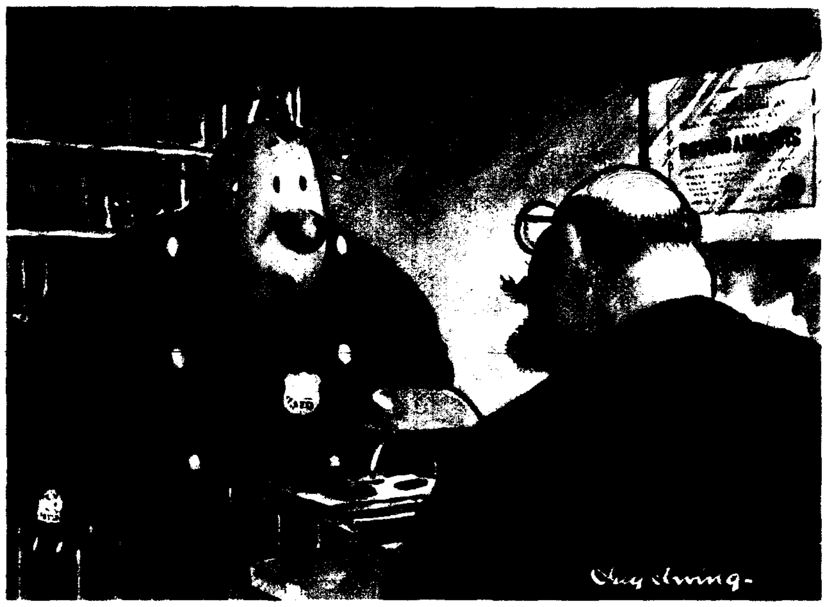
"Let's get out of here," Turner said.

Hamlen saw the men running down the woods road. He stayed, looking back at the fire. It had spread to the south and it seemed to him the whole country was on fire. It seemed that nothing could stop it. It would go on and on, marching through the woods, jumping the dry bed of the river, sweeping into the farm lands—into the town.

And then, standing there alone in this burning world, he thought of these men who had worked there beside him—for him. All their work was useless now. He had lost his woods—they would lose their lands, their homes.

Then something seemed to break through him, and all the things he had not understood became clear. There was only one thing he could do now. There was only one sure way to stop this fire before it burned out the people who lived in its path. His dam had to be opened. That impounded water which he claimed for his own use had to be released for the use of the many—for this town he lived in.

He caught up to Turner on Long Lake Road near the bridge over the Union River above Dorman's. Here the smoke, two miles from the fire, dipped low and there were yellow rings around the lanterns and the car headlights. Men coughed. Cars were getting out of there.



"An' then, Doc, he gimme a dirty look an' I . . . I tore up th' ticket!"

JAY IRVING

Hamlen called Turner aside. He said, "I'm going to try to get up to the dam. I think I can get through—with my car. She's fast."

Turner laughed. "You're crazy."

"If I can't get through," Hamlen said, "I'll turn around and come back. Let me have a dozen sticks of dynamite. I'll blow up the dam. That'll give us a real head of water."

Turner looked at him skeptically. "Sure," he said, "if you get through. . . ."

THERE were places along the road to the dam where the smoke was thin and along these stretches Hamlen opened up his car, hitting sixty, seventy. Always to the left and above the trees there was that red glow in the sky.

He saw the deserted Hamlen lumber camps on the left and the headlights gleamed for an instant on a wind-blown undershirt on the line. Then he saw fire ahead.

Hamlen slowed down. This looked like a thin peninsula of fire which had been in the van of the main body when the wind was from the west, but when the wind shifted, the main body had turned south, leaving this peninsula somewhat on its own. It had worked up through a narrow ravine and the fire was kept narrow by a granite ledge on the south and the wind from the north. If this peninsula of fire was no wider than the ravine, its thickness through on the road would be about fifty yards.

He could make it, if that was all there was beyond. He had to make it, even if there was more beyond.

He edged the car forward slowly, feeling the heat against the windshield. He closed both side windows. He remembered that the road was straight here.

HE THREW the car into second gear. Then he tramped down on the gas. He said, "All right, babe—see if you're any good." The car shot forward, forty, fifty, sixty—in second. Instinctively he ducked his head when he saw the sparks lean in bright lines against the windshield. The road ahead seemed to dip into the fire, like a road fording a river. But this river was deep and hot. He smelled the scorch of paint and thought of the heat on the tires. The headlights paled against the brilliance. He felt the car sway once with the up-draft of hot air. Then, suddenly, he was through—in a clear, cool wind from the north and with starlit sky above. He stopped in the peaceful night at the other side of the fire and looked over his car. Then he went on.

It took twenty minutes to make the fifteen miles—slow for the car and his nerves—but fast for this dirt road. He turned the car around before parking. It was two hundred yards in through heath country to the dam. The spotlight picked up the long dark earth-and-timber construction of the dam.

He climbed down the embankment. Halfway down, on the near side, he worked a hole with the handle of a long shovel into the earth. Into this he lowered ten half-pound sticks of dynamite, the last one capped and wired. Then he sifted earth into the hole gently—and tamped it, gently. There was a cool breeze from the lake and he realized that it was the first time that day he had been cool. He felt very cool, almost cold, as he brought the wires out and led them back thirty yards. He connected the wires to the coil switch box.

Without hesitation, without thinking, he jammed the switch home into the head of the box and saw out of the tail of his eye the quick, yellow flame at the dam. The whole dark mass of earth and powder smoke lifted into the night, broke high into the air, timbers end-over-ending. Pieces of the mass began falling back, plunging into the lake, rattling on the ground. The dark, wind-beaten lake seemed to curve under the pall of blast smoke and slip in a great, solid wall of water to the dry rocks of the river below.

For the second he held one thought—and kept all others out. This body of water would roar down the gorge, controlled by the high banks, until it reached the low country. There it would fan out, overflowing the land, soaking the dry earth, flooding the fields and forming a barrier between the fire and the town.

Hamlen drove back along the road south.

He crossed the bridge over the still, dead bed of the Union River. Soon a head of water would pour down that river, and take this bridge out. There were no cars along the road as he began looking for Harry Turner's truck. Through the smoke ahead of him he saw the lights from Dorman's and he drove along until he came to the yard and saw Turner's truck parked in there with many other cars.

He called for the warden and a man ran up to him and shouted, "It's Scott Hamlen! Hey, Scott Hamlen's back!"

"Where's Turner?" Scott asked.

"Up in the kitchen—he got his hand hurt."

Hamlen saw men come out of the house to him. Someone shouted, "Hi, Scottie—did you get to the dam?"

HAMLEN made his way through the crowd at the door. He saw a room bright with lights that hurt his eyes—and there were many women hurrying around. He saw Melissa Oakley at the other side of the room turn from the window and look at him. Her eyes were big from the strain of looking through the dark. A quick, relieved smile came to her lips.

Hamlen turned to look for the warden. He saw him at the sink, his cut hand held under the running faucet. Turner looked over his shoulder, anxiously, questioningly at Hamlen. Hamlen gave him the answer without delay. He said, "Better send someone down to get the men out of the lowlands—there's water coming down the river."

A cheer went up in that hot, hurrying room. Three men ran to the door, followed by Turner, holding a towel around his hand. They shouted, "Water's coming downriver. Scott got through to the dam!" And he heard them clump down the steps, shouting as they ran to the river.

Across the room he saw Melissa Oakley move from the window toward him. He stood there, deep in the crowd, hearing questions, hearing a voice that was his voice answer those questions. Through a window in back of Melissa he saw the angry red of the sky and here and there the quick reach of a flame. Soon that flame and its brothers would die at the river.

He saw Melissa, only a few feet away now. And then, she was beside him. She said, so those near them could hear without effort, "We were all cheering for you, Scott, when we heard what you were doing." Then, quietly, for him alone, "But *I* wasn't. I was keeping my fingers crossed—and praying."

He looked at her. He said, "What were you praying for, Melissa?"

He saw color come to her cheeks. But her eyes held no anger. And because from the beginning they had been able to speak to each other without words he saw her answer. The things that had happened to him that day—the things he had lost and the things he had gained, added up in his mind, and he was content.

A woman near them cried, "Listen!" and ran to the window.

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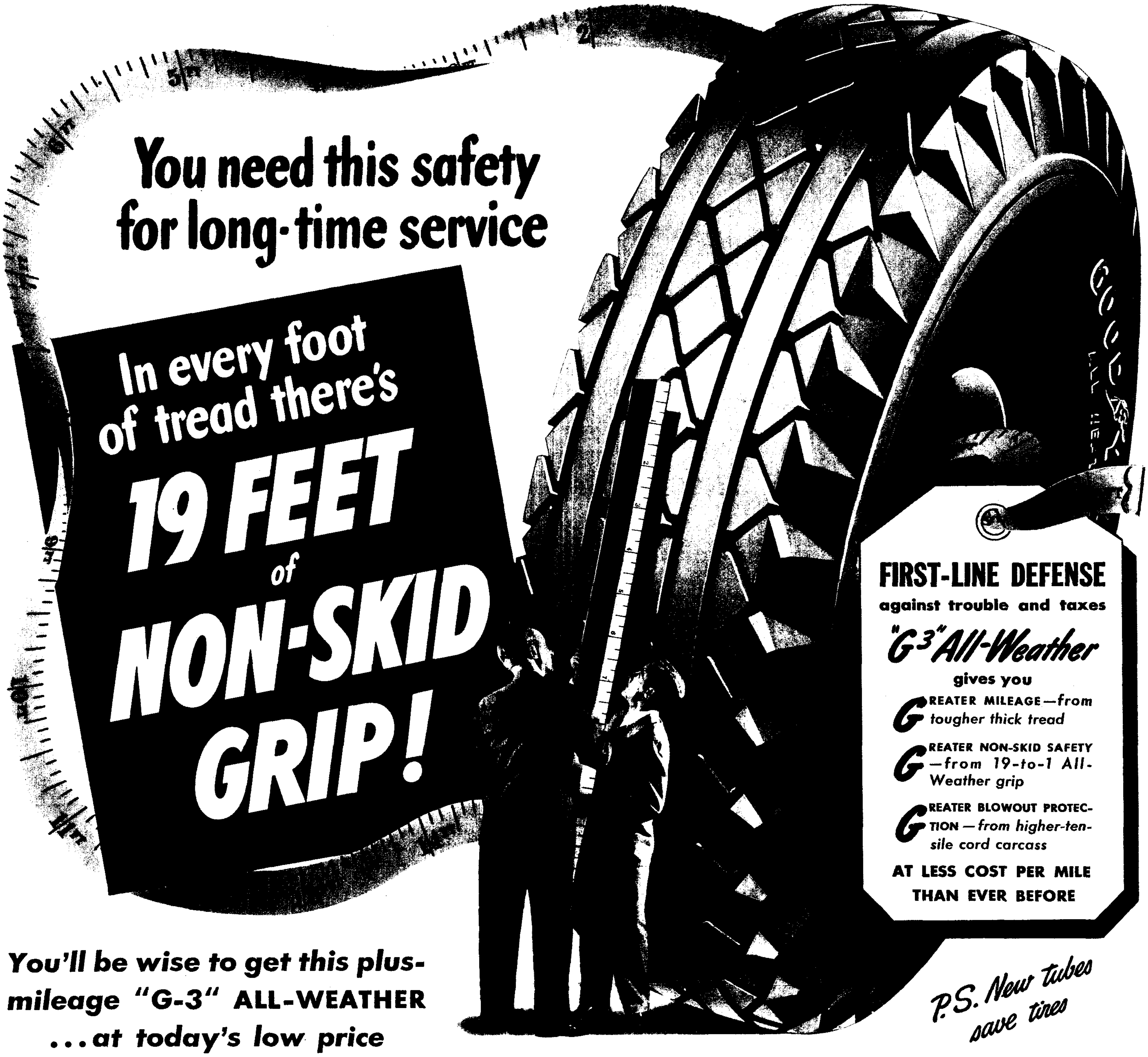

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Advance Agent

Continued from page 23

on his mind. Something had come up that would occupy him for a little while. He wouldn't come for her before dinner; there wouldn't, in fact, be any dinner. He would come at nine. Anxiously, would that be all right?

"Of course," she said. And the more so if he would ask for more.

He swept her into his arms and kissed her—with, a critic might have said, insufficient ardor. But he whispered, "Tonight was to have been different! Make it not too different! It can still be our announcement." She pressed against him but he wasn't noticing. "I've got to go. I'll come for you at nine."

BOTH nettled and amused, she followed him into the hall. He called, "Constance!" Connie answered from the sweater shop and came out into the hall, Bill Jay following her—these days he was all but taking his meals here. Connie put on antagonism at sight of her father.

"I expect you to come to the dance tonight," Lynn said.

"Well . . ." Connie said uncertainly. Then: "Why should I?"

Lynn's sharp, "Because my house is yours too," only hardened Connie's chin; but Gail said, "Of course you will, Connie."

Connie glared at her as if she had betrayed a confidence but said, "All right. Only—ask Bill too."

Lynn looked indifferently at Bill Jay, said, "By all means. Of course. I'll see all of you tonight, then," and went away.

Connie snorted, "That's pretty noble. Considering that he has never forgotten a single unkind word anyone ever wrote about him."

"The press don't count," Bill said. "He just thinks of me as the paid agent of a corrupt sensationalism."

They went back to the bookshop and Connie sprawled on a bench. "Anyway, you'll meet the Social Register tonight. Got a cummerbund, sahib?"

"Sure. Got an evening dress, Toots?"

Connie shot off the bench to stand six inches from him, raging: "That's enough Toots! Sure, I'm just a Martha Case College girl, and that's a laugh in any man's life. Sure, I'm as bloodless as a figure on your radiator cap. You can call the hat-check girl Toots, but I won't take it any—"

Bill caught her wrist behind her back and looked over her head at Gail. "Too many movies about the tiger-woman, maybe? How do we treat it?"

"I don't know, Bill," Abigail said, amused. "I'm from your generation and we hadn't read much about the war between the sexes." Connie was straining away from him, her blond curls tumbled. "She's being primitive. I'd say you haven't got a chance."

"Primitive!" Connie gasped. "Who's subduing his woman by brute force?"

Bill let her go and Connie looked deeply gratified. This flagrant, athletic love-making seemed charming and appropriate—better than the obscure contradictions that passed for love-making between herself and Lynn.

"Okay, you're an Eagle Scout now," Bill said. "No more Toots."

"I should hope not—after all those midnights on the trail." She beamed at Gail. "See how he's softening up? Get down a bet on me."

"About that evening dress," he said. "It's a simple fact, I don't know how you look in skirts. Why not try a couple of yards of witchery for once?"

Connie went defensive again: "I've told you why. Pants are cheap, so I wear pants. The great man can make me go to his dance like a good daughter, but he doesn't get a chance to keep me."

"We don't stock evening dresses," Gail said. "She'll have to see what she can do with one of mine."

"Oh, I don't know," Connie headed off at a tangent. "I take theory of design at Martha Case College." She looked around the shop, eying rugs and hangings. She got up, stood on a chair and took down one of the curtains—a strip of dark blue chintz with white gazelles printed on it. She was wearing a trivial play suit. She unfastened it, stepped out of it, stood for a moment in still more trivial brassière and briefs, and began to drape the curtain around herself. "A pin!" she demanded. "Fold it in here, Gail." She kicked out a train behind her, and said, "The gazelles make an exotic note. Well, is this witchery?"

"Primitive was the word I used," Gail said.

"You strip pretty good," Bill said.

It was all carefree and delightful, a lighthearted moment among good friends who had nothing to trouble them. Gail was to look back on it with disbelief, marveling that they could have been so lighthearted about anything.

As evening came on, a warm, desirous impatience possessed her, the same nuptial mood in which she had started for Manchester. But tonight it would last, she knew what she wanted. She would not wear that white dress—it had been a bad omen. She dressed with the eagerness of a girl, and went downstairs—to wait for Lynn.

Then the telephone rang and Lynn was saying, "I'm sorry, my dear, I can't come for you. You won't mind? Come with Constance."

There was nothing to do but agree, and he hung up.

IN THE big library upstairs Lynn Scovil narrowly watched Mathilde Winkler and the man who called himself John Page. Both of them had tried to exclude him from this interview and he had been obliged to make a curt demand. He had had to point out that he was now indispensable—that circumstances had brought him closer to the heart of their business than there had been any intention of letting him get. The fact was that not only the safety of these two but the success or failure of vast enterprises lay in the hollow of his hand. A sense of power pleasantly stimulated his nerves, and he would take care to remind them that he must now be granted equality with them. Equality or even more. . . . He expected no trouble with Mathilde—he held over her the whip of an old emotion, an old relation which she would be glad to resume. But what about Page? Scovil had to admire his casehardened composure, the competence with which he had mastered an unexpected situation. The man's escape showed his courage, his behavior since showed that he was an ingenious tactician. He was formidable! Well, he would the more easily see the need of an ally.

They were listening to a news broadcast from Berlin. Scovil knew, resentfully, that they heard something in it which he could not hear—that instructions for various centers in America were somehow coded in the sequence and phraseology of the news. He had not been admitted to that code.

Page was wholly absorbed but retained his appearance of assured composure. But Mathilde had relaxed none of the tension she had been showing ever since her arrival. She was concentrated on the voice coming from the radio as if life itself depended on it. . . . As it did.

The broadcast ended. Finally, Page said, "You understood it, *Gräfin?*"

He spoke in German and Scovil said curtly, "Speak English."

Mathilde said, "Enough of it." She had a surface control but Scovil could sense her inner agitation. Was she afraid of Page? If so, that was further evidence of Page's importance. But Scovil could take care of him.

"So Field was taken," Page said, and Mathilde answered, "He got to New Orleans and took a plane to St. Louis, where he had a reservation for Detroit. He never got to Detroit. He must have been taken at St. Louis."

"Too bad." There was no emotion in Page's voice. "But they have heard nothing about me and they are inquiring. They have been inquiring all the time I was in arrest? Can you let them know I have got here?"

She nodded. "From New York. It would be better, of course, to have von Weitbrecht—"

"Yes. Everything hinges on von Weitbrecht. You will arrange for me to go to Detroit tomorrow, *Gräfin.*"

It was a command, cold and colorless. And it gave Scovil the greatest satisfaction. For that was his ace. It was the power which circumstances had given him. Page could know nothing whatever about von Weitbrecht, and even Mathilde could not know what had happened. Everything hinged not on von Weitbrecht but upon Lynn Scovil.

"Have New York tell them what has happened to me," Page directed. "Report that I was taken at Bermuda, escaped, and have got through. Report Erich Köchlin on his way to Detroit. You have some papers for me, *Gräfin?*"

"I don't use my title in America, Herr Köchlin." He bowed: "Fräulein, then."

She gave him a manila envelope. He ripped it open and began to study its contents, going through them without haste. Some pages he put in his pockets, some he left on the desk. Scovil saw that Mathilde's full attention was concentrated on him. There was no sound till he had finished, when he folded his hands on the desk, and sat looking at Mathilde. When he spoke it was as if he were presiding at a court-martial. "Not all of them are here. What have you to say about that, Fräulein?"

ONLY one who knew Mathilde as well as Scovil did would have perceived that she relaxed a little. She was just perceptibly more confident and animated in the big leather chair—her North German fairness resplendent in a smart dress, her body smoothing to its natural and subtle lines. Scovil became more intent, suddenly understanding that Mathilde had not been altogether frank, that something had been withheld as a check on Köchlin's identity.

"You see, Herr Köchlin, I was told to give you the envelope—not what was in it. I don't know anything about it. That's between you and the company."

"I am not rebuking you, Fräulein." Köchlin's courtesy had a sharp edge. "Please telephone the company tonight to send the rest at once. Tell them—" He stood up and into his face came an impersonal condemnation so complete that it jarred even Scovil's complacency. His voice was quiet but it seemed to give off venom: "I was captured—Field was captured—what is going on, Fräulein Winkler? Do you suppose they do not wonder about that at home? Do you think I have not been wondering? Now some of my papers are taken from an envelope it was your duty to hold for me. What is going on in your organization? Who is tampering, where is the leak, which of you is a traitor?"

Mathilde had gone white and Scovil could see her quivering under her dress. "But we knew nothing about you! We were told you were coming. Then you were ten days late. Two telegrams! Then Lynn's phone call. You might be—"

"You took it on yourselves to withhold some of my instructions?"

"There must be some check on you," she said, with none of the defiance Scovil would have expected. Köchlin said, "I am going to Detroit tomorrow, and those papers must be here before I go, Fräulein, if any of you in New York are in love with comfort." Mathilde nodded, her eyes submissive, and Scovil felt his scalp prickle, for this man was truly formidable! Not only had he at once detected the ruse practiced on him but in thirty seconds he had cowed Mathilde Winkler, whom no one had ever cowed.

"YOU have told us nothing, Herr Köchlin," Mathilde said. "Nothing had been told us from the beginning. Only that you were on your way."

"I am not to confide in messengers or—" his cold blue eyes went to Scovil with a disdain for which Scovil was determined to require payment, "or in casual station keepers on an underground railway." He sat down again, aloof, his voice edged with contempt: "I will tell you this, Fräulein. I am to advise von Weitbrecht in the matter of September first. But also it looks as if I must do Field's job. That was"—the barbed voice slowed—"to see if something could be done to repair the intolerable stupidities your people have been committing, Fräulein. The succession of preposterous failures. The wrecked plans, the wasted money, the stupid ineptness—whatever it is that is endangering our war here."

Her breasts rose in the bodice of her gown, and her face was frightened. "You do not understand. Is it supposed in Germany that the Americans are all fools? Dreadful things have been happening—"

"Yes? That is what I propose to hear about."

"We have lost so many!" Her fine hands locked in her lap. "Without warning or trace! The wonder is we have been able to keep going. And now, within the last week—" the small hands were suddenly thrust out. "You are not the only one who has been in danger, Herr Köchlin. In a week, San Francisco, Paterson, Philadelphia, Detroit—"

Instantly, "What about Detroit?"

"I don't know," Mathilde said slowly, "I don't think anyone at the company knows. On Tuesday and Wednesday, a great many were taken there—perhaps enough to end all usefulness. Little word has come in—"

"Von Weitbrecht?"

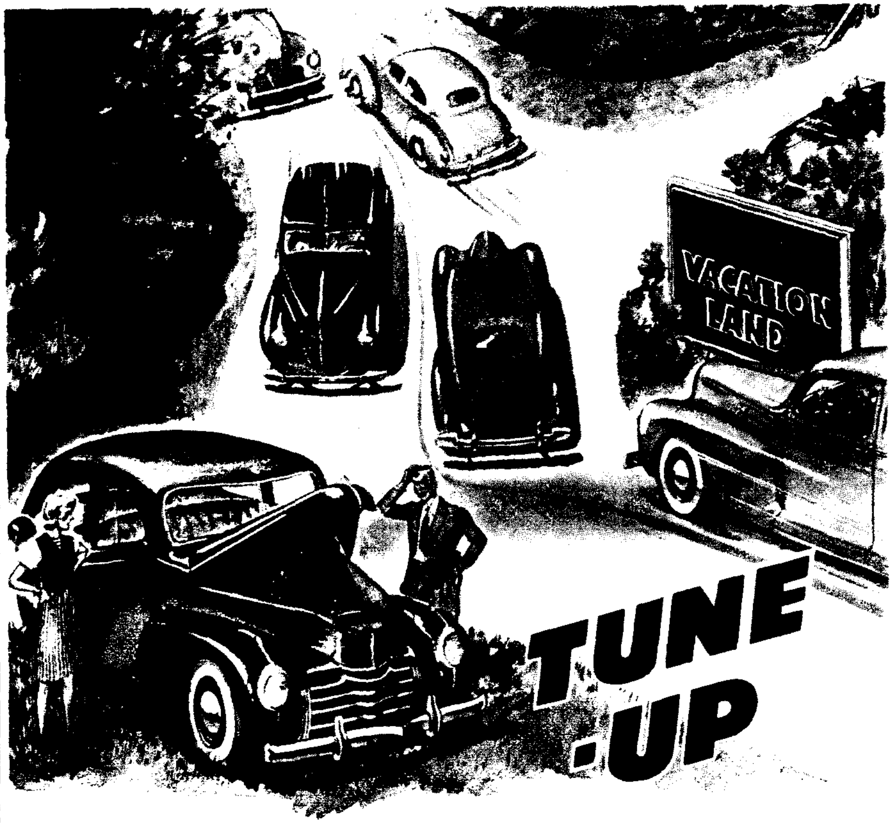
She shook her head. "No. There was word from him on Monday that he was leaving for a while. That was very fortunate, for on Tuesday the raid came. But nothing has been heard from him. Unless"—she turned to Scovil—"nothing today?"

Köchlin came out of his chair. "I must know about this man! Why should he know anything about von Weitbrecht? Why should he hear from him?"

Mathilde said urgently, "So much has happened, so much had been disorganized, we have had to use what was at hand. There is a truck line—a summer camp near by keeps in touch with it. Among other things, it carries dispatches. We have had to use Lynn in relation to it."

"You don't have to plead for me, Ma-

Don't Let a Hot Sluggish Motor Spoil Your Summer Driving



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A hot sluggish pepless motor is a "killjoy"—takes all the fun out of driving. Summer heat and troublesome gums collecting on valves and rings cause sticky, lazy, lagging valve action;—resulting in lost compression and power.... This condition leads to further difficulties,—excessive engine heat and trouble.

Avoid these worrisome problems the quick, sure and easy way! Tune-up your motor the KARBOUT-RISLONE way; restore its lost compression and power.—It's only a 15-minute job—no need to lay up your car.

A Clean Engine Runs Cooler

KARBOUT is used first for a quick clean-out of motor, carburetor, fuel line and spark plugs. Gums on valve stems, in piston ring grooves are immediately dissolved and carbon particles are released through the exhaust.

Then RISLONE is added to the oil right in the crankcase, and away you go,—free from the worry of sticking, lagging valves, with restored compression and power, with new-car acceleration and pep, and a quieter, smoother-running engine—for happy summer driving.

RISLONE perpetuates this new-car "feel" and prevents further gum formations, and a gum-free engine means peak performance, improved lubrication, and a smoother-running engine. Proof of the effectiveness of a KARBOUT-RISLONE "TUNE-UP" may be seen by having a compression test made before and after the treatment.

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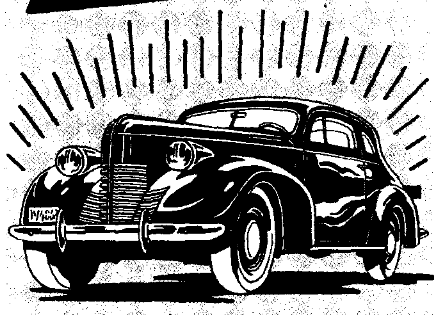

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thilde." Scovil stood up, feeling the full strength of his position, even hoping that Köchlin would protest. "You will find, Herr Köchlin, that I am not without usefulness. I explained to you yesterday about Booker and his camp. You are perhaps a little given to hasty judgments. You will find that we can attend to your needs—provided you appreciate the difficulties."

That was the right note, an assurance of co-operation in which nevertheless Köchlin would detect a warning that he must respect the judgment of his allies. The cold eyes studied him and he tranquilly gave back stare for stare. Köchlin smiled. "I think I appreciate you, Mr. Scovil."

Scovil saw that the man must hide his discomfiture under an accent of mockery. But it was an acknowledgment, even something of a surrender. A feeling of mastery surged in him. They would disregard him no longer—he would be consulted, even deferred to. His stake had grown enormously. And he had taken Köchlin's measure.

"You had better not be seen off my grounds," he said smoothly but with plain warning to Köchlin. The inscrutable eyes met his, then turned away. He went on, "We will break this up now and I'll see you tonight at the dance. It will be well for both of you to show yourselves."

He felt very well indeed. A stimulating half-hour! The more stimulating in that neither Mathilde nor Köchlin had thought to go back and repeat that question. Neither had asked him again if he had heard from von Weitbrecht.

IT WAS a curious evening for Bill Jay. Scovil's big house was packed with summer notables—the plush and flush, he thought, the Berkshire gentry, a good many whose faces were familiar to any reporter—musicians, country squires, a congressman, minor attachés from Washington, Boston bankers. There was dancing on a wide veranda and the terrace beyond it. There were vast quantities of food that might have come from Park Avenue. There was more champagne than, in the summer of 1941, you would have thought it possible to find. The champagne was the most vivid reminder of Scovil's wealth.

"Costs you something to wear a free woman's pants, doesn't it?" Bill said to Connie. He waved his hand in a gesture that took in house, grounds, guests and champagne. "Makes a setup for the movies, rich girl."

"Aw, I was having a good time." Her forehead wrinkled. "There you go, always a girl's best comforter." She took his arm and led him toward the side lines. "You can have it! He can have it—fat dowagers, big names, people who get talked about, and money to burn. It means a lot to him. That's why I never took him seriously as Moscow's white hope. He'd be more natural as the *Gauleiter* of Berkshire County. Name in the papers, everybody saluting and a swell uniform."

But Bill couldn't take Scovil seriously in any capacity. . . . He had been seen for a moment when they arrived, had wandered about with Gail on his arm, and now wasn't visible.

"And when you think that out there"—Connie nodded vaguely at the dark—"there's a war! It burns me up to realize that and then realize that here I am dancing with a bunch of rich stiffs. Don't dare tell me I belong to them."

"You won't win it by feeling blue. Washington says every girl is entitled to ten minutes of moderate pleasure. I'll hold a watch for you."

They wandered through various opulent rooms, made remarks about the company, went back to the veranda and danced some more. She fell in with his mood, her eyes were gay again, and they both realized that dancing was distinctly worth while. "Where did your legs get all this education?" she asked. "I've always thought of the newspaper business as pretty stern."

"College man, I was—class of 1897. Yes, and you certainly make good in skirts. That outfit is a very pleasing vista."

It was green and voluminous with her young shoulders graceful above it and silver slippers below. She said, "I'll remember that—the question is, will you?" Blue eyes shining, she threw back her head to smile at him—and it struck Bill Jay with sudden and memorable force that he had been as mistaken as possible to think of her as just an amusing adolescent. Men had been shot for smaller mistakes! "Hey," she said, "to get that look in your eye I'd wear hoops. Watch it, Bill, you nearly saw me that time." He tightened his arm around her waist and the casual dance music had been strangely enlivened, and had become something that must be prolonged.

It was prolonged through several dances . . . They weren't usually so quiet but being quiet seemed appropriate now, and both of them were thoroughly aware of his arm around her. After a while they stopped and went into the house, aimlessly, and looked at each other in bright light. A long, surprised look. Something had changed.

Bill was thinking hard, and not clearly, about this development. Then he came to—was suddenly and sharply aware of the big drawing room with its variegated costumes, its rustle of talk, its air of wealth and pride in an agonized world. What had startled him was two men talking together at one end of the room. One of them was Lynn Scovil—handsome, magnetic, a figure for the rotogravures. Scovil was familiar enough—but the other man! He stood talking casually with Scovil, taller than Scovil, rather striking in a dinner jacket, blond and erect, even military.

Bill's mind focused. He had seen that man. Binoculars had brought that face close to his—yesterday, toward noon—from the ski run. He had been talking to Carl Booker.

Bill turned to Connie, a question on his lips, but he didn't ask it. For Connie was crumpling before his eyes. She had been gay, pliant, warm—and now, as he watched, she grew tense, her eyes went hard, her cheeks turned white and then slowly carmine. "Oh Lord!" she whispered, "has Gail seen her?"

He followed her gaze to a striking blonde in a black dress, whom his reporter's memory identified as Mathilde Winkler. What did he know about her? Not much. Only that she belonged to the arrogantly rich who were such excellent copy for the newspaper business, that she was even more habituated than Scovil to the rotogravure sections. No, he knew one thing more—that from time to time her name had been linked with Scovil's. He understood Connie's agitation. Connie knew. So now Bill knew.

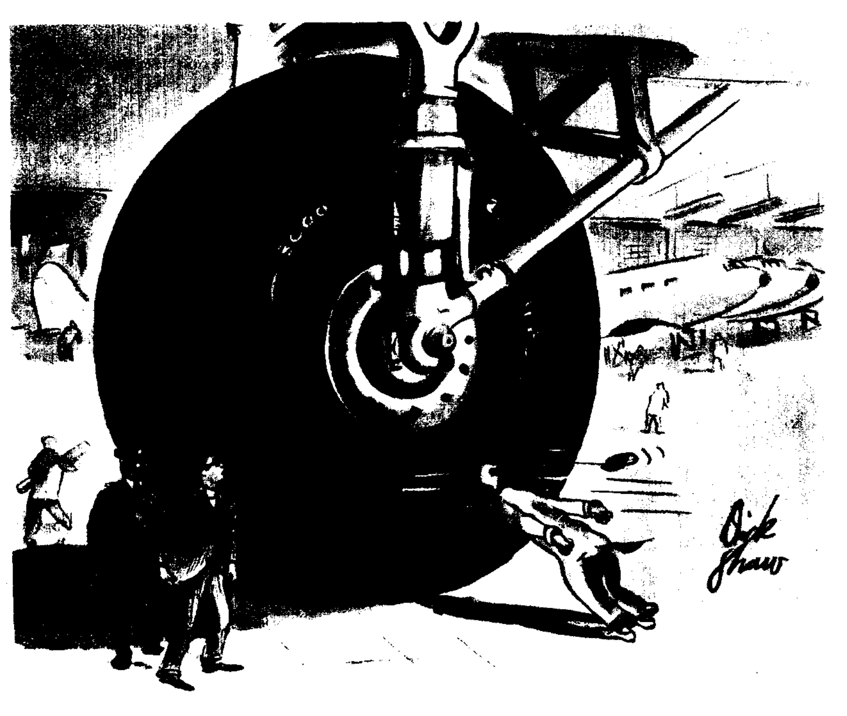
"Steady!" he said, taking her arm.

"How could he! How did he dare!" Her voice was painful and her shocked eyes met his. "I feel sick. I can't stay here. Let's get out." He looked about uncertainly but she shook his arm. "I mean it, Bill. Let's go—now."

That distress had to be heeded. "All right," he said, "come on." They went out through the drawing room, across the terrace, down to Gail's car. Inside it she hid her face against his arm for a moment, then sat up. "Sorry. I'm all right. I mean I will be. But it will kill Gail." She struck a fist against the cushion. "I'm running out on her. She'll just have to take it." She contrived a small laugh that touched him deeply. "Anyway, that proves it. Champagne isn't my drink. Let's go somewhere and find a beer."

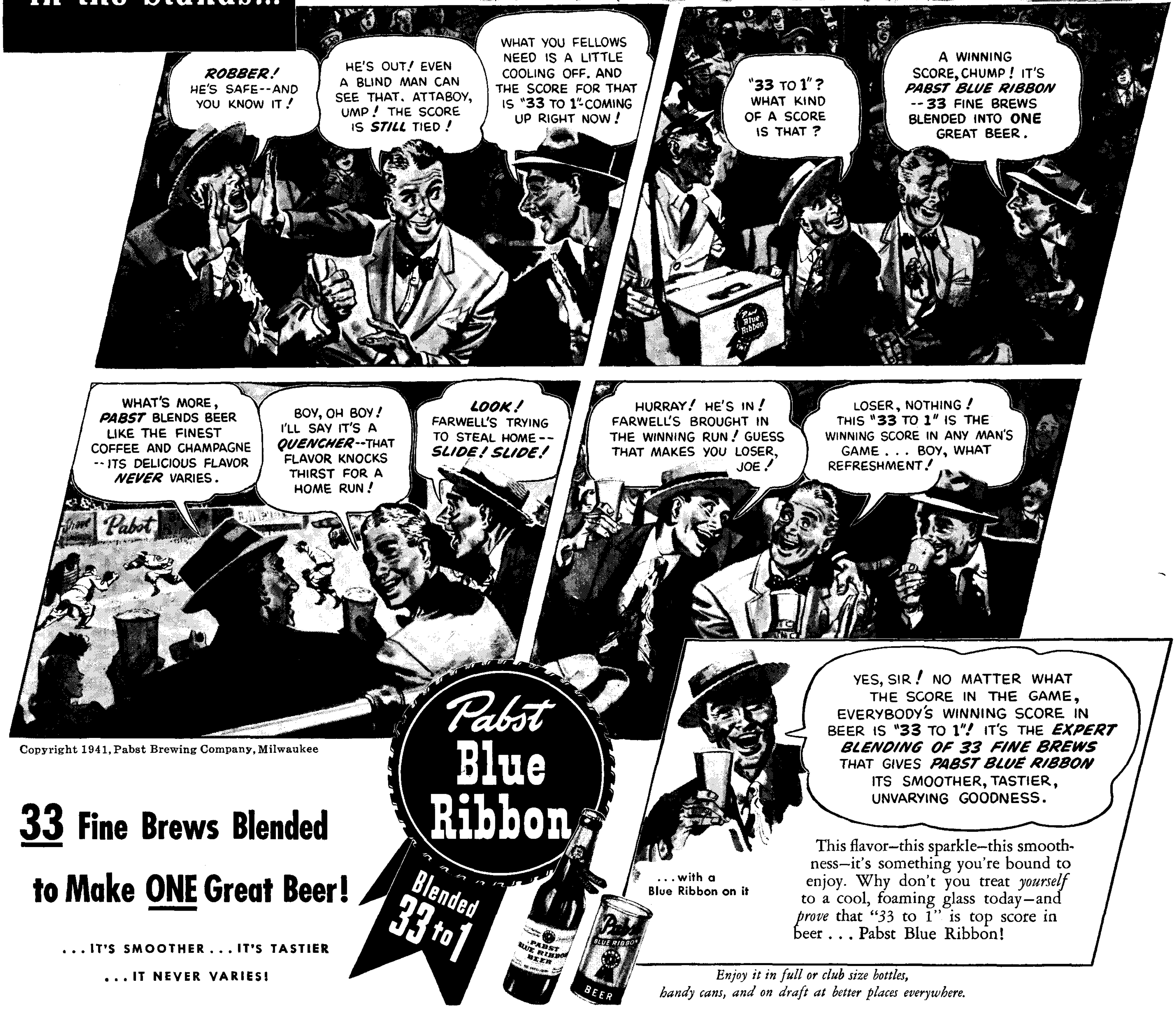
HE DROVE away, and for the moment Connie would have to struggle with it alone. For here was something to be figured out. He touched his chin and the soreness assured him that he had indeed been knocked down yesterday by a thug in the employ of Camp Ryegate. He was seeing other thugs who were out of place in Windham, trucks stopping in darkness off the highway, Carl Booker the proprietor of Camp Ryegate meeting a racketeer in a roadside tavern. It was a set of very odd glimpses, very odd indeed for Windham, glimpses of the sinister network of the underworld. Windham had no underworld.

Yes. And some odd, unexplained by-path leading out from it to a millionaire's estate—unexplained but badly needing explanation. For this handsome man in Scovil's drawing room had been at Camp Ryegate, in conversation with Carl Booker. And Carl Booker met racketeers in taverns and it was quite possible that Carl Booker helped them get away when they were hot, by means of trucks parked off the road at midnight. The unidentified stranger was a link between Carl Booker and Lynn



"I think she's got a slow leak!" DICK SHAW

Tie Score
ON THE FIELD
...but "33 to 1" in the Stands...


ROBBER! HE'S SAFE--AND YOU KNOW IT!
HE'S OUT! EVEN A BLIND MAN CAN SEE THAT. ATTABOY, UMP! THE SCORE IS STILL TIED!
WHAT YOU FELLOWS NEED IS A LITTLE COOLING OFF. AND THE SCORE FOR THAT IS "33 TO 1"-COMING UP RIGHT NOW!
"33 TO 1"? WHAT KIND OF A SCORE IS THAT?
A WINNING SCORE, CHUMP! IT'S PABST BLUE RIBBON --33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER.
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BOY, OH BOY! I'LL SAY IT'S A QUENCHER--THAT FLAVOR KNOCKS THIRST FOR A HOME RUN!
LOOK! FARWELL'S TRYING TO STEAL HOME-- SLIDE! SLIDE!
HURRAY! HE'S IN! FARWELL'S BROUGHT IN THE WINNING RUN! GUESS THAT MAKES YOU LOSER, JOE!
LOSER, NOTHING! THIS "33 TO 1" IS THE WINNING SCORE IN ANY MAN'S GAME . . . BOY, WHAT REFRESHMENT!
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Scovil. Could he also be a link between Lynn Scovil and the underworld?

Erich Köchlin waited till Mathilde Winkler moved away from a group she had been with, then fell into step with her and took her outside the house. "I want to continue our conversation of this afternoon," he said. "I must know more about Scovil."

She stirred uncomfortably, the chiffon dress sibilant at her knees, and it was clear that she was afraid of him. So much the better; he might find that state of mind useful. "What about it?" she asked.

"I'm surprised that such a man has been allowed to know so much."

"Use has been found for men like him step by step, beginning with the peace movements," she said earnestly. "He *has* a large following. He is *an* excellent agitator. He is in contact with a great many important people and organizations."

"I know the type. The rich men who know how valuable peace is and can tell others. He was your personal convert, Fräulein?"

"What if he was?" For the first time there was opposition in her voice. "We do what we can. In the end it has got me—exactly nothing."

He nodded. Mathilde Winkler's flare of bitterness filled out the story. On Wednesday, Abigail Armstrong had said she was fleeing from a man she was to have married *that night*. Yesterday Scovil had called Mrs. Armstrong his fiancée. And now it was clear that Mrs. Armstrong had succeeded and displaced Mathilde.

She said urgently, "You must not be prejudiced. He is a brilliant man—he is very valuable. He likes to posture, yes, he knows his own worth; he is"—her voice was tired—"too readily absorbed in a pretty figure. But you are wrong if you suspect his loyalty."

She was pleading with him, a man she was afraid of, on behalf of a lover or a former lover. "Of course I suspect him—it is my duty to suspect you too, *Gräfin*. You see, the shocking failures over here—they are very suggestive."

"Must it all be our fault? Can't you allow for the Americans—"

"Easily. They might be buying betrayal *from one of us. Perhaps from* you? That is a distressing thought—so, perhaps from Scovil?"

She was disturbed and moved nearer to lay a soft hand on his arm. "He does not know enough! I tell you he is—I know—he would not—"

"You mean that so long as there is perfume on your ear lobes he can be relied on. I don't doubt it. It isn't his loyalty I suspect. I suggest instead that his intelligence may not be trustworthy. Both of us must be careful what we confide to a fool."

SHE was standing so close to him the perfume he had mentioned was in his nostrils and he wondered whether she would try to use on him the weapons that had certainly done the company much service. She said, "He is not a fool. Make sure not to be one yourself, Herr Köchlin," and went away. He watched her cross into the light, wrought and decked for the pleasure of any eye. Unquestionably she had a cold and effective intelligence, but he wondered if the methodical company might not also list her on a file card under a special heading: Seduction. Well, he had made it likely that, through fear of him, she would be wary of Scovil for a while. He intended to widen and deepen that distrust.

Suddenly he relaxed, exhaling a long sigh of relief. Up to now things had gone well, yesterday and today had done something to repair his blunders, and for the moment he was dealing the cards.

He went back to the house. Strangers spoke pleasantly to him, he watched pretty women dancing, he heard fragments of trivial conversation. Such a scene was incredible! *An evening of* pleasure without strain, men who were under no pressure, women whose gaiety was unforced, music and laughter and a darkness that had no menace in it—it was from a world that was going down forever.

He turned into another room and Abigail Armstrong was coming out of it. Behind her he saw Scovil's angry face and her own cheeks were flying a high anger. He turned his back on Scovil and walked beside her. The anger in her eyes made a dark flash—and he had seen no emotion that was not becoming to her. It was to be said of Scovil that he attached to himself the most unbelievably pretty women.

"I advise a slower pace, Mrs. Armstrong," he said. "We should enter the drawing room, not explode into it."

He had intercepted her rage at Scovil—whose cause he was willing to guess—and she wanted nothing whatever to do with him but did walk more slowly. Laughter and talk eddied around them in the drawing room and he took two glasses of champagne from a waiter's tray and held one out to her. She accepted it, her cheeks brilliant, her eyes more brilliant—tall and slender, a woman electrically alive. In competition *with her Mathilde Winkler's blatancies* would be worthless.

"Drink it," he said equably. "Champagne is the right wine for any mood!"

SHE held the glass to her lips, sipped, looked at him, and her eyes changed. "Good!" he said. "There was an even chance you would throw it in the fireplace."

"Much more than an even chance." She began to relax, if not to smile. "You take the long chances, don't you, Mr. Page? . . . In borrowed clothes."

"Must we always make a point of my clothes? They will do to dance in."

He took her to the terrace and an unreal quality had got into an evening that so far had been all too real. Again he was immersed in the unpredictable. For no one could have foretold *that, on his mission, surrounded by such* hazards, on his way to a violent ending, he would be dancing with any woman and especially with Gail Armstrong. At first she was constrained, a tension from her angry scene with Scovil lasting on, but darkness and music wrought on her till she was tranquil in his arms. They did not talk, they stayed at the far end of the terrace where the music was distant and subdued, and regret awoke in Erich Köchlin. Regret that the vileness of the *Nachrichtendienst* could tarnish such loveliness—and that there could be no help for it in him, that he could do nothing whatever about it. Regret that, having met her for a fortunate moment on his way, he must leave loveliness behind—and that that also was fixed forever, he could do nothing about it.

The music stopped and he got more champagne. They drank it, still unwilling to talk, and when the music began again they danced, still at the far end of the terrace. Champagne or music or just recovery from shock, she was dancing more eagerly. Scovil stood in the door. Köchlin smiled at him, he tightened his arm, and Scovil went away. Whether or not she had seen him, she responded to the pressure of Köchlin's arm. The music had a slow, *sweet melancholy*.

Without thinking, he murmured, "*Verweile doch, du bist so schön.*"

Gail Armstrong said, "Your German is much better than your French. But that is Faust's prayer to the passing moment—'Linger awhile, you are so fair' . . . You say charming things, Mr. Page."

"It's a very charming moment, Mrs. Armstrong."

She walked out of his arms but put a hand under one of them and led him off *the terrace to the wide lawn*. Shadows inclosed them, the music dimmed behind them, and he wished that the moment could linger for a while. But, "The dew," he said. "You'll ruin your slippers."

"They don't matter . . . You're an extraordinary person. You have a feeling for things, or else you're dangerously skillful with women. That was very deft first aid. I'm all right now."

He was aware of the pressure of her fingers. They went on across the dark lawn which, for his taste, could not be too wide. He did not know where they were going and she seemed not to, either, for when they came through the shrubbery to a parking place beside the garage, she exclaimed in surprise, stopping short. Then she said, "We might as well find my car—I turned it over to a chauffeur."

But they couldn't find it and she decided, "Probably Connie and Bill have gone home. Well, Lynn has more cars than you would readily believe." She found one, an enormous coupé, and they got in.

Sitting beside her, he saw keys in the lock and was recalled to his job. The job could wait—it had nothing to do with warm darkness and distant music and a *beautiful* woman. "You stumble into my most intimate moments," she said quietly. "I was running away from him the other night. I was running toward him tonight. And then, with no warning, with the giddiest and most girlish ideas rioting in my mind, to meet that . . ."

"That international—adventuress."

"I don't need to spell it out for you, do I? Well, it was a bad shock. You made the promptest and most soothing entrance, Mr. Page."

"Like the Red Cross." He found himself deeply concerned, saying with the greatest earnestness, "There can be no question of competition. She's obvious, blatant, futile. You need only—"

"YOU see, I was confident enough to believe just that. But—there she was." Her voice broke; she bent over, her hair dark against her dress, and sobbed. He touched her arm. She sobbed again, then straightened up. "One is not supposed to cry—especially one must not be seen crying. The part calls for me to be proudly indifferent. Any movie would make it a drawing-room farce, where they say the gayest things."

"Hush!" he said. "He isn't worth a joke, still less a sob."

"You had certainly better say so." She lay back in the corner, swinging her legs up under her in the seat, and said thoughtfully, "I wonder how it is that I can say these things to you. It isn't sensible, it isn't even decent. You are the most ambiguous person—and I flirt with you, I tell you my heartthrobs, I act as if I had known you for years and years, as if we were old friends. You had better not be the adventurer you seem to be."

A good deal worse than an adventurer. The word struck through the illusion to the tremendousness that separated them, unspoken and unspeakable. At the end of the seat her face was a light blur in the darkness. He was suddenly tired, rebellious, weary of the job he had to do.

"Say we get along well under the stars," he said lightly. "Or say it was a persuasive music on the terrace. Or—we've drunk two glasses of champagne."

"Starlight—music—champagne. They hardly seem adequate."

There was a willful provocation in her voice, and he understood that a strong reaction against Lynn Scovil had become an invitation to him. He said, unsteadily, "What perfume do you wear?"

"It's apple blossom. Why?"

"It's a lot more unsettling than another one I've smelled tonight."

"Yes?" She was expectant in the darkness, and he felt himself blushing with humiliation, wondering if it would be possible to respect himself again. At last she said, serenely but with an overtone of scorn in her voice, "I'm certainly not going back to the party. You can drive me home."

There was relief in that. But he found himself driving slowly, pointedly aware of another night when the road had flowed toward them in the headlights. She sat close to him, her shoulder touching his sometimes, talking quietly: "You haven't seen my house. I'm the widow of Windham. I sell books and skirts and underwear to college girls." And, "It must be the saleswoman in me that makes those remarks about your clothes—I apologize." And, "Are you thinking that we drive together in the most outrageous circumstances?"

"It was how far on Wednesday? Eighty miles?" he said. "I wish we had that much ahead of us tonight."

"Well," she remarked, "there's no reason to hurry."

But they came to town too soon and she directed him to a white house set back among elms. She called "Connie" going in, switched on a light, and said, "Lynn has probably told you that Connie is his daughter. She quarreled with him and came to live with me." But the girl was not there and they went into a big room lined with bookshelves and furnished with deep chairs.

"This is where I lead the drab life of toil Lynn wants to save me from," she said. "Skirts and underwear across the hall. Are my eyes red? Do I look like a woman who has had a mortal insult?"

"I think I'm not a dependable witness on how you look."

"Then I'd better assume there are visible damages."

She went upstairs, leaving him alone in the bookshop, badly confused with images of dark eyes and dark hair, smooth arms, a bewildering dress, more bewildering smile and voice. He looked around the room—and came to himself. For here was a telephone. A telephone that neither Scovil nor Mathilde nor any servant of Scovil's was watching. There was some risk, no—no risk. He picked up the telephone, softly asked for the telegraph company, waited impatiently, and, getting it, spoke an address and swiftly composed a message.

He hung up as soon as possible, and turned around swiftly. No one was there, no one had heard, the thing was done! Satisfaction flamed in him. This was the finest room in the world.

She was coming downstairs. She was humming—and when she came through the door the finest room in the world was suddenly compelling, overwhelming, amazing. There had been too much starlight or something else, there was too intolerable an irony. He said, "What is it you're singing?" She stopped short, a warm pink coming into her cheeks.

"It was Faust," he said, not at all clearly, "It was, 'Linger, oh moment, thou art so fair!'"

Her eyes met his. "And," she said, no more clearly, "your sense of propriety was much too conventional, back there. Your host's house and his fiancée . . ."

So when he spoke again, his lips were against her hair. "I'm going away tomorrow. I won't see you again." She raised her face and he kissed her.

They stood away from each other. "That's twice," he said with the most labored slowness. "There had better not be a third time. If there should be—all hell would be brought down on us."

She nodded. She wasn't pink now but pale. "Yes, there had better be no third time . . . That needn't keep us from remembering the other two." She sat down, making a careful modesty of her skirt, running a restorative hand through her hair, her dark eyes very grave. "Still, we can believe, now, that we really are old friends. We can talk like old friends till it's time for you to go."

He smiled, "Or till Scovil comes for us. Be sure he'll come for one of us. For you. Or for me."

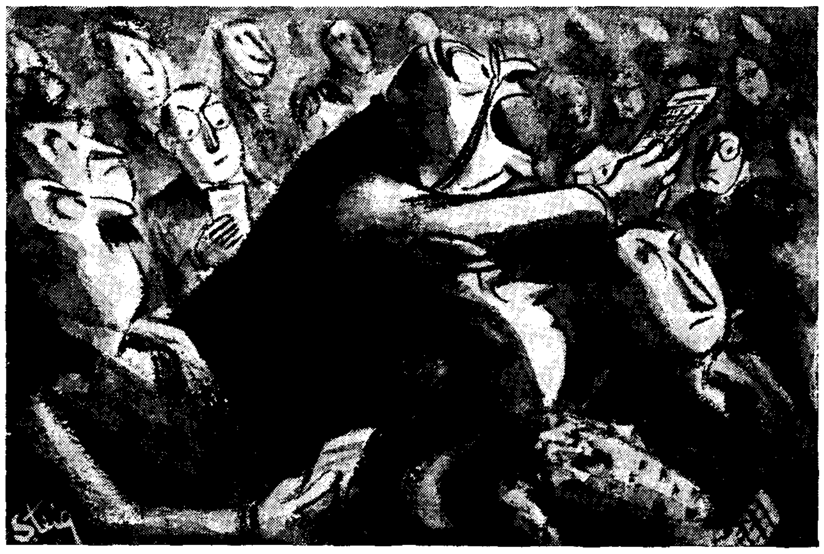
Her eyes were darker still. "If he comes for me, it will be too late."

IN WASHINGTON, at four A. M., in one of the offices of the United States Army Building, a telegram that had been relayed through two addresses which were carefully designed to suggest nothing about the Army was delivered to a sleepy sergeant. The sergeant took it to a lieutenant in the next room. The lieutenant opened it and read it, then telephoned to a major and kept the phone ringing till a protesting voice answered.

He read the wire to the major, who said, "All right," hung up, and then put through a call to a brigadier general. He got the general after some time, and said, "I've heard from Garrett. He got through. He says he's got in touch with something and will go to Detroit tomorrow. He's not in Detroit. He's in Massachusetts."

"Massachusetts!" The general swore heartily, piously, even desperately. He went on swearing. The major listened with heartfelt admiration.

(To be continued next week)



"Screeno!" WILLIAM STEIG

A good time spoiled for Cora

Cora needs a laxative. But she's got "a big date" to go to the beach for a day's outing.

"How can I risk taking anything at this hour?" she asks herself. "Better wait till tonight," she decides.

Cora has a dull time of it. Drearily, she watches her escort enjoy himself with other girls while she holds her heavy head and wishes the day would end.

Lots of fun for Mabel

Mabel needs a laxative. She's going to the beach, too. But her mother knows, "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." She knows Sal Hepatica is speedy.

Mabel is full of life, the smash hit of the beach. Sal Hepatica worked quickly, gently.

By the time she was in her swim suit, Mabel was ready for action and fun.

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

Unusual food, a change of water, a new routine and—first thing you know—holiday pleasure is threatened. You need a laxative.

No need to lose vacation playtime—if you keep speedy Sal Hepatica handy.

Sal Hepatica usually acts within an hour. Acts in a natural way, by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort, irritation, or griping.

Small wonder a recent survey shows 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica.

Besides acting promptly as a laxative, sparkling Sal Hepatica does a lot to counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

On vacation . . . or at home . . . whenever you need a laxative, take *speedy* Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

SAL HEPATICA

Panzer Diary

Continued from page 20

stores; and in prisoners from the elements of surprise and speed. As with the countryside so with the men. Thus you can believe the claims of both sides to low casualty lists and forget that "heaps of dead" stuff about the other fellow. Each buries the enemy dead as well as his own with equal care and tenderness. The German fallen are put underground temporarily by Red Cross squads. Later troops that participated decide upon the final burial site amid scenes of action. To it each company gathers its own dead.

At Roupel Pass in the Struma Valley, hardest nut of the Metaxas line, you spend an hour with the Swabian lads who cracked it. Stripped to the waists, they sadly dig graves, where their friends and chums from their home villages will rest forever. On their discarded coats you see many iron-cross ribbons. Over each coffin as it is let down a mound is firmed, then covered with boughs. Eventually the site will be planted and parked. There's a large cross set at the head of this cemetery of sixty-seven graves, a smaller one at each mound together with the helmet of the soldier and a name plate giving his birthday and the date he fell. You read the names and the dates—1917, 1918 and 1919. Sons of the soldiers of the last war. Europe's ancient vicious circle. Some of the bronzed diggers are crying as they perform these last services for those who but a short time ago were their school playmates in the far-off villages of the Black Forest.

It is late at night when, near the foot of the Struma Valley, you veer westward and race across steep hills to that other great natural cleft into Greece, the Vardar Valley abaft the mouth of which lies Salonika. You run without lights because the least glimmer might fetch British planes. Sometimes above the road noise you catch a deeper tone in the sky overhead. You strain your eyes in vain for a shadow on the stars while your stomach muscles involuntarily try to shrink you to even less perceivability. Bad luck, here's a darkened motor-supply train we've got to pass on the dirt hairpins of the mountains. To get the idea, run as fast as you can around the roof edge of a thirty-story building some night while friends stationed at intervals try to flail you off with brooms.

"They Got Behind Us"

From Salonika to Athens is three days and 350 miles of the hardest going from dawn to midnight you ever want to endure again. Later on a northbound luftwaffe plane you'll fly this same leg in one hour and eight minutes. Mud is caked half an inch thick on your scalp, and what's left of your hair is a stiff, unruly door mat. Your ears and nose have long since lost both form and usefulness. A dust pall hangs high in the air, making it difficult to see the planes and, we hear, reddening the sunsets and sunrises as far away as the Black Sea and Adriatic. Larissa, where there's been severe fighting, with tanks maneuvering like infantry on the plains before the town, comes nearest of anything you've seen in all your wars of "not one stone left standing upon another stone." A few days before the Stukas came, Larissa had an earthquake—and what nature missed, man didn't.

Even the tense business of war has silly interludes. Here, under dust-skeined stars, you sit on a pile of rubble that was once somebody's home and have a testy debate with an officer about the respective merits of certain restaurants in Tokyo, Japan, and whether geishas are naughty girls.

Later you get a fascinating picture of this war's strategy from the German viewpoint. The prisoners you interview exclaim what's become an old story in this war: "They got behind us." This was achieved by the beautiful timing which seems to be Hitler's secret weapon. For example, the initial blows did not fall on the same day, but on three days spread over nearly a week and widely apart from Macedonia to Slovenia. The Allies could not organize a front since they did not know where the next splitting thrust would come from. Also the Germans took advantage of their foes' mistiming. They anticipated the mechanized British would retreat faster than the unmechanized Greeks. The British were in Peiraeus when the Greeks were still in the Pindus Mountains. The Germans hung back to give this situation a chance to develop, then suddenly raced between them. This caused the wholesale collapse and surrender of the Greeks. The German officers have some fun at your expense about the amateur experts on the American papers, Reserve Major This and Commander That. "Since September, 1939," one chuckles, "they've been predicting Generals Mud, Winter, Flood, Time, Spring, Initiative, Mountains and all the other mythical generals would stall the blitzkriegs. Those experts have made a lot of money out of being consistently wrong, haven't they? Give them one tip for me, please. Say to them two Allied generals have fought very well—on the Axis side: Generals Wishful Thinking and Misinformation."

But every German officer is anxious to pay tribute to the British he is now fighting. "Here in Larissa," an infantryman declares, "the Greek citizens told us that when the British retreated and the Stukas came down at them the Tommies just sat quietly in their trucks or walked along looking up at the planes, waving and shouting jokes at them. At Thermopylae—I won't forget that—the British left a strong rear guard, but we got around them. When the British commander came to surrender—what a magnificent figure of a man, so tall, so straight, and he looked right through you! It made us proud to remember these men are of our same Germanic blood."

You sleep in your car, as the public square is the only clear space left in Larissa. Storks nesting optimistically on the tottering walls keep you awake with their yammering. But there's a worse distraction. Most of Larissa's dead are still unfound in her ruins; the city is a vast, uncapped tomb. You have to wrap your coat around your face against the fearful odor on the night air. All around you signs mark holes where unexploded bombs have fallen or mines were planted. There's one within three yards of your car. You hope nobody will walk by hard enough to jar it or you'll sleep longer than you planned.

New Theory of Offensive Warfare

Panzer means armor or coat of mail, hence a Panzer division is really an integrated fleet of land ironclads. It is not merely a hodgepodge of tanks and armored cars. It is a new theory of offensive warfare. It includes a wide variety of sizes, purposes, shapes, fuel usage and combinations of treads and wheels. From baby tanks on rubber treads that scuttle past you like frightened beetles and turn and pirouette like ballet dancers, it ranges through squad cars, three-man motorcycles, the cavalry of modern Germany; tractors hauling big guns, tractors mounting what appear to be seventy-fives, up to huge tanks with guns and conning towers like those of submarines. You are surprised because more units are not Diesel-powered.

It is from Salonika onward that you gain with the aid of topography your most comprehensive idea of the true nature and formidableness of a Panzer division. Across the carpet-flat lowlands of Greece, mountain ranges crest abruptly at regular intervals like congealed tidal waves from the Aegean. The roads, straight as strings in the valleys, break into spirals at the base of each pass and are led up, over and down the open-faced sides of the mountains like frosting decoration traced by a baker's spout. This provides you with an end-

"Our new baby ties us down so nowadays, I have to go to parties without my husband!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

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(from a letter by M. L., Northbrook, Ill.)

Ants in My Plants!

KEEPING HOUSE PLANTS FREE OF BUGS WAS QUITE A CHORE UNTIL I FOUND WHAT SWELL CLEANERS GOOD OLD DISPOSABLE KLEENEX MAKES.

(from a letter by S. B., Queens Village, N. Y.)

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Tar-

LOTS OF INSPECTIONS AT UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL ACADEMY... BUT THANKS TO KLEENEX, SHOES AND VISORS ARE EASY TO POLISH.

(from a letter by Midshipman H. E. Annapolis, Md.)

Out of the Red!

SOFT, GENTLE KLEENEX IS ALL PROFIT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED ... NO MORE SORE RED NOSES DURING SUMMER COLDS.

(from a letter by M. W., Vail, Iowa)

ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

less succession of superb bird's-eye pictures backward and forward, from low and high, of your Panzer column. A full Panzer division spreads along one hundred kilometers or sixty-two and a half miles of road. German custom keeps twenty meters between vehicles. Sometimes at one-way-traffic ravines or hairpins you might have to wait as long as five hours for a single Panzer division to pass.

Content that their power will paralyze his brain, the Panzers do little to confound the foe's eyes. Occasionally you see a conventionally splotched machine, but for the most part a Panzer column is uniform color—the witch-gray of a Berlin winter afternoon that dust and the elements soon cover with a coat to match the roads over which it is campaigning. Its cousins, the luftwaffe planes, have similar body paint, but noses and tails are dandelion yellow.

However, the British, Serbs and Greeks still cling to the concepts of 1917 and snail-pace war. Their planes, tanks, trucks and even helmets are mottled in green, light blues and tans. On the Greek airfields, buildings have trees and rocks painted on their sides. Here's a hangar with a pond and shrubs painted on the roof. In Salonika there's a factory chimney on which are sketched windows complete with balconies, flower boxes and women leaning out. At Elasson, with Mount Olympus in the background, there's a camouflaged Eastern Orthodox Church—in the shadow of the ancient gods this modern fighting world's gods are forced to hide under a paintbox. Atop the minaret of the Lamia Mosque there's an air-raid siren—the new muezzin of the Near East.

There's a small white cross beside the road where the Panzers roar and roll across the plains of Thessaly. It was rudely and hastily wrought of wood-batten strips from a shell box. A sprig of wayside foliage is fastened to it; and, dangling on top, there's a British helmet. The favorite souvenirs of this war are enemy helmets, but those you have seen borne off were from prisoners or captured stores. The ones that belong to the fallen are left to them. Here, then, lies a boy who came a long way from home and friends and loved ones in the new country of Australia to die in an ancient land. Yesterday when your car was upsided precariously in a ditch and you stood by, a little dirty, shaken and mad, to watch it being hauled out, an old Greek peasant woman came up and gave you a rose. You stuck it in your hat. Today its fairness and fragrance are lost to the dust. But it is all you have to leave upon the grave of a young British soldier.

The Weapon

Continued from page 15

stubbornness was in Rinco's voice. "Except I do not trust an outland trader from a place he calls Bavaria. He brings us cartridges and guns from the Jamaicas only because we give him many piasters in advance and—"

"Listen to him!" Lía cried scornfully. "Listen to foolish Rinco-tinc! The man is a bound prisoner in the square who may hang from a yardarm in the dawn —and Rinco says he has betrayed us."

"I say only it seems to me to be possible," Rinco mumbled. "Lía, you and that man . . . and I always thought . . ." He could get no farther, for her troubling eyes were on him and he had to turn his face away to hide the sharp gray pain. "I am sorry, Lía," he said.

"Sorry!" The girl flamed. "And will you make us up another silly song for that? Guzman drags hungry, ragged men through the cordillera pass because we send a message we will have guns for them. Look now what they will find! Death and a hangman's noose!" She flung her arm in a violent gesture toward the gulf where the hated corvette lay with her armament bristling, and the schooner already burning fiercely on the reef. "It is the end!" she cried. "It is the end of all our dream!"

"Oh, but you are wrong, Lía; you are very wrong." The old man said this in a slow, solemn tone, lifting his white head to look at them out of blue seraphic little eyes. "There is never an end to a man's dream of a world that will be free and just, no matter how many times it is trampled underfoot."

"Words, *viejo!*" Lía tossed her head. "But pretty words are not enough to make a corvette disappear and give us back our guns. We want a weapon for a thing like that!"

"Song is a weapon, Lía, the same as a little man's dream." The old man's eyes began to twinkle with a hot, dry fire. "Love also is a weapon," he went on, paying no heed to the quick look Lía tossed toward Rinco-tinc. "And three sacks of cutlasses and boarding pikes, together with a case of smuggled pistols—these are weapons, too, a man could use if he knew where they were hid."

Lía's eyes slowly widened. "Is that also, Tío, one of your splendid dreams?"

"It is no dream at all but—"

"Who else knows this, Tío?"

"Many men. Grebhardt took his price for them before he sailed. But no one knows where they are hid. Except myself."

Rinco let the full sack fall heavily from his shoulder to the ground. Looking aloft at the sign that was in the sky, his eyes began to narrow. The dry rattle of the drum came closer along the road, and the distinct jangle of side-arm chains. "Presently the devil of the pampas will begin to howl," he said. "There will be a celebration for the feast of saints aboard that fine corvette tonight. Fifty pescadores when the rain and the darkness set down thick could take her by surprise and—"

"Listen to foolish Rinco-tinc!" Lía laughed. "They are not so silly as to let you sail out—"

"But if they think us helpless and disarmed—"

"You had better make a song up, Rinco-tinc, and leave the rest to—"

Rinco's brow went dark as a thundercloud. "Give me the weapons, Tío, and the men and I will—"

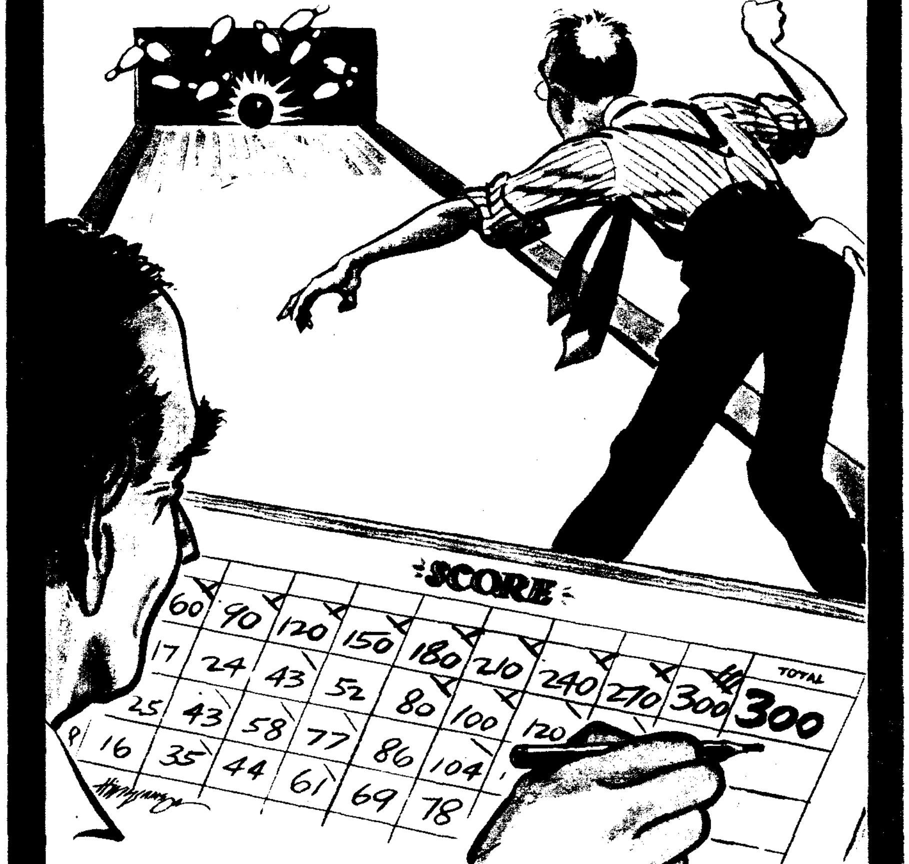
THE ruffle of the drum snarled interruption from below the terrace wall. The old man began instantly to press the soft earth carefully down around his new, young olive shoot. "The weapons are buried," he said with his leonine head bent low, "under the wooden fishnet floats in the stern hold of my fishing sloop. You—"

The drum went suddenly silent. A red face with an open mouth shot above the moss-grown wall. "Hola!" it roared. "Here is a pretty chicken for us now!" The marine leaped up, his cutlass scabbard clanking. "All rebels to the square before I—" He broke off. Spying Rinco's sack, he kicked it with his boot. "This!" he boomed. "What have we hidden here?"

"It is nothing but salt," said Rinco. "Salt for the fishing tonight."

"For the fishing!" The marine let out a loud guffaw. Drawing his cutlass,

"Bowling a Perfect Score!"



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he ran it savagely through the sack, testing its top, its middle, and its base, watching the white granules pour from the wounds he made. "There will be no fishing permitted till we find where your filthy rebels have hidden the rest of your weapons! Now to the square! *Pronto!*"

IN THE square the people of Santa Muritos stood in dejected groups before a double rank of mercenaries, their muskets at the ready. They listened in sullen silence as the lieutenant from the Halcón in his braided naval coat spoke in a harsh, flat voice, his black mustache stiff, his thin lips barely moving:

"You see what happens to rebels!" He gestured with his head toward Grebhardt, a short, heavy man with quick, shrewd eyes who stood between two marines, his hands secured behind his back. "Your pretty gun-running schooner is aflame; all your weapons are in our hands. Your ignorant Estéban Guzman and his rabble we will blow to pieces with our carronades when he arrives. But I know there is a cache someplace and I will tell you exactly what it is so you will understand the crown of Spain has ways of finding out the things it needs to know."

He stepped forward a pace, a flicker of sardonic amusement twinging his lips as he swept the crowd with cruel eyes. "Attend! There are three sacks of cutlasses and pikes, together with a case of pistols. These I want!" he bit off flatly. "Speak up, a man of you who knows where they are hid, or else—"

He let the alternative hang while a slow buzz, like a wind in the grass, went rustling through the crowd. Lía looked quickly at Grandfather Tío, and looked away. Drops of rain fell, single and huge, and the sigh of the wind was in the aloe trees. But no man spoke.

"Good enough!" The lieutenant laughed a hard, dry laugh. His arm shot out, his finger haphazardly indicating a man in the throng. "Step forward, you! And you." His arm circled till it carelessly pointed straight at Tío's chest. "And you!"

LIA gasped and Rinco clenched his fists as those three came forward. The lieutenant's lip curled. "Do you know of these weapons?" he asked the nearest one.

"*Sí.* I do." The pescadore blinked his eyes. "But I do not know where they are hid. And if I did," he growled, "I would not speak."

The lieutenant moved his head to the next, and then to Tío, who only smiled. The officer's eyes began to blaze. "Squad forward!" he roared. "Take aim!" The leveled muskets pointed at the chests of the unarmed men. "You have till I count three. Speak quickly!" He stepped smartly to one side. "One . . . !"

A great single sigh went up from the throng. The lieutenant's voice was like a pistol shot: "Two . . . !"

Lía started forward, her face ashen. But the man called Rinco-tinc pushed her to one side with violence. He came shouldering through the crowd, crying: "Enough! I will show you what you wish to know."

Cold, ironic triumph glittered in the lieutenant's eyes as he waved the muskets down. "Speak, then! Where are the weapons hid?"

"The city hungers, 'teniente," Rinco said dully, "while the sardine and sea trout run in the gulf. I ask your word that we may fish tonight after you see the weapons safe."

Behind Rinco's back the angry buzz of voices died away. Stillness touched the crowded sea-wall square except for the loud, clear babble of the tide. "The last of our weapons are hidden," Rinco said, "in a place between here and the corvette's anchorage where I will—"

"I do not ask for riddles!" the lugarteniente stormed coldly. 'Tell me where the swords and pistols are hid or—"

"I will do more!" said Rinco. "I will put the three sacks and the case you wish in a place where you will see them safe." With that he turned instantly and in one surprising leap sprang from the quay to the stern cockpit of Grandfather Tío's sloop, flinging loose the mooring line so the boat went drifting free at once. And with the tiller bar against his thigh and half a dozen muskets leveled at his heart, he cried back: "Between here and your corvette, 'teniente, if you see I lie you may easily blow me out of the water with your guns. But shoot now—and you will never know!"

He turned calmly, hauling the main halyard till he lifted the sail and came back to tend the helm. On the shore the lieutenant scowled fiercely across the widening water. "This man is a fool! Hold your fire!" he roared to his marines. "Longboat! Pull after him! Coxs'n, if I wave my hand you will put a ball through that stupid head. Instantly!"

THAT was the way Rinco sailed Tío's sloop out toward the Spanish corvette while the crowd stared after him in helpless anger. And the lieutenant chuckled loudly, the uniformed marines making ribald jests when they saw what foolish Rinco did. Midway across the gulf he let the sloop run up into the wind, letting the halyards go. He disappeared below till presently he could be seen again, dragging a heavy case and three full sacks on deck. The westing sun was obscured by massing cloud. On the reef the grounded schooner burned with a crackling roar. But in the middle gulf Rinco was clearly silhouetted as he tore open the upper slats of the case, tipping it over the gunwale, spilling the pistols into the sea. One of the sacks, too, he slashed open to show those who watched these were the proper ones, emptying overboard the cutlasses and pikes. The remaining two full sacks followed, one at a time, sending two great jets of water up before they disappeared from sight. Then Rinco set his mainsail and put the tiller over, sailing back to the quay from that place on the heaving gulf where no sign remained to show where the last of the weapons of liberation had been drowned.

Tall and stolid in the stern sheets, he came back with his face against the wind. And when old Tío's boat was moored, he still remained that way while two of the Halcón's seamen searched the hold to make certain of the thing that Rinco did. "Now you may fish!" the lieutenant boomed derisively as his men embarked. "Your Estéban Guzman can arm his rabble with clubs; we will take care of them!" He bowed scornfully from his place in the gig to the silent throng on the quay. "I take your gun-running Grebhardt with me. I will decide what to do with him after my good Madeira wine has mellowed my temper tonight." He laughed shortly. "May your catch of sardine be good!"

The boats moved away, oars loudly clacking in the tholepins, and for a little while the stillness held. Then a man growled a whispered thing and another took it up. It started like the gentle sigh of a wind in a distant place. But it gathered strength. It grew louder, fiercer and more intense. Until it took the shape and sound of a single word beating about the dark young head of Rinco-tinc: "*Traitor!* . . . Traitor! . . . *Traitor!*" But Rinco did not stir. The raindrops came again, single and heavy and huge, pitting the dusty

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cobbles, hissing softly on the waters of the gulf; and the people, long accustomed to betrayal and defeat, began to move away. But Tío remained, his white head bare, a wonder in his small blue eyes. And he saw Lía spring forward like a tigress to the man called Rinco-tinc.

"Once I thought I loved you when you made your sweet and foolish songs! Now—"

"Now there is Grebhardt," Rinco muttered dully, "and—"

"Now," she mocked him, "now we will take the corvette by surprise because they know that we are helpless and disarmed! Now—"

"Yes." Rinco turned his head at last. "Tío! Find me fifty pescadores to man the sloops tonight when—"

"Traitor!" The girl laughed bitterly. "What will you use for weapons?"

"We will fish."

"You will fish for weapons!" Lía's voice was shrill and taut: "You will make a silly song—and the weapons you jettisoned in the sea will come leaping back into your hands! It was you who accused Grebhardt of betrayal! But it is you who are the traitor! You!"

She spun wildly from him just as the first true squall came slashing down. It emptied the sea-wall square till Rinco found at last that he was all alone in the wind and the heavy rain. Except for Tío, who came toward him, saying gently, "I was not afraid to die."

"The dead can make no use of weapons, Tío. I want living men," Rinco said.

The old man nodded. "Then I will sail with you. And I will find you fifty men."

This Tío did, that night when the devil of the pampas howled across the Santa Muritos Gulf.

So the sloops left the shelter of the sea wall to ride the wild white horses of the sea. Some few who watched them from the land hurled shame and dishonor at foolish Rinco-tinc. Now and again when the lightning forked the sky, one of the boats could be seen, a narrow band of patched canvas taut as iron on the wind. Once they even thought they could see Rinco in a flickering lanthorn's glow, huge and dripping as he hauled a heavy burden from the sea. And when the gale had spent its wrath and the first weird light began to crawl across the land, the boats came innocently under the Halcón's gun-ported lee side, crying fish for sale by the lugarteniente's order and permission. All except Grandfather Tío's sloop with Rinco at the helm, and two others standing down in company from windward.

A KELP gatherer saw this, dejectedly walking the sea road beside his cart in the chill, wan light before the dawn. He stopped short, while his oxen patiently bowed their heads. He saw sleepy men on the Halcón's deck hauling up the full fish baskets on the leeward side, and was about to urge his oxen on. But he saw those three sloops racing swiftly down from windward, and he saw them close and grapple the Halcón's chains. Then he saw Rinco leaping to the corvette's deck with a naked cutlass in his hand—a cutlass!—crying the men on after him. The stocking-capped pescadores came pouring over the bulwarks, roaring a battle cry, cutlasses and pikes swinging, spreading terror, confusion, bewilderment through the unprepared man-of-war.

"Weapons!" the barefooted kelper screamed. "Rinco has found us weapons!"

He went racing away. The news spread like wildfire. The people came pouring down the terraced slopes, thronging the sea wall while the last thin squall went sweeping overhead. They heard a disorganized crackling of musketry. They saw the pescadores swarming over the corvette's deck. Lía saw the flag of Spain hauled down.

"Rinco!" she cried. "Where is—"

"Our Rinco," a man bellowed joyfully through his black mustache, "our Rinco threw his nets for fish and brought up swords!"

"Now we have guns for Estéban Guzman's men," another fiercely cried, "and an eighteen-gun corvette besides! *Libertad! Libertad!*"

But Lía, in a voice wild with anxiety, said his name again: "Rinco! Where is Rinco?"

She leaped into the nearest boat. Others followed. They came out in dories, sloops, catboats, swarming the waters of the gulf, filling the liquid dawn with a wild shouting. Only Lía said nothing, wisps of her tawny hair in the wind, that fierce gray smolder in her eyes. She leaped from the boat for the corvette's chains, going up hand over hand, swinging herself over the heavy bulwark to the deck. Here the struggle was over. The corvette's men, befuddled with wine and caught completely unawares, were safely locked below. A few dark shapes lay sprawled beside a forward gun carriage. The rest stood unarmed at the forecastle door, blinking stupidly. And Lía cried again: "Rinco! Rinco-tinc!"

THEN she saw him. He came out from under the poop to stand for an instant under the heavy scrollwork of gilt, his dark head catching the first shaft of sunlight. The girl stepped forward impulsively and stopped, her heavy breathing stirring her full, firm breasts. For that moment they faced each other while a joyful crying from a hundred throats roared to the dawnlit sky and the last of the storm wrack went pouring overhead. Till Rinco put aside the stained cutlass he held, as if he knew very well there was a better use to which a man could put his two strong hands. He came toward her slowly, his stolid face severe.

"I tried to save him. I am sorry, Lía, but—"

"Save him?" A faint rumor of relief and laughter touched her eyes. "Who?"

"Grebhardt. The man you—"

"Grebhardt?" The laughter bubbled clearer.

"Dominic found him feasting at the lugarteniente's mess. He took our piasters for the schooner and the guns. Then he let the corvette Halcón know when and how to capture him in the Gulf of Santa Muritos. That way he had the Spanish gold—and ours besides. And it was he who told them of the other weapons. The lugarteniente took him for a prisoner to befuddle us and keep him safe from our revenge." Rinco's voice was flat: "I am sorry, Lía. He is dead."

"Sorry!" The hint of laughter vanished from her eyes. Hot passion flamed instead. She stepped forward, blazing: "Do you imagine I came out here crying your name because I—"

"Lía!" His head shot round at last, a wild disbelief making his eyes go wide. "Lía, I thought—"

"Every other man knows—and foolish Rinco thinks!" She was directly in front of him now, her tawny head cocked saucily on one side at the level of his chest, her face upraised, her breathing quick and short. "What must I do to make you speak?" Suddenly and with a startling swiftness, she put both her small hands about the nape of his neck, pulling his dark head down to kiss him savagely on the mouth. "This?" She did it again. "And this!" She stepped back, her cheeks afire.

He just stood there staring at her, his stolid face beginning to glow, hearing a great roar of laughter come boom-

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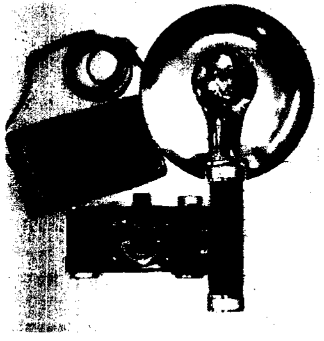

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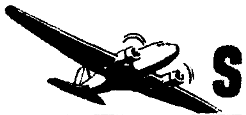

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ing from the throats of those who watched. Then Rinco grinned sheepishly. He stepped forward. And for the first time he took her in his giant's arms.

"A song!" someone bellowed to the dawning sky. "Let Rinco give us a song for a battle cry when we march with Estéban Guzman and these guns to rid the land of tyranny!"

"The lieutenant!" another bawled. "Bring us the lieutenant so we—"

GRANDFATHER Tío, standing beside the quarter-deck carronade, waved that man to silence. "The lugarteniente," he said with the greatest simplicity, "the lugarteniente is also dead."

"A song then!" That way the babble rose and swelled: "Let Rinco make us up a song for a battle cry!"

"He hauled the weapons out of the raging sea! I saw it with my eyes." Shaggy-headed Dominic repeated this over and over again. "He sailed straight out to a place in the middle gulf in Tío's sloop, and there he hauled the weapons up. I know. *Por Dios!* I was there. So was Grandfather Tío. Ask him!"

Lía, hearing that, looked up at Rincotinc. "We saw you throw the weapons in the gulf. Yet when you boarded the corvette, the men had the same cutlasses and pikes in their hands. How—"

"There was no sense in seeing Tío die with a Spanish musket ball in his heart. So I took the weapons out and threw them in the sea. The pistols would be useless anyhow with the ammunition wet. So I scattered them and tore open one of the sacks besides to prove to the lugarteniente we were helpless and disarmed so he could safely let us fish."

Rinco kept looking at her with that great shining in his eyes. "We asked Tío for a weapon on the terrace where he planted olive trees. 'A man's dream is a weapon,' Tío said, 'enduring as the salt that dissolves so readily in the sea.' So I thought—the salt of the sea is a weapon too. The two sacks of cutlasses and pikes that were whole when I threw them overboard had each a line attached. At the end of each of these I fastened a large wooden fishnet float. And to it also I made fast a pound of loose salt in a cheesecloth sack to keep the float under water, away from the sight of men. But in the night the salt dissolved in the sea; the two wooden floats sprang up to the surface of the gulf. These were the buoys I found. And I hauled the weapons up."

Lía nodded firmly, not taking her smiling eyes from his when she told him in her husky voice, "We have a better weapon now."

THE pescadores cried to him again: "A song! A song! Let Rinco make us up a song to sing when Estéban Guzman comes!"

He did. He gave them for their battle cry the very first song he had ever made about the girl with the tawny hair and the look of danger in her eyes. The ragged armies marched to it, the song that Rinco made. It swept like wildfire through the land. To some it might have seemed a very silly song. But not to Estéban Guzman's men. And certainly not to Lía. For it went a little like this:

> *"Tinca tinca, Lía blonda.*
> *Lía linda, tinca-tinc . . ."*

Russians are Like That

Continued from page 16

to draft civilians for defense work, to guard transportation, communications and power plants, to fight fires and epidemics, and they likewise were vested with power to regulate trade, establish food rationing, restrict travel and expel undesirables.

Special destruction battalions have been formed to combat parachutists, and in each village an emergency hut has been set up, with rifles and other arms, where anyone sighting a parachutist must go, turn in the alarm and pick up a weapon with which to take immediate action. A decree of June 26th authorized directors of offices and factories to lengthen the eight-hour working day by one to three hours, with time and half pay for overtime. Vacations have been canceled and a decree was issued providing pensions of one hundred rubles monthly for families of mobilized men with one dependent; one hundred fifty for those with two dependents; two hundred for those with three or more dependents.

There have been mass movements of women to replace men leaving for the front. Their offers to join the army have been rejected on the grounds that Russia has plenty of man power, but it has been announced that 30,000,000 women are working behind the lines to bolster the war effort. Nineteen million are in the fields harvesting and doing other farming jobs. Eleven million are in factories and offices, and others have joined the medical services or are driving busses, trolley cars, tractors, directing traffic or are on ARP duty.

During the first days only one morning war communiqué was published. However, on the 28th at the first of the press conferences which now take place daily, with the Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs Lozovsky as official spokesman, it was announced that there would be two daily—at 1 P.M. and 11 P.M. Press conferences are held at the headquarters of the newly formed Soviet Information Bureau, which now issues communiqués instead of GHQ. The bureau is housed in a building that once was a foreign legation, and it seemed odd to be attending my first press conference in the room where I last had danced at a very gala diplomatic party.

Lozovsky, a man with a long gray beard and shrewd, intelligent eyes under heavy eyebrows, handles the conferences brilliantly. He first makes statements in Russian, which is understood by some correspondents, who translate to the rest of us, but he answers questions in French. (He speaks some English, and remarked that he would no doubt be fluent in that language within a few months.) His replies are frank, quick and witty. When asked whether the German ambassador's staff had yet left the Soviet Union, he replied that negotiations were still under way to exchange diplomats and that the rumor that had circulated that Count von Schulenburg had left for Manchukuo was highly exaggerated. He is still in Russia, he said adding, "You couldn't see him from Moscow, but he is not far away."

It's a Long Way to Vladivostok

The subject of the fate of the Italians and Rumanians was not brought up, but I have learned they also are still in the country. When I spoke to Italian Ambassador Rosso over the telephone on the 25th, he told me he knew Italy was at war with Russia because he heard it over the radio but had not yet received official notification from Rome, therefore he was making no plans. They appear to have been made for him since. Lozovsky went on to say that the problem of exchanging missions was not simple, since Mr. Hitler had complicated travel conditions in Europe. He also remarked he had heard the Nazis had expressed the hope of getting to Vladivostok. "All I can say," was his comment, "is that we wish them a happy trip. It will certainly be a long one."

The calm that prevails on all sides is reflected in the newspapers. They have displayed unusual frankness in coverage of the fighting, neither exaggerating victories nor minimizing defeats. The general tone was struck in a Pravda article saying Russians should not lose their heads over successes and victories, and should not lose heart over individual failures or lull themselves with the thought of an easy victory. He ended with a note reminiscent of Churchill: war against a treacherous, powerful enemy requires serious sacrifices and exertions. Care has been taken to remind the people that they crushed the Teutonic Knights in the thirteenth century and defeated Napoleon's army in 1812.

A general, writing in Izvestia, declared that German invincibility is a myth and that most of that country's victories so far have been due to treason inside the nations it has conquered. There was much self-congratulation that the Soviet Union had the foresight to dispose of fifth columnists over three years ago.

There were few color stories of battles or descriptions of individual acts of heroism; anti-Nazi propaganda consists mostly of accusing the Germans of treachery, referring to them as gangsters and bandits. Radio broadcasts repeat stories of tortures inflicted by the Germans on the Dutch, Belgians, Poles and French. One was reminded of the early British attitude by the fact that a great point was made that the Russians are fighting the Nazi government, not the peasants, workers and intellectuals of Germany. Crowds gather before shop windows to see displays of anti-Nazi posters and paintings, and the walls of the city are plastered with slogans culled from Molotov's war proclamation. There are also cartoon posters pasted on buildings. One shows a Red Army soldier bayoneting Hitler, whose ferret-faced head is stuck through a torn paper representing the Russo-German agreement. Another has a big shell, with the words "Destruction to Fascist Barbarians" printed on it, blowing Hitler to bits.

Great prominence of course was given war news in the papers but it has by no means pushed everything else off the front page. On the 21st, for instance, when it was already evident there was a serious crisis brewing, the big news featured was that the skeleton of Tamerlane the Great had been disinterred in Samarkand on the night of the 20th and the interesting discovery had been made that his right leg was shorter than his left. Since then the elaborate preparations that are going ahead to mark the hundredth anniversary of the death of Poet Mikhail Lermontov have been given big play. Graduation exercises of the conservatories of Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev have been reported in full detail, and complete coverage has been given concerts and plays. The greatest space, however, was allotted to an announcement that thirty scientific expeditions are to be sent to Kazakhstan to view the eclipse of the sun September 21st. Nobody can say the Russians don't think of the future even in times of greatest crises.

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Poor Man's Garbo

Continued from page 19

applause. This ability has resulted in her having a huge fan following. Some of her enthusiasts traipse around the burlesque circuit, come early and stay all day—for the price of one admission. She has no idea how they live but recognizes many of them. One oldish gent always sits in the front row and writes encouraging words on a slate to her—"Great work, Margie! Keep it up!" and other inspiring pepigrams. She has never met him socially.

The most arduous part of her work is sitting around between performances, burlesque being continuous from one to midnight. To while away the waits, she plays marathon rummy, crochets bedspreads and drinks gallons of coffee. She's crazy about furs, prize fights, hockey, horse racing, bowling and poker. The latter is her specialty. Her salon at the Hotel Astor in New York is famed for all-night sessions at which you may find an editor, a prize fighter, a few Broadway columnists, a sprinkling of reporters and visiting ballplayers. No, they don't play strip poker. The game is usually $1 and $2 stud and Margie's game, based on an unfailing ability to draw aces back to back, is strong and sound. She sleeps sporadically and either in pajama tops or all raw except for a bra.

Her other great weakness is the movies and she likes nothing better than glowing over a Western or a Jimmy Cagney film till three in the morning. She hates society films, must have action.

The Appendix Bugaboo

Her only outdoor exercise, besides horse racing, is horse riding. If she can get up, you may find her galloping around the Central Park bridle paths Sunday mornings. She doesn't drink, smokes nicotineless cigarettes and hates to throw money away on anything except jewels and furs. She is constantly giving the latter to her less fortunate sisters. She refuses to attend night clubs, hates dancing. Her appetite is hearty, favoring dishes like corned beef and cabbage—in out-of-the-way restaurants. She doesn't insist on cabs, would just as soon walk places with that high-shouldered slink. This makes her very easy on the pocketbook when being entertained. Incidentally, she doesn't diet, weighs 123 and insists she's too fat.

The great Hartian dread is appendicitis. "You mean—?" I asked.

"Yes, I mean," she answered seriously. "A wrinkle on your face isn't as bad as one on your stomach. Why, Ada Leonard, a swell strip, put off an appendix operation for three months and almost died—just so she wouldn't ruin her appearance!"

She also is terrified that a zipper may get stuck. She always holds a zipper rehearsal before going on, just to make sure. "If her zipper jams," she says, "Ann Corio can do her innocent act and Rosita Royce can milk those pigeons that cover her. But what can I do?"

These zippers, accordingly, are placed in foolproof positions with much cunning and calipers. The dresses, as involved as a rotary traffic circle, cost about $400 apiece and Margie pays for them out of her own pocket.

"I design 'em myself," she says, "and they've got to be made so a gal can get out of them quick if they catch on fire!"

Incidentally women's summer fashions have been influenced by these collapsible Hart rigs. Margie also throws in a beautiful fur wrap just to put on a little dazzle, and add the opera touch for the devotees.

Despite her drawling, satirical, hard-working gaiety there is a serious side to Miss Hart. Some years ago she dropped into the little 42d Street church, tucked away among the hurly and burly and dime movie houses and girlie shows. The sermon that night happened to be against the diabolical striptease. So moved was Margie, she decided to give up her trade.

"But when I got outside I learned my father was sick," she reminisces unhappily, "and I remembered my mother and brother and sisters. I got realistic."

Her prowess at the box office has brought her the inevitable Hollywood offers, as they came to Mary Martin and Gypsy Rose Lee. After a screen test, Margie turned down the chance to transfer to the Coast.

"I don't like to be kissed publicly," she gave as her official reason.

She is toying with an offer of a lead in a fall Broadway musical. "Even if I could sing and dance," she argues, always the $200-a-week gal at heart, "why should I take it? In burlesque I can work 52 weeks a year if I want to. Suppose I open in a show, louse it up and it runs for four nights? I'd lose my shirt!"

Though her mail brings all sorts of offers for nuptial bliss, she has fought shy of marriage. "Marriage doesn't mix well with my business," she says. "Look at Lois de Fee, the biggest strip gal today. She's six feet three and has had seven husbands and couldn't make a go of it. The trouble is, if you're married, the fans don't like it, and if the fans are crazy about you your husband doesn't like it. You can't blame him, either. Or them."

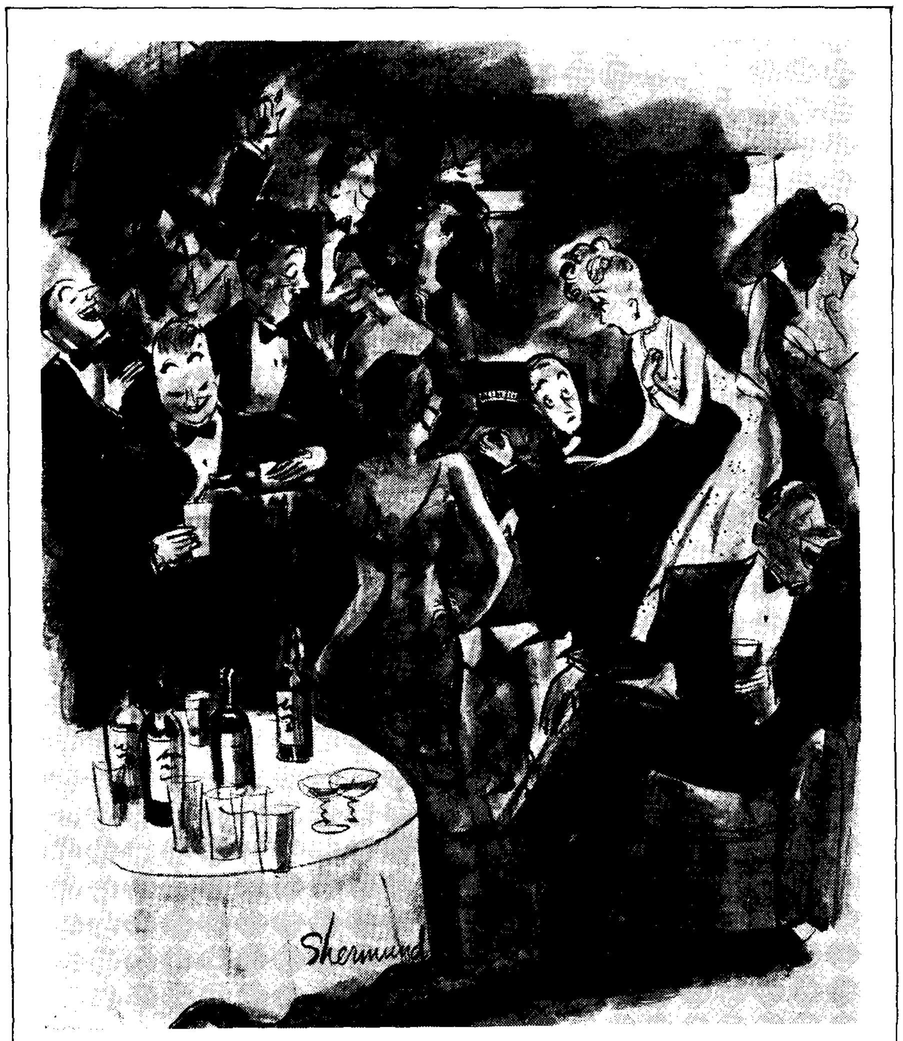
However, she feels that she will marry in a year or two, by which time she expects the boys will begin to tire of her lines and seek a new model. She hopes it will be a writer and she wants to settle down on that farm and, when not raising a large family, run a dress shop in Kansas City on the side. Since she's just a small-town gal at heart, she spends a lot of time now planning monograms for her silver and linen and dreams of the 36-egg spongecake she'll build for the man she'll love. She's a good cook, by the way. Meanwhile, men who get forward, she reminds gaily, "Isn't it wonderful—we've known each other so short a time, and we're just like brother and sister!"

It's a Mystery to Margie

She drives the first car she's ever owned—a green one to set off her flaming hair. She's simply nuts about it, loves to drive around New York, proud of being recognized by taxi drivers—whom she never recognizes back.

"I don't know why I get all these swell things," she bubbled as she took me for a ride in the magnificent heap. "Maybe it's because I'm just a wholesome, clean American girl, trying to get along."

So the one and only Margie Hart—as she is now billed—goes her blithe, wise-cracking way, reveling when a George Jean Nathan awards her four G-strings for her performance and saddening when a favorite jockey like Earle Drew (whom she didn't know) was killed at Agua Caliente. She has a genuinely practical attitude toward her work, knows that men don't come to see her for the same reason they go to the public library. "Well," she sums up, "I pay my income tax like the next person so I'm not worrying. And, anyway, they'll never replace my kind with a machine!"



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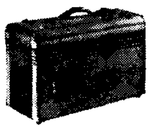

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Dina Cashman

Continued from page 22

went he was perfectly willing to take her along. Dina roamed about San Francisco contentedly enough, picked up little presents for her mother and sisters, drifted into a movie. She and Rogers would be quite silent, driving home, the man usually asleep.

But for dinner she always changed her dress and made her hair look as well as she could. And in the new gowns that she and Mrs. Bucket had bought, Rogers' eyes approved her, even though he rarely complimented her in words. Whatever chills or misgivings the day had brought were dissipated when she was dressed and fires were lighted and she and Rogers talked through the meal. He laughed at her, asked her questions, and in the evening they played cards.

AT FIRST they played with anxious eagerness on her part and nervous anxiety to amuse him as well. Dina had played cards all her life; sodden decks of cards had always seemed to be available somehow in the Cashman family, and she was quite Rogers' match at cribbage and rummy, and quick to grasp the essentials of poker patience. There presently came to be a pleasant contest between them, and the card-playing hour every evening sometimes stretched itself to two. Dina fought hard for points, and her shouts of "Oh, you lucky!" or "Oh, come Jack, come Jack, come Jack," were as spontaneous as if she were back at Railway Flats again.

"I'm all ready to go out and you get sixteen in the crib!" Rogers would complain.

"Oh, I needed it so! You've had the last two games!"

"Well, come on, let's have another," he would say.

"Let's!" And Dina would laugh youthfully in anticipation of another game. The library would be warm and bright on the chilly spring evenings; shades drawn, fire blazing, and odd as the situation had seemed to her at first, and still seemed to her, there were times when she felt herself protected and secure and happy enough.

There was a small car for her use—not a new car, but far better than the Cashman's old car. Dina could drive in the afternoons to see her mother and sisters. She had hesitated to make the first call, dreading questions and criticism, and had asked Rogers' advice.

"Just tell 'em yes and no," he had said. "And immediately ask questions. Keep 'em talking about themselves. It'll be easy."

So Dina had gone down to make the dreaded visit, and had found Rogers' counsel excellent. Her mother did indeed ply her with all sorts of queries, but Dina answered them briefly and amiably and brought the conversation promptly to matters domestic.

The home kitchen struck her as strangely grimy and cramped after the bigness of the Holland mansion. Had things always been so cracked and stained, spotted and streaked? Her father was reported to be sleeping off a heavy cold; she suspected he might be sleeping off a night's "binge" as well, but it was a relief to have her mother and little Donny to herself; even El'ner was in school now, and the house was quiet.

Mrs. Cashman was doing the week's washing. She always washed on Mondays, distributing gray dirt over towels and underdrawers and shirts rather than removing it, and hanging the wet garments on the line in the yard even if the rain was falling. Sometimes they dangled and blew there for days.

Today she was sousing small articles up and down in the dishpan, sometimes holding one of Donny's socks up for inspection, or scrubbing a particularly ingrained spot on one of Art's shirts.

"What sort of a place are you living in, Dina?"

"The old Holland place. Near Burlingame, in the hills."

"Nice place?"

"Old-fashioned. But big and comfortable. You'll have to come up and see it sometime, Mamma."

"That's what Pop was saying. You've got help, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Cook?"

"Chinese cook."

"Is he real well fixed, Dina?"

"Yes, I guess he is. I never asked."

"We all thought it was Vere you fancied; seems it was his uncle all the time," Ethel Cashman said innocently. "But what I can't get over is your falling in love with a man old enough to be your father. That gets me. Quite a few people, people 'round here, were asking about it. Tom O'Connor talked to Art."

"He did?" Dina's face crimsoned. "Here, I'll hang these out for you," she said. She went into the back yard with the familiar old basket of wet wash, stood at the line with the sweet, warm spring breeze blowing over her and lifting the hair on her forehead. Other women were hanging out wet Monday's clothes. Presently her mother followed her out and began to pin children's socks to the line in bunches of four and six.

In the house again Dina went naturally about her old tasks. She cleared the sink of dishes, did what she could to put the kitchen in order. Her mother, complaining of an aching back and dizzy spells, sat at the kitchen table in great satisfaction, watching her and enjoying a midafternoon cup of tea.

WHEN she got home at five o'clock Dina gave Rogers a spirited report. She found him in the garden, discussing a bed of tulips, primulas and hyacinths with McPherson, and they stood there together in the late, bland flood of the sunset, laughing at the old gardener's earnestness and glad to linger in the spring moistness and sweetness and greenness.

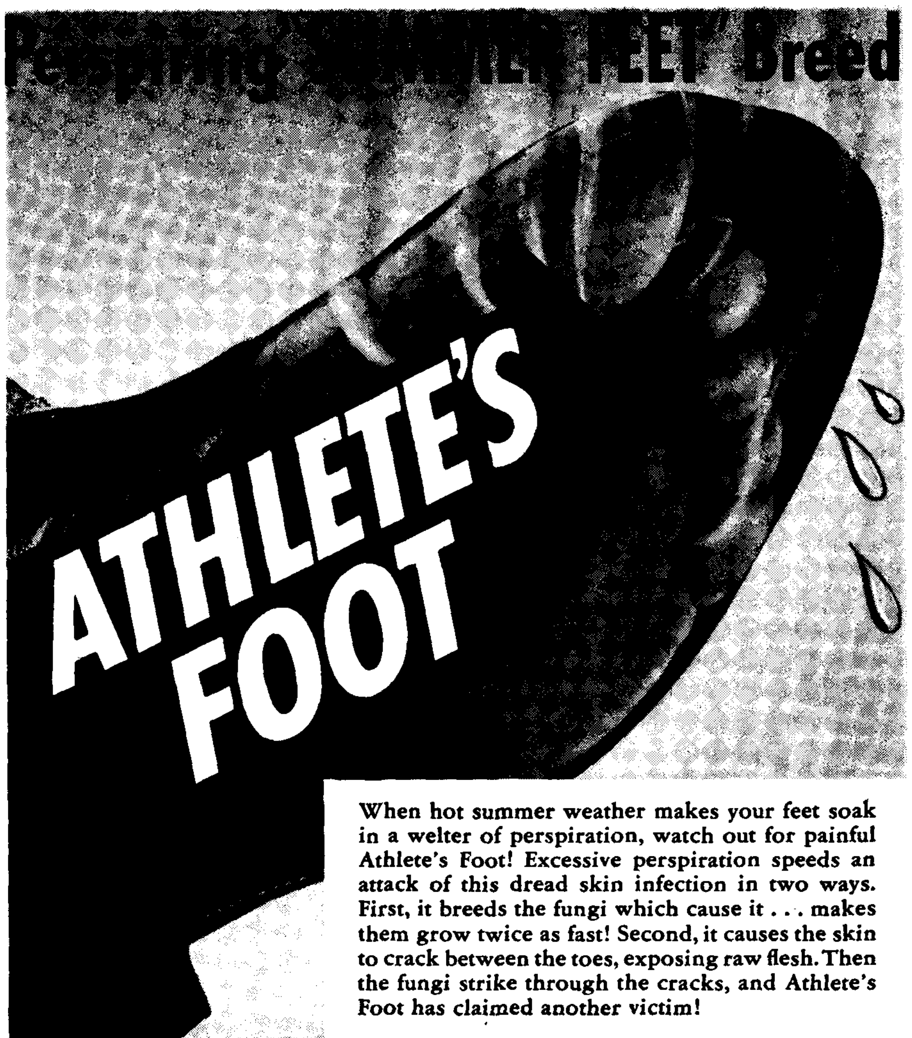
Dina had taken off her hat; her hair, damp from its pressure, was tight against her forehead in rings and spirals. Her face was a little pale from fatigue and from the unwonted warmth of the day, but the pallor seemed to make her blue eyes darker, and her lips redder.

"So you got your mother clothespins?"

"And dish towels and everything else you could think of. The girls went with me, and we each took a basket and went the rounds at Meyer's. Peaches and soup and bacon and cake flour—everything! They all went home with lollipops, except Myrna of course; she was too grand. Meyer wants Myrna to come into the store this summer, and she says that if she can hold the job she's not going back to school. She's only second-year high, though, and I don't believe Pop will let her."

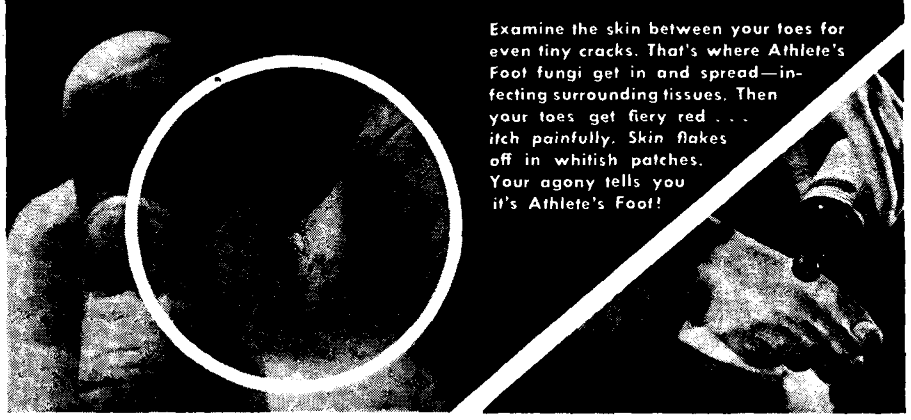
"She impressed me as precocious, but she's pretty. Hello!" Rogers broke off to say in a tone of annoyance, "here are callers!"

The approaching car swung around the drive, stopped. A woman jumped out



When hot summer weather makes your feet soak in a welter of perspiration, watch out for painful Athlete's Foot! Excessive perspiration speeds an attack of this dread skin infection in two ways. First, it breeds the fungi which cause it . . . makes them grow twice as fast! Second, it causes the skin to crack between the toes, exposing raw flesh. Then the fungi strike through the cracks, and Athlete's Foot has claimed another victim!

Raw Open Cracks FLASH DANGER



Examine the skin between your toes for even tiny cracks. That's where Athlete's Foot fungi get in and spread—infecting surrounding tissues. Then your toes get fiery red . . . itch painfully. Skin flakes off in whitish patches. Your agony tells you it's Athlete's Foot!

SOAK those Cracks TONIGHT!

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3. ***It dries the skin between the toes.***
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5. ***Eases itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.***

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.
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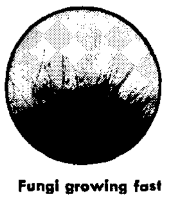
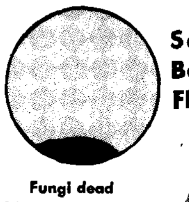


Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing pain and misery.

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and then a man. Aline and Andrew Havens.

Aline came straight to Rogers, a newspaper in her hand. "Is this true?" she demanded.

"Aline, hello!" Rogers greeted her amiably. "Hello, Havens. Nice people, to come see us!"

"Is this true?" Aline asked a second time, showing the newspaper. "I just saw it. We were driving down to Menlo and I happened to get a paper."

"Yes, of course," Rogers said pleasantly. "Geraldine, I'm afraid the news is out. We're in the evening paper. I should have supposed dear Caroline would have told you, Aline."

"Why, it's preposterous!" Aline said indignantly. "Caroline and Mimi are in Honolulu," she went on. "I had no idea of it! Nobody had any idea of it! When were you married?"

"You know my wife," Rogers said, indicating Dina with a movement of his head. "Geraldine, you remember Mr. and Mrs. Havens?"

Dina stood disheveled and young and lovely against the sunset; her tawny hair an aureole about her forehead; the pale green leaves and white spheres of a snowball bush behind her.

"Your wife!—Oh, excuse me; I didn't see you," Aline said frigidly; then with reproach to Rogers: "And you never told me!"

"You never told me your plans with Mr. Havens here until about a fortnight before you hopped off to Reno with him. That's a nice little city by the way. Geraldine and I took a leaf out of your book and went there too. Perhaps the same obliging clergyman married you. Kirkham?—Something Kirkham," Rogers said all in an unruffled, leisurely tone. "But come; let's go in. It's going to be cold out here in about a minute. Geraldine, what about scaring us up something to eat and drink?"

"I'll see Hinz." Dina nodded and smiled as she escaped. She raced to the pantry, raced upstairs. Her new flowery dress; a wet comb dashed through her hair; changed slippers.

"You're all right," Mrs. Bucket said, helping her. "You look all right."

DINA descended, slackening her pace. She must be composed, not breathless when she entered the library.

Hinz was stooping to light the fire. A tray with glasses and bottles was on a table. Aline and Andrew and Rogers were still standing; all three turned as Dina came in.

She looked young and sweet in the flowery ruffles; the freshly combed damp hair had fallen into waves and curves about her face. She was still a little pale, and her eyes shone darkly sapphire in faint rings of shadow.

"Ah, Hinz has taken care of you, I see. And Chong is making us some canapés," she said composedly. She did not look at Rogers, but she felt his satisfaction with her behavior like a tangible wave that touched her.

"What are you drinking, Mrs. Holland?" Andrew Havens asked with his agreeable smile. He was mixing a highball for himself. Dina smiled in return.

"Nothing, thank you. Rogers tries to make me drink milk, but not at this time of day!" she said. And then as the three others settled themselves by the fireside, she pushed a leather hassock to the side of Rogers' chair, and sat down, her shoulder touching his knee.

She had never taken this position before; she had not planned it; but something in Aline's hostility, her intolerance, had nerved her, and she knew she was right when Rogers changed his glass to his other hand, and allowed his fingers to touch her shoulder in return.

"You shouldn't have bothered about food, Mrs. Holland," Aline said with a polite inclination of her head.

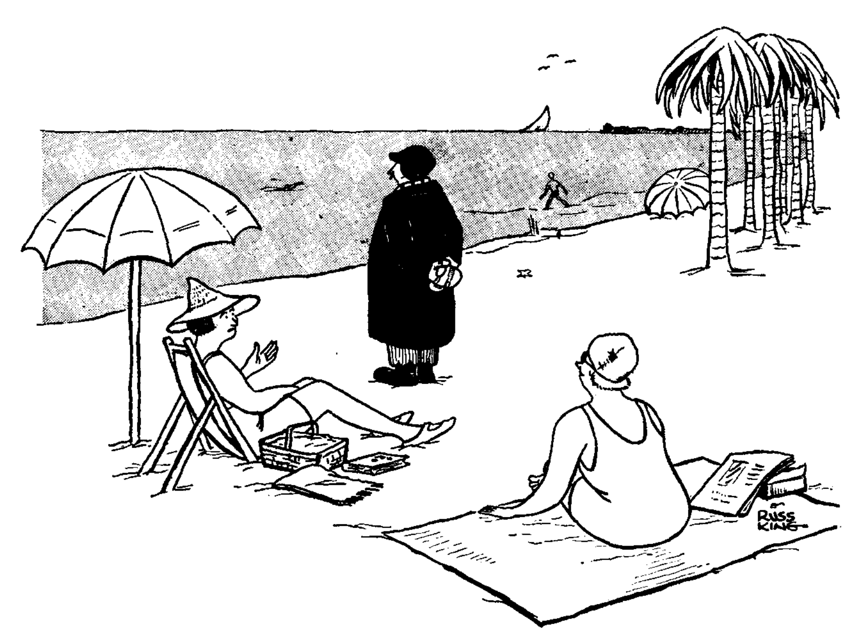
"Oh, it was no trouble," Dina assured her easily. "Chong loves to have someone to fuss over, and we don't keep him half busy enough!"

"It seems to be my fate to want to paint you," Andrew Havens said. Dina widened her eyes, and remembering her instructions upon an earlier occasion, turned to smile mysteriously at Rogers. But this time her face was much nearer his than it ever had been before, and the expression of grateful appreciation she saw there somewhat upset her. He was suffering in this other woman's company as he always must. His smile was strained and unnatural, his upper lip beaded with fine perspiration.

Aline knew it, too. No snake charmer ever exerted a more confident sway over her victims than that Aline was exerting now, relaxed and graceful in her big chair, her beautiful, slender body outlined by the glossy satin gown, her exquisite, Oriental head, all ivory and black and scarlet, her eyes agleam with satisfaction in her own sneering power.

"Why didn't you tell us that night, Rogers, that you and Miss—I've forgotten the previous name, Mrs. Holland; forgive me—were planning this?"

"Oh, I don't know! We just got into the car one day, followed your example, and went up to Reno and had it all over without any fuss." He tried to say it carelessly, but he did not wholly succeed.



"He's just stubborn! He didn't want to come in the first place"

RUSS KING

"So the paper says. Well, you'll have fuss enough now."

"Maybe we'll run away from it. Hey, Geraldine?"

"Maybe we will," Dina said thoughtfully, not moving her gaze from the fire.

"Mrs. Caroline Holland was telling me all about you," Aline said suddenly, turning the battery of her silken, smiling manner toward the younger woman. "You were a friend of Vere Holland's, weren't you? Quite a *good* friend."

DINA brought her shadowed blue eyes from the fire to Aline's face. There was a moment of complete silence in the room. Andrew Havens looked from one to the other in mild, amused bewilderment.

"Yes, I knew Vere," Dina said.

"Very well, didn't you?" Aline asked.

"Who told you anything about Geraldine and Vere Holland?" Rogers demanded. Dina, whose face had slowly crimsoned, sank back in her chair, a great wave of relief engulfing her. She fixed her expectant eyes on Rogers, looking like a frightened and abashed child.

"There was something to tell?" Aline countered.

"Apparently," Rogers said. "I don't know what Caroline's been talking about," he went on. "But I'm having Callaghan go down and find out what she's been saying," he drawled. "After all, Aline, libel's libel, and Geraldine's my wife. I don't know what you told Betsey Berry, but the sooner that sort of thing gets scotched the better. Just what was your source of information, anyway?"

ALINE'S ivory face lost a shade of color.

"Why, I don't know anything at all," she said, proudly indifferent. But there was a suggestion of stammering in her usually assured speech. "I have nothing to do with it! Caroline told me that Vere had know Miss—known your wife, that was all. I had said that she was here at a dinner party and that I was wondering about her."

"Well, if that's all you quoted to Betsey that's all right then," Rogers said, with an air of being mollified; "but from something she said—however, she evidently didn't get it from you! I'll have to find out where she *did* get it."

"I said nothing to Betsey Berry that Caroline didn't say to me," Aline said quickly.

"And nothing about Geraldine?"

"Nothing Caroline didn't say." She was uneasy now, on the defensive; there were two red spots in her cheeks.

"Well, Callaghan will run the whole thing down," Rogers said comfortably.

"Don't go consulting Frank Callaghan; don't be so silly!" Aline said lightly. "After all, I think all that I said was that Miss Cashman and Vere had been friends, and I'm sure that's true. Tell me, what do you two honeymooners do here, all day long?" she added, in the social tone of one keeping a conversation going, but obviously anxious to get on firmer ground.

"We never seem to have any time to spare, do we, Geraldine?" Rogers said, stuffing his pipe.

"We play cribbage," Dina contributed. "And I beat him," she added, with a smile for Rogers.

"We'll have to begin to play cribbage," Andrew said unexpectedly. He had taken no part and apparently no interest in the little exchange of hostilities, merely glancing once or twice at his wife with a whimsical expression of surprise on his humorous, long-featured face. "The long winter evenings down at the farm have been boring my wife to death," he continued. "As a matter of fact we've been at a hotel in town for the last couple of weeks."

"Bored, were you, Aline?" Rogers asked mildly, over his pipe.

"Not bored at all," she answered lazily, looking at the fire between half-shut lids, but first having given her husband a level, expressionless glance. "It's part of Andy's profession to meet people, to have them know he's here. And since quite a good deal was going on—the Richie party and the Stanfield wedding, we moved in for a fortnight."

"As a matter of fact, I like the country best in winter," Rogers observed. "Geraldine does too."

"I love it here," Dina said simply.

"You're evidently quite an ideal couple!" Aline said with a little laugh. "You've not heard from Caroline about your marriage?" she asked Rogers in an undertone.

"I only wrote her a day or two ago, and if, as you say, they've been in Honolulu— Anyway, I've not heard!"

Dina lost the rest of the conversation, for Andrew had gotten to his feet and stepped to a lamp. He beckoned to her.

"Come over here and see what you think of this," he said.

Dina joined him, looking down at the little sketch he had drawn on a small square pad of white paper.

"Why, it's lovely!" she exclaimed. "It's me—I—me—I—" she added, laughing and looking at Rogers.

AND she carried to him the sketch of a girl in a flowery dress, a girl seated on a hassock with an old-fashioned fireplace for a background. Displaying it to Rogers, Dina seated herself on the arm of his chair, and leaned against him familiarly.

"Yes, yes, it's really like you," he approved. "Why don't you paint her, Andrew?" he asked. "I'd like to have her painted."

"You were going to have Anne painted. Was Anne ever painted?" Aline put in. Rogers showed no sign of annoyance.

"No; we talked of it. But of course we didn't have Andrew in the family then. How'd you like to do it, and when could you do it?" he asked the painter.

"But look here, I wasn't drumming up trade!" Andrew protested, with his hard, lean, sunburned face flushing deeper.

"I know you weren't. But we might as well get Geraldine at nineteen; she'll never be any younger."

"I suppose you've been painted lots of times?" Dina said somewhat timidly to Aline. Aline glanced at her thoughtfully, did not answer.

"Of course I've done her," Andrew said. "She's a wonderful subject too, because she always looks just the same. Whether it's ten o'clock in the morning or late at night Aline's the same porcelain empress."

"I can see that," Rogers mused, half-shut eyes on Aline. "Ah, modern cosmetics—modern cosmetics."

"But Dina here—" Andrew began. He stopped, changed to an apologetic tone. "I call you Dina," he explained, "because it isn't in the nature of things to call a girl who looks about twelve anything as formal as 'Mrs. Holland.' "

"Please do!" Dina, back on her hassock, said eagerly.

"I was going to say that you change all the time," Andrew resumed. "You seemed quite different that first night; you seemed older, somehow; didn't she, Aline? When we got here today you were one girl, and now you're quite another."

"Infinite variety," Rogers said idly. "Well, how would you like to paint her? In that thing?"

"In that dress and that dark blue

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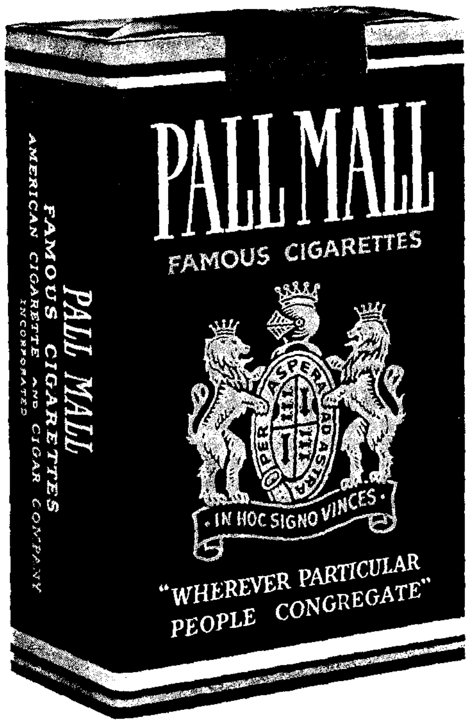
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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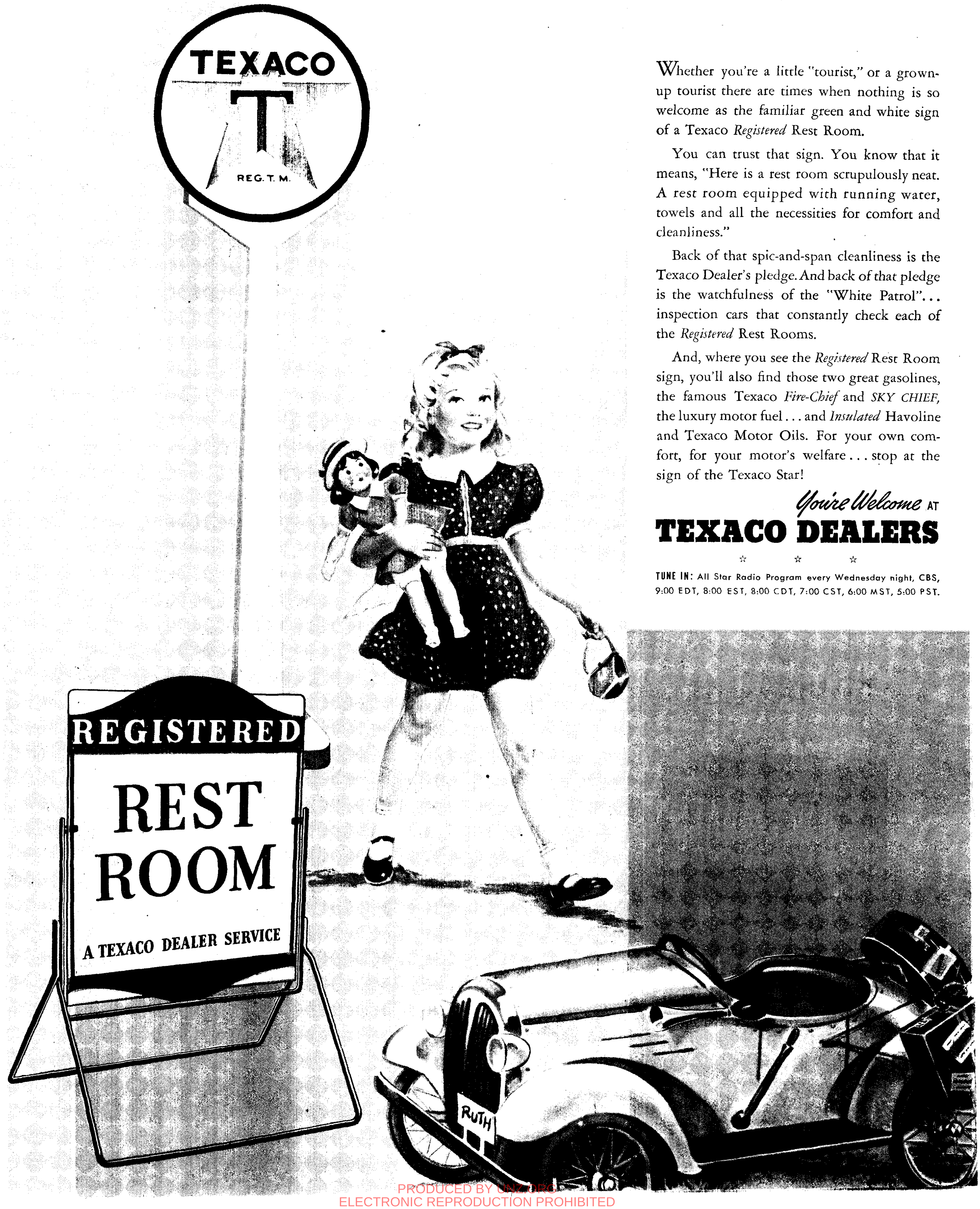
Something a "tourist" appreciates



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chair. Sit there, will you?" Andrew asked. Dina rose, shook her flowery skirt and sat down in the blue-brocaded chair. Its back rose high above her tawny head; she clamped her young, lean hands firmly on the high arms. "That's perfect," Andrew said. "And we've got a north light, too. I could pull aside these curtains and run up the shades, I presume."

Rogers waved his hand.

"How soon could you begin?" he said once more himself, imperturbable and amused. "I'd like that old marble mantel in it," he said. "And a corner of my mother's portrait."

"I am having an exhibition in May; I am having some stuff sent out from the East," Andrew told them. "We'll give the 'Portrait of Mrs. Rogers Holland' the place of honor."

"I can't get used to the idea of there being a Mrs. Rogers Holland at all," Aline said. She rose, stretched her hand to her husband. "We've got to be going," she added. But when Dina and Andrew had preceded them from the room she drew Rogers back and they talked together while the others waited in the hall.

"When are you going back to Los Altos, Mr. Havens?"

"Oh, look here, if I call you Dina I don't think you ought to call me anything but Andy. When are we going back? Well, I don't know. Aline had never seen the place when we were married, and I imagine she finds it pretty crude. I described it to her and she talked as if she'd love it; said she was sick of society and only wanted to get away and rest, but—well, we had pretty heavy rains after Christmas, you know, and the road was washed out. I imagine we'll wait until spring, now." Andrew's young, honest face was a mixture of perplexity and indulgent amusement.

"FIXED the date of sitting for your portrait?" Rogers asked, joining them.

"I've been saying that I don't think you ought to do that yet," Aline said. She looked angry, almost as if she had been crying.

"Why not?" the painter demanded innocently. "How'd you mean 'yet'? I'd like to have it finished in time for my exhibition; I won't do it any better three months from now."

"Well, I say that I don't think you ought to do it," Aline persisted, quietly but stubbornly. "I have my reasons and I'll give you my reasons later."

"You'll have to give me pretty good reasons for throwing over my first commission, darling!" Andrew said with a laugh. Dina and Rogers stood in the side doorway and watched them depart in the spring dusk.

"Spoiled. I suppose there was never a woman quite so spoiled in this world," Rogers said, when they were gone, in a tone as if he spoke to himself. "She is determined now that he shall not paint your portrait. Well, we'll see!"

"But why should she be determined?" Dina asked.

"Because he is so anxious to do it, Geraldine. Because it's more than a commission with him; he thinks you're extremely paintable. He said so. Aline didn't like it."

"Oh, but that's—that's nonsense," Dina protested, flushing. "When she's so beautiful. Like a—like a Chinese lamp."

"A Chinese lamp who hates the country, never has learned to cook, and doesn't know how to manage without a maid," Rogers said with a quiet chuckle.

"But—but you love her?" She couldn't help saying it. They were back by the dying fire now, and standing facing each other.

"Yes," he answered in a low tone, turning to kick at the steel-rodded grate with his mud-stained garden shoe. "But her life would have been quite different if she'd married me, and she would have been different. There'd have been dignity here, the background she knows," Rogers muttered. "They've nothing to live on; she doesn't know how they're going to manage! She's infuriated because I could give him a commission to paint your portrait, infuriated because he needs it, and because your picture will be shown at his exhibition."

"But I should think he'd have half a dozen of her there!"

"He probably will. But the crowd will gather around yours. 'Portrait of Mrs. Rogers Holland' is bound to attract attention, and she knows it! Down there on a ranch in Los Altos!" Rogers was back in his own thoughts again. "A woman who could walk into any doorway in the world! And he is getting his taste of it, poor fellow!" he added. "Did you see the look she gave him when he said she hated the country? She doesn't want any of that before me."

"He is nice," said Dina firmly.

"Yes, he's a decent sort of fellow. You looked nice yourself when you came downstairs," Rogers said. "Where'd you get that dress?"

"The day I went shopping in San Francisco while you were at your broker's," Dina answered. "Twenty-two fifty."

"Twenty-two fifty, eh? Well, it looks worth it. It's five o'clock; I think I'll go up for a shower and change."

"WILL you be down for some music at six, Rogers?" She had not used the name often; she was schooling herself to do so. The man hesitated. She knew that Aline's call had upset him—torn between the fascination that this mysterious and beautiful woman had for him, and the angry satisfaction he took in annoying her.

"You liked that music?" he asked, his back toward her as he moved toward the door.

"I loved it."

"Well—" The point was not conceded. But when Dina came downstairs at a quarter past six she found him sunk deep in a great leather chair in the small room adjoining the library, where the great carved case of a phonograph stood. The place was almost dark; it was buried, inundated by the glorious music of a Russian opera.

Dina slipped into a neighboring chair, raised her feet to a leather hassock, lost herself in the beauty and passion of the music. Until Hinz, awaiting an interval between records, came to announce dinner, neither she nor Rogers spoke.

"WANT to go to Stockton?" Rogers asked her at luncheon next day. "I have to drive up there and look over a piece of property this afternoon."

"Sorry, old man, thought we were going to do only the close-ups today"

LEONARD DOVE

"I'd love to!" Dina said. "Right now?"

"Well—as soon's luncheon is over. Any other plans?"

"None important. I thought I might go down and see Mamma. There was nobody at home yesterday, but I can go tomorrow just as well."

A short fifteen minutes later she came out of the front door, coated and dressed for the trip, and found him waiting for her in his own open roadster. "Oh, are you driving?" she asked with pleasure.

"Like that better?"

"Well, I do. But I don't know why." She settled herself beside him in great satisfaction. "What a day to go anywhere!" she exulted. "How long will it take us?"

"About two hours."

"I'd like to drive anywhere—Mexico, New York—a day like this!"

"You may have an idea there. Tell me, Geraldine," he said as they drove along through the beauty and greenness of March, "exactly what does your family live on?"

Dina laughed, unembarrassed.

"Oh, I don't know," she said vaguely. "Mamma sold a barrel of books that were my grandfather's before we came west. But I think she only got eleven dollars for them and for two pictures."

"What sort of pictures?"

"Engravings, I think. I don't remember. I've never been this way before," commented Dina, absorbed in the scenery.

"No, but tell me. Your father gets relief, does he?"

"Well, he had some trouble getting it, but now it's all fixed. It's always all gone by the end of the first week," Dina said. "Look, look, look at the white birds!"

"Herons. There are always herons here. All right. He gets his relief and it's gone. Then what?"

"Well, then there was my salary, you know."

"But that's stopped now."

"Yes, but I cashed the check you gave me for that dinner party and gave Mamma that after we were married, and last week I had an extra ten in my purse, and I let her have that too. I hope you don't mind."

"But how about before you were working?"

"I don't know," Dina said vaguely, and laughed at her own tone. "I really don't, Rogers," she said. "Lots and lots of the people we know live like that. You don't know how they do it!"

"That's an understatement," Rogers said, and she laughed again.

"WHAT I mean is," she elucidated, "there are families and families who are just struggling along on nothing, and—well, say the father is the only person in the family earning any money, and then he gets sick."

"Go on," Rogers said.

"You know, there might be little boys of seven and five and three," Dina pursued, "and a baby, or a baby coming. And there he is, coughing in bed, with blankets over him and his wife making him poultices."

"So what happens?"

"Oh, the neighbors, first," Dina explained. "Everyone hears Joe Schulz is home sick, and people take in things. And maybe Mamma or somone takes the baby for a while. And then there's—oh, lodges, and maybe employer's liability; I don't know," she finished lightly, "everyone helps."

"But the poor fellow must worry so about getting well."

"Oh, yes, poor people worry when something goes wrong," Dina conceded. "But they don't worry *unless* something goes wrong!" she added cheerfully. "They don't worry about nothing."

"Well, that's a point," Rogers said.

"Then someone like Mrs. Sorenson or the Flints will have brothers or fathers who can help them out," Dina pursued. "Mrs. Sorenson opened a boardinghouse and they say she's making more money than Ole ever did. She had four little girls and Jonny, but we think Jonny isn't quite all there. They all have white hair and are fat, but they are the *cleanest* children! They look as if they'd been boiled, and every Monday she has six or seven dresses for every one of them out on the line. Mamma used to wonder how she did it. But afterward they bought a bathtub, when the Morris house burned down, and I think Ole set that up for her."

"Most of the houses haven't bathtubs?"

"None of them have," said Dina.

"Your house had?"

"Oh, no, it hadn't, Rogers!"

"I see." For some reason she could not understand he sighed and fell silent, and they drove along for some time without speaking.

(To be continued next week)

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
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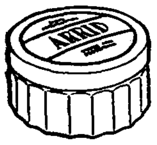

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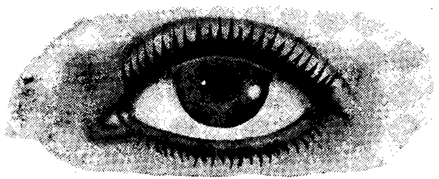
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

Clear, soothe
TIRED EYES
in seconds!

DON'T LET FATIGUE play havoc with looks! Crow's feet appear fast enough without being further hastened by squinting. Two drops of EYE-GENE speedily clears eyes reddened from fatigue, driving, over-indulgence, etc.



JOIN THE THOUSANDS who prefer stainless, hygienic, safe, EYE-GENE. Wash them with this specialist's formula today, and see how refreshed they feel. EYE-GENE is on sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.

Use
EYE-GENE

Our New Army

Continued from page 24

thing else. No. 2 Gripe with the boys in the 31st Division is aching feet and they want to know how come a corps of chiropodists hasn't been organized to keep their dogs in shape. Blanding Station Hospital officials say there hasn't been any more foot trouble than usual, but the way the enlisted men growl it seems as though the American foot isn't what it used to be. Anyway, the 31st Division personnel figures that sore feet will be a pain in Washington's neck sooner or later and they respectfully request that the brass hats put the problem into the Urgent file.

43D DIV.

ON top of the millions already spent on this reservation, an additional $5,000,000 has been set aside for improvements to be started when the divisions move out within the next two weeks. The dough will, supposedly, cover everything from $2,000,000 worth of road improvements to shades for the windows in the 2,000-bed Station Hospital. Jacksonville's city limits have already been brought thirty-five miles closer by completion of a high-speed highway; another five miles will be lopped off when a new cut-off, now building, is finished. Four-lane highways here and there will further reduce bottlenecks and facilitate motor convoy maneuvers in the area. If and when the 31st and 43d return to Blanding from Louisiana early in October, they won't know the old place.

TENNESSEE

33D DIV.

CAMP FORREST, Tullahoma. When the 33d Division (Illinois National Guard) arrived here last March the temperature was up in the late seventies, the mud was gooey and the recently departed construction workers had left a fine mess of odds and ends for the soldiers to clean up. The picture has changed since then. Today the reservation is well policed, the mud is dust, and any temperature below eighty is considered a cold wave. New soldiers pour into camp almost daily, to bring the division up to authorized strength; old soldiers pour out of camp at every opportunity, to browse around Tullahoma, Nashville, Chattanooga, and Huntsville, Alabama, watched over by M.P.'s. The boys from Chicago are impressed by Southern hospitality, which seems to be working on more cylinders here than in neighboring states.

LOUISIANA

34TH DIV.

CAMP CLAIBORNE, Alexandria. Professional wrestling in Alexandria was sort of take-it-or-leave-it until Corp. Joe Pazandak, former professional from Minnesota, got permission to take part in three grunt-and-groan prelims. Word got around, crowds swelled and the corporal, who hasn't yet lost a match, is now billed as a main-eventer in one Mike Mule's wrestling arena, which is no longer large enough to take care of the fans. In his first two-hour-limit, main-event match, Corp. Pazandak tossed opponent Jack Humberto out into the aisles when the latter started some rough stuff and jumped down after him to continue the battle on the floor and in a mess of chairs. Seven of the corporal's pals thought maybe he needed a little help and the cops finally had to convoy the battered Humberto to the showers. Mike Mule, owner of the arena, also runs a bakery and lets ladies in free when accompanied by an escort and a wrapper from a loaf of his bread, the sale of which has been boosted tremendously by Corp. Pazandak's muscular efforts.

PVT. JAMES MARTIN, Co. A, 133d Inf., thinks about a blue-eyed blonde in Carnegie, Pa., when he rests his head on a pillow she sent him, but he has yet to meet the gal. She works in a pillow factory and she and some other babes packed their names and addresses in a shipment recently sent to Claiborne and unpacked by Pvt. Martin. He wrote a note, hoping to draw a blonde—and did. Reminds us of a fellow in one of the camps who, noticing that his first-aid pack was torn, opened it and found the name and address of the Chicago girl *who had packed it. He didn't write to* her, though; the slip was dated 1918.

COMPANY H, 136th Medical Regiment, is conducting a survey on one of the Army's favorite pastimes—rumors. Every day, men in the company write down the rumors they've heard and hand them to Pfc. Glenn Rajsa, who, at the end of the month, sorts them out. Those that have come true are figured against those that haven't, and the men hope eventually to get some idea of what, and what not, to believe. It probably won't work.

VIRGINIA

CAMP PENDLETON, Virginia Beach. The boys in the 244th C.A. are relegating their humors to a rumor map which stands in Regimental headquarters and bears a colored pin for every place they've heard they'll be sent. "From the most reliable sources" twenty destinations have been mentioned, including Camp Pendleton itself. Others are: Louisiana, Bermuda, Trinidad, Puerto Rico, New York City, Iceland, Greenland, Canary Islands, Dakar, Los Angeles, Galapagos Islands, Oswego, N. Y., Fisher's Island, Conn., Jamaica, Nassau, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines and Antigua. Last month, parents, wives and sweethearts in New York scrammed down to Virginia Beach in droves, jamming roads, busses and the Cape Charles ferry, to say goodby "because the 244th is going out of the country for six months." They were all back and business was going on as usual only the other day. Anyhow, it was a nice week end for everybody.

MARYLAND

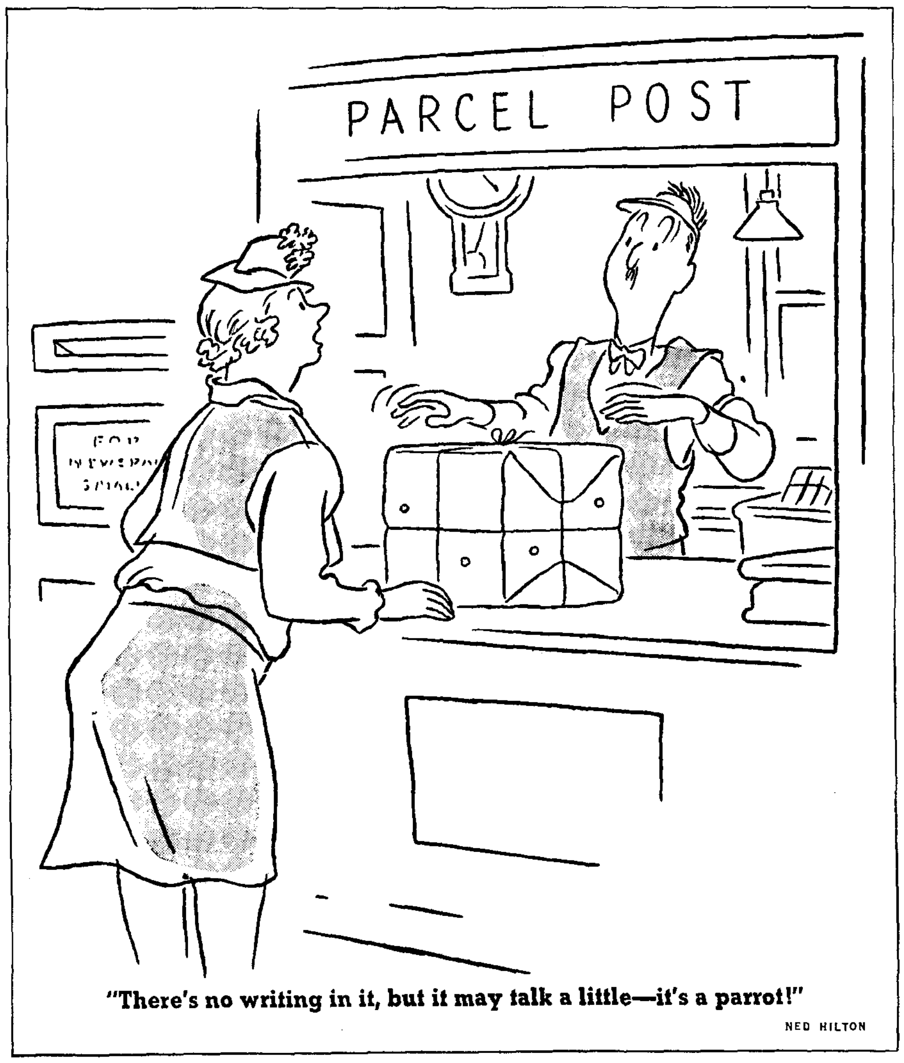
29TH DIV.

FORT GEORGE G. MEADE. *For Pvts. Rosner and* A. G. Anderson, competition has been stifled, at least for duration. Formerly photographers for rival news picture services, they met last January at Annapolis to cover the arrival of Lord Halifax. Few weeks ago Rosner volunteered for the Army in Baltimore. Anderson did the same thing in Washington. Now they're both in the public relations office of the 29th division.

NEW JERSEY

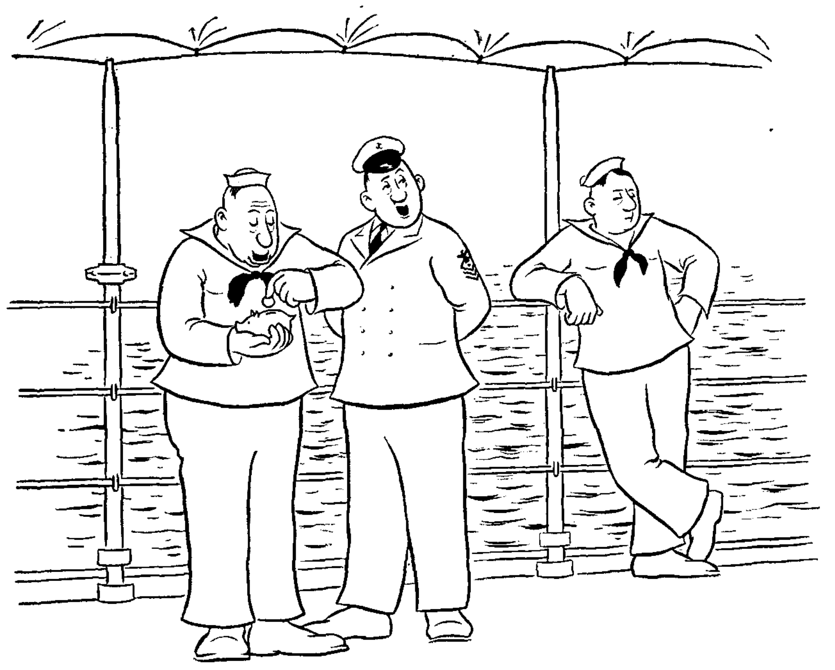
44TH DIV.

FORT DIX, Wrightstown. Practically every guardsman, selectee and enlisted man in the 44th Division has the sizzling opinion that the Army pulled its prize sample of stupidity right here, and recently. For months, some 17,000 men had looked forward to a set-date, ten-day furlough and had made plans ranging from matrimony to loafing at the seashore. The furlough came, all right, and the 17,000 scattered like buckshot; but just twenty-four hours later the Army sent out some 17,000 collect telegrams ordering every



"There's no writing in it, but it may talk a little—it's a parrot!"

NED HILTON



"I'm glad to see that Alfred doesn't spend all his pay on girls and dancing, like some people I could mention"

F HUMFREVILLE

man back for maneuvers in Virginia. Newspaper reports exaggerated the number of barrack windows smashed by the returning soldiers; as a matter of fact, the boys were pretty well behaved, considering the circumstances. But one of the window breakers was definitely the lad who was married the moment he got home and who hasn't yet kissed the bride—he says.

INCIDENTALLY, the maneuvers resulted in one of the longest bread lines ever reported. The 44th was several hundred miles from home, down in northeastern Virginia near Fort Belvoir, but it was still eating Fort Dix bread—9,000 pounds of it daily—trucked down the coast by the Service Co. of the 372d Infantry. Other grub left the post every second day by train, each train comprising three boxcars and two refrigerator cars. Fifteen tons of meat was a daily item.

CALIFORNIA

40TH DIV.

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. Thousands of selectees—the majority from Camps Callan and Roberts—have the 40th Division breathing on the 20,000 mark. Whenever possible, a dance, fight program or some other shindig is put on for each new batch of men. Newcomers grouse about camp regulations: Beer isn't served in the enlisted men's club during dances, soldiers and their partners can't sneak out during intermissions, week-end passes are limited to one a month. The curb on liberty days was issued after a social survey conducted in San Luis Obispo and other near-by towns indicated the desirability of regulations.

CAMP ROBERTS. With 3,500 new men arriving nearly every week, the work of the military police is becoming a sweatshop proposition. There's no crime wave; just guys getting into minor jams that call for quick justice, so jams won't become customary. When the M.P.'s yelled for three Black Marias, Corp. Mervin Helm, in charge of the motor pool repair shop, put a crew of body-builders to work. "But look," Corp. Helm told them, "we've got to bear in mind that one of us might have to ride in one of these bird cages some day, so let's be charitable." The upshot was that the three portable hoosegows look exactly like ordinary Army trucks.

7TH DIV.

FORT ORD. As Lieut. Col. Garnett H. Wilson watched trailer after trailer loaded with vacationists pass his staff car, an idea suddenly glimmered. "See if you can't provide," he told Maj. Joseph M. Williams, of the 69th Qm. Btn., "about twenty of those combined living and office quarters, for transporting Third Army Corps Headquarters to field maneuvers." Members of the 69th's Co. C got busy, ripped up condemned trucks and ambulances, constructed twenty-three trailers out of the pieces. The cost came to $50 each, which was $300 less than the price civilian workers would have charged for them.

RECOIL

IN THE June 7th issue of this department, a Fort Jackson soldier was quoted as griping because the library had no "biography, history and other books worth reading." Second Lieutenant Robert M. White II, 128th F.A., wonders what this soldier really wants. "We," he writes, "recently made a survey here and learned that one third of the books drawn from our two libraries are nonfiction, biographies, aeronautics, engineering, history and language books." And a private who wants his name kept out of this says the 8th Division Service Club library has some swell books in it. What he wants to know is, why can't they figure out some way to give the Fort Jackson boys some symphonic or concert music?

THE Canal Zone yields another letter from Sgt. George Russell, 6th Bomb Group Recreation Center, France Field, in which he tells us what happened after we quoted him recently as saying that many of the 1,080 men stationed there guaranteed to answer all letters from female correspondents. "The response was terrific," writes he. "We've received letters from twenty-eight states so far, mostly from New York, California and Texas, with a few from Pennsylvania. The demand for them was so great that I had to get an extra man to help me distribute them, and two men answered each letter. The officers thought it was a wonderful idea. There are, however, still 600 lonely soldiers with fountain pens ready for action. Can you send out one more plea for letters?"

WHY, certainly, sergeant . . . Please, gals? G. W.

SHE'S not ashamed of her FALSE TEETH SMILE

Thanks To

POLIDENT BEAUTY BATH

Keeps Plates Like New—No Brushing

Are you letting dingy false teeth destroy your smile . . . perhaps your whole charm? Does the very thought of unattractive plates make you self-conscious when you should be well-poised? The thing to do is—get Polident—a powder that magically dissolves away tarnish, stain, food-deposits from plates, removable bridges—*without brushing,* acid or danger! What a difference in the way your plate looks and feels! Polident purifies your plate—leaves it *clean*—attractive! Gums look more "alive" too! Leading dentists recommend POLIDENT. Only 30c, any drug store; *money back if not delighted.*

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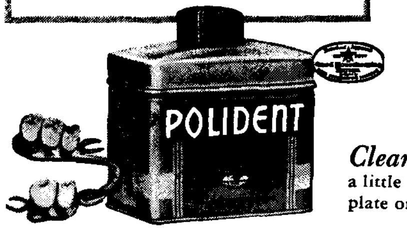
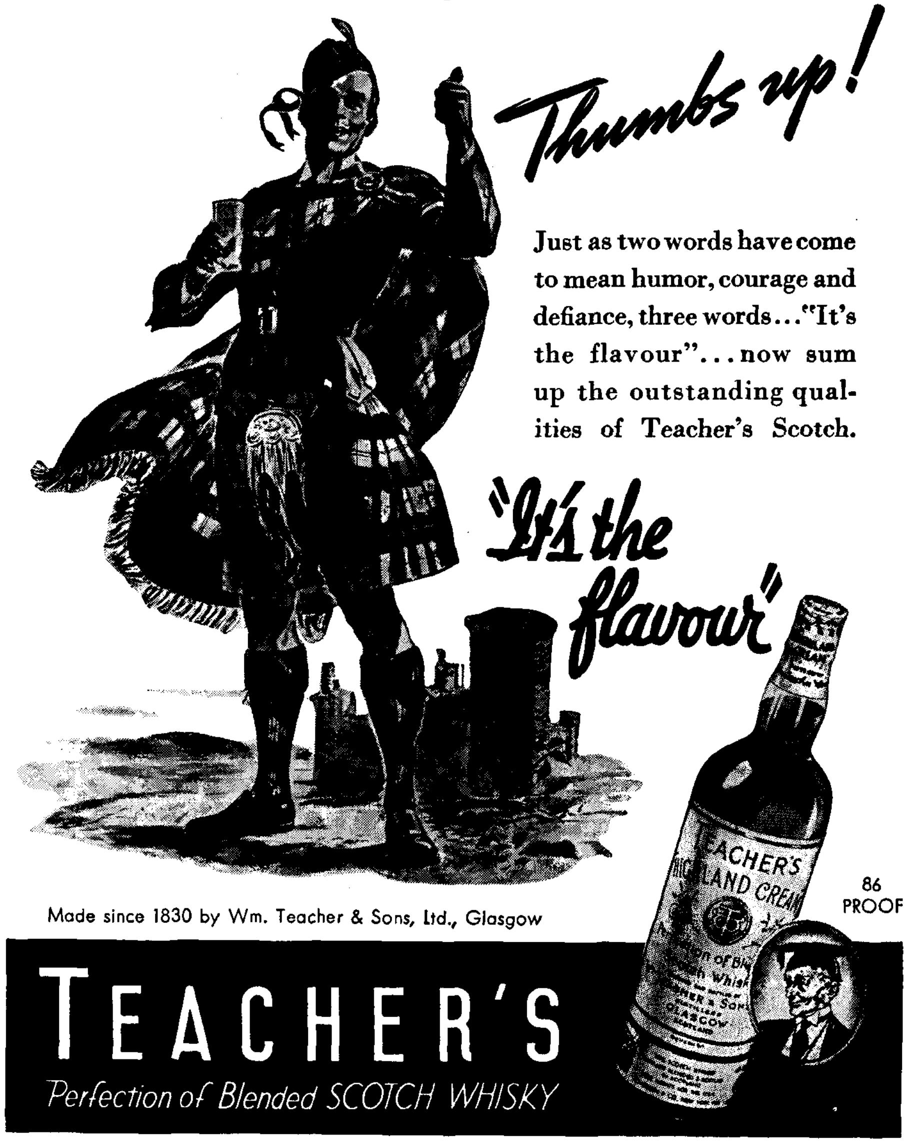
False Teeth Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

A dark film collects on plates and bridges, that soaks up odors and impurities! It gets in crevices where brushing can't even reach! Almost always it results in "denture breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it *but others will!* Yet Polident quickly dissolves all film—leaves plates absolutely odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing!



POLIDENT

Cleans and Purifies No Brushing. Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



Just as two words have come to mean humor, courage and defiance, three words . . . "It's the flavour" . . . now sum up the outstanding qualities of Teacher's Scotch.

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DO THIS

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

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Soothe Pain of Sunburn This Quick Way

Remember Sunburn is a real burn and should be treated at once. For quick relief apply OIL-O-SOL (formerly Oil-of-Salt). It soothes, cools and comforts. Used by thousands. This effective inhibitory antiseptic is also valuable in treating non-venomous insect bites and minor injuries—cuts, scratches, bruises. Stimulates healing—combats infection. Only 50c at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Great Success
for itchy peeling toes
ATHLETE'S FOOT

Many Druggists Say "Nothing Better"

No matter how tortured you are from itching, or cracked, peeling raw skin between toes—just feel how *promptly* liquid Zemo relieves distress. Zemo ALSO gives the irritated skin a chance to heal *faster*. Zemo is one product that *really* works!

Use Zemo freely—soon your discomfort should disappear. Over 25,000,000 packages of this highly successful home treatment to relieve distress have been sold. It MUST be good! 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. → ZEMO

Gow Jobs

Continued from page 14

blessed by nature with the perfect setup for the hobby. One hundred and seventy miles from Los Angeles on the Mojave Desert, the dry, hard bottoms of what centuries ago were mammoth lakes extend for miles across the desert. Only Daytona Beach in its heyday even approached this racing strip. Since 1938, Harper Lakes have been the scene of time trials and competitive races conducted under the auspices of the SCTA.

In the beginning, the boys had loosely knit clubs, meeting at parking lots, garages or on lonely roads to race, look over one another's rigs and compare notes. The names of these clubs tell their own story—Road Runners, Throttlers, Hot Irons, Sidewinders, Outriders, Night Fliers, Velociteers, Comets, Road Ramblers, Revs, Falcons, Idlers, 90 M.P.H. Club.

Dozens of these clubs sprang up in Los Angeles and surrounding communities as far north as San Francisco and as far south as San Diego. When the members finally realized that a governing organization was the only alternative to constant friction with the public and the law, the SCTA was the result.

In Los Angeles alone, there are twenty-eight clubs, each with an average of thirty members, and there are at least 2,500 boys with racing cars in California.

The idea of the association was to stage meets at the Lakes, a safe course for testing the cars. Each club provides two members for patrol duty at every meet. Boys who are broke but deserving are assisted out of slender club funds. Daring ideas are encouraged in the design of cars and motors.

A Secret That Won't Keep

Come along to a Lakes meet. Out through Newhall, Saugus and Mint Canyon, or Victorville and Barstow, and onto the Mojave, five thousand cars of every description are whooshing by, making the walls of Mint Canyon reverberate like a tom-tom. Most of the cars carry spectators lucky enough to know about the Lakes meet. There have been as many as 20,000 people lining the course, but they are not wanted, and the meets are kept as secret as possible.

The night before a Lakes meet, boys begin to gather early. Zero hour is twelve midnight. Racing starts with the first streak of light over the desert, since by noon it will be 120 in the shade.

Sit beside one of these kids. Squeeze into the cramped seat. Don't be frightened that after your driver gets into his car, the steering wheel is handed him and fastened into place. It fits so snugly against his stomach that he couldn't get under it any other way.

The first minute will scare you stiff, because you never heard so much racket come out of so small a motor. But watch him. His split-second reactions are faster than yours. He knows what he is doing. By analyzing the skilled, alert way the boy handles his car, you will learn that accidents are caused less by fast driving than slow thinking.

There is no muffler on the car. The motor was designed to develop 85 h.p. After two years of hard work, it will pour out around 140 h.p. And the speed is in ratio to its horsepower.

He probably will be stopped on the way to the Lakes for not having a muffler. But his SCTA card will receive courteous attention from the motorcycle officer. The law now overlooks such regulations, appreciating that this boy is going to do his racing honestly and aboveboard. But let the boy's foot get heavy on the throttle, and nothing will protect him from seeing the judge.

At the Lakes in the pitch blackness before dawn, cars are lined up for miles, waiting for enough light to signal the start of the test runs.

The hard-working SCTA technical committee, which arrived two days before, has the electrical timing device, designed by the members, functioning flawlessly. The timer is so accurate that when checked it was not off more than 1/1000 of a second in twenty-four hours.

One quarter of a mile apart to the inch, two wires, hydraulically controlled, stretch across the course leading to a recording disk at the judges' stand. Before entering the crucial stretch, known as "the traps," the driver is allowed a three-mile leeway to get up to full speed and then three miles in which to bring his car to a stop. With between 400 and 500 test runs in a day, few cars will fail to top 100 m.p.h.

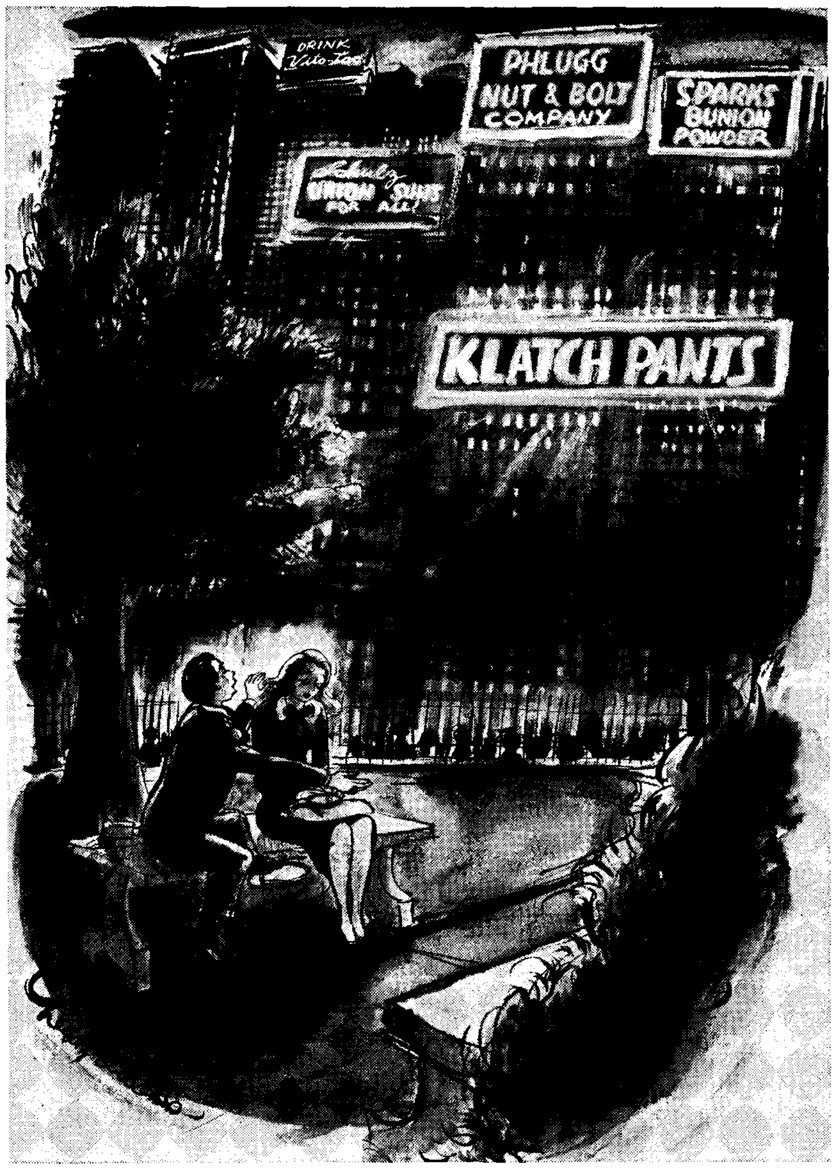
Spectators are permitted only one side of the course, to permit a safe turnout on the other side if a car meets trouble. Committee members patrol the course, while others check tires, brakes, steering gear and other equipment. Any machine that offers the slightest hazard is barred from the course.

Three types of cars are raced. The fastest is the streamliner, having a streamlined body, often with some sort of tail assembly. It may or may not be multimotored. Next is the modified type, nothing more than a chassis, a motor, a gas tank, a steering wheel and a driver. Third is the roadster. It can have any kind of power, just as the other two, but must have a conventional roadster body.

Bob Rufi holds the streamliner record. It is 143.54 m.p.h., established with a rig no bigger than a watch charm, but with a tornado for power. The boys call it the "Sweet Potato on Wheels." The body is airplane-type construction and incredibly strong. Once Rufi's steering locked when he was hitting 120. Although the machine rolled over fifteen times, quicker than a wink, Rufi walked away from it all in one piece, with only an injured arm. The motor is in the rear, with the exhaust shooting out into the air stream.

And—get this—Rufi constructed his power plant around a 1927 four-cylinder Chevrolet motor, with an Oldsmobile three-port head! But there is not a bolt in the motor he has not gone over a hundred times until every part balanced to compare with the finest timepiece.

Rod and John Pugh jointly hold the modified record at 127.05 m.p.h. with their Ford V-8. Rod, who is in the Navy, drove the car to this record while on shore leave. But both Pugh boys worked on it and have driven it through the traps in record time.



"Darling, how lovely you look, with that mystic, heavenly light dancing in your hair!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

These young mechanics refuse to accept any form of standardization in their motors or bodies. In comparison, Clint Secombe, Jr. hung up the roadster record of 125.36 m.p.h. with an ordinary Ford Model A body, powered with a Cadillac V-16 motor.

It often takes a boy years to save the four, five, six hundred or a thousand dollars he puts into his car. Try ordering a car that would duplicate the speed of these jalopies. The asking price would take your breath away.

It's a Young Man's Game

The young men this sport turns out come from the homes of the rich and the poor. Shirley Temple's 21-year-old brother, George, is a good example. After two months of training at the Marine Corps recruit depot in San Diego, young Temple graduated the outstanding man in his platoon of sixty-three Leathernecks. He also was one of fifteen out of 190 graduates whose aptitude merited a mechanic's assignment for aviation duty.

Two years ago, when Temple became interested in the Lakes, he knew little about motors. What he learned around jalopies and racing his own car gave him the opportunity to specialize with the Marines in aviation. George is eager to win his wings. If he does, he will be in a fighting, not a bombing plane. He feels that bombers are too slow.

Mino Kamimura, an American-born Japanese and a gardener, loves speed, too. He can't afford more than one car. At the Lakes, he unbolts the fenders from his Model A Ford, tunes up his motor, which has a special racing head, as all of them do, and bangs through the traps. He has been timed at 121 m.p.h. After the races, he bolts the fenders back on, loads up with his lawnmower, hoses and hedge clippers and goes about his business. In town, he drives in low and second.

Until a short time ago, Thatcher Darwin was an insurance clerk. His fellow clerks thought he was slightly daft to have a hobby so ridiculous as hopped-up cars. Darwin is now employed by the Douglas Aircraft Company as a specialist, handling replacement parts on planes.

This summer, Darwin will have at the Lakes the car he has visioned ever since he was in knee pants. He used to sketch it in high school when he should have been conjugating verbs. It will be the first supercharged V-16 Cadillac motor on the Lakes. Darwin took the motor out of a secondhand car that once belonged to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Starting three years ago, he designed a frame for the motor, working from the ground up. The supercharger cost him three months' salary, and he sleeps with it under his bed. His motor develops around 340 h.p. He thinks it should give him at least 125 m.p.h.

Tex Roberts, a popular Lakes driver in 1938, was a recent visitor around the "Hot Iron" hangouts. He was back in Los Angeles after successfully completing the Air Corps training course in Texas, and en route to a Pacific Coast post. Many Lakes drivers are going into the flying service as pilots.

Rex Mays, Fred Friday and Mel Leighton, Lakes products, are well-known professional race drivers. Eddie Meyer, brother of Louie, three-time winner of the Indianapolis classic, has used the Lakes as a laboratory for eleven of Meyer's cars.

Just as an example of how the Lakes operate as a laboratory, a popular make of stock car now features dual carburetion. This is nothing new to the Lakes kids. They were coming out years ago with eight carburetors, one to a cylinder.

Younger boys look up to those of greater experience and accomplishment. The maturer drivers are taking the kids, known in the lingo as "High-School Harrys," under their wing. They encourage them to go out after records instead of knocking down lampposts. Rules of safe driving are drilled into them. Their cars are inspected. They are shown movies of races, given mechanical tips and absorb in this relationship valuable lessons.

But the SCTA is so pressed for funds, depending entirely on the dues of the members, that until recently the judges' stand at the Lakes was the crate of a Pratt and Whitney Wasp motor. Now they have a portable timer, built on the trucks of an old trailer. Neither the American Automobile Association nor any other qualified organization has ever taken the slightest interest in these boys. For setting a record or winning a race they are lucky to get a case of oil, a mechanic's jumper or a three-dollar merchandise order. Sheer enthusiasm, junk and tin cans have created mechanical marvels on the most limited funds.

Boys who have been building their own cars for five or six years know more about the fundamental principles and construction of motors than most college graduates and can put a majority of mechanics to shame. The minds of these boys are not cluttered up with conventions, taboos or rigid formulae. Putting their cars together, piece by piece, they know intimately the function of every part of mechanism from practical experience. They can tear their cars down and put them together again in a dark room.

Tank Corps Welcomes Them

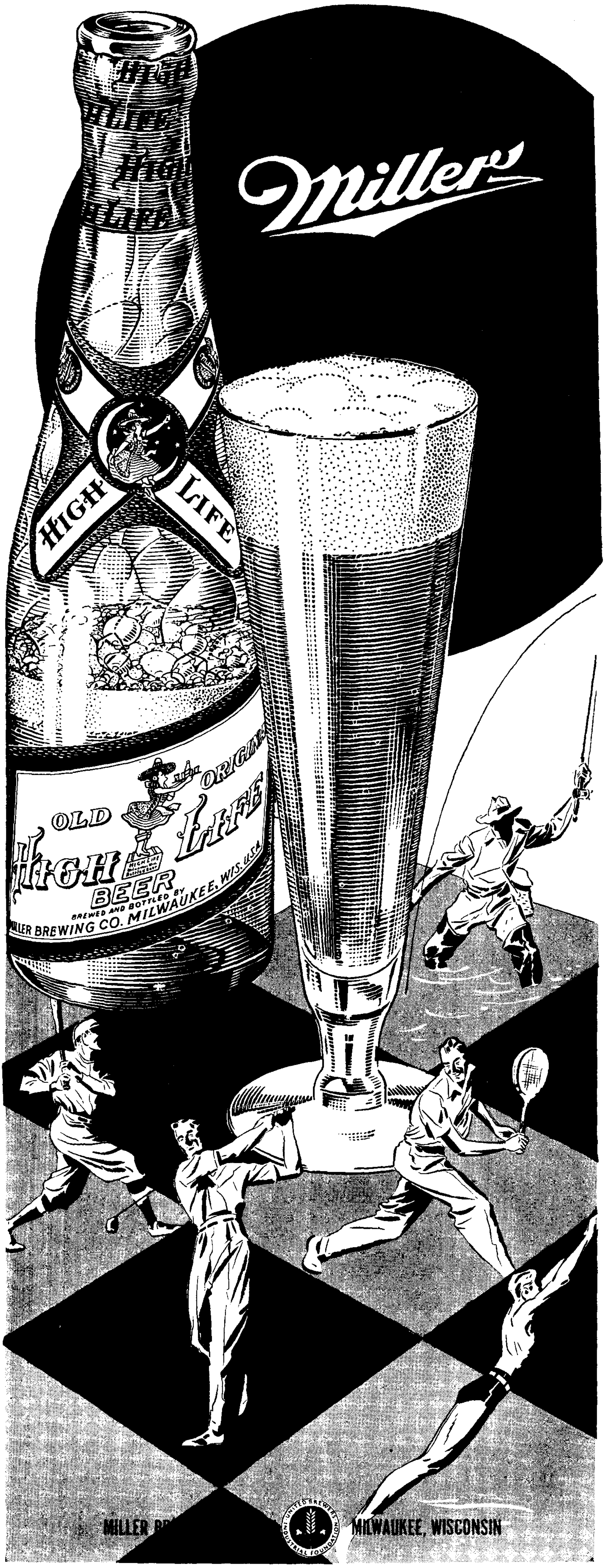
The Tank Corps of the United States Army is welcoming these young Lakes drivers with open arms. Many of the clubs have been decimated by the draft and at present there are fourteen members of the Southern California Timing Association at Fort Benning, Georgia, in the newly formed Tank Divisions of the Army. Others are being trained to handle Jeeps, the tiny, highly mobile scout cars developed for the Army that can speed across a plowed field at sixty miles per hour. The training these boys receive at the Lakes in handling cars at high speeds and their ability to tear down motors and repair them under all working conditions and on the road make them ideal material to be turned into drivers and mechanics for the mechanized forces.

Despite the boys' best efforts, difficulties are arising about using Harper Lakes as a testing ground. A movement is on foot to stop the racing, based on the complaints of farmers. One reported that ten head of cattle were rustled during a race. A "Gow Job" can hardly accommodate the driver with an extra can of gas on his lap, much less a cow. Another irate farmer has maintained that the noise of the motors disturbs the laying habits of his hens. The Chambers of Commerce of the desert towns are up in arms. If forced off Harper Lakes, Rosamond Lakes is the only alternative, and this surface is soft and treacherous. That is where Rufi turned his car over.

Any successful effort to block these young mechanics and drivers would not only be unfortunate for them but for a nation that needs them desperately to attain that goal of 50,000 airplanes. For without motors, wings cannot fly.

If America's defense is important, her mechanically minded youngsters who will ultimately make it go are worthy of the nation's attention. It would require little money to build strategically located courses where this mechanical genius can legitimately develop unhindered.

It is something to think about.



Collier's

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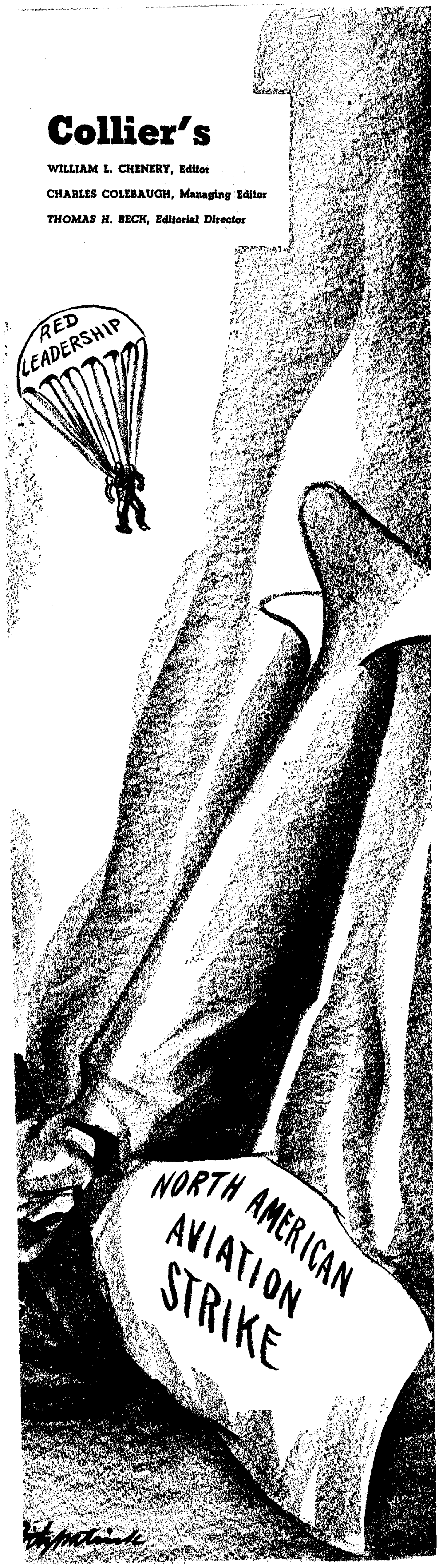


A Job to Be Finished

THE German attack on Russia is as wicked and as wanton as any of the aggressions Hitler has decreed. As between Russia and Germany, American sympathy goes out naturally to the victim. We hope that Winston Churchill was prophetic when he pronounced German invasion of Russia as another climactic point of the war that might well lead to German defeat.

We also think that Mr. Churchill was wholly wise when he refused to unsay anything he had said against Russian Bolshevism during the last twenty years. The fact that Russia is now the victim of German aggression mitigates in no way the evils done by Russia. The Russian attack on Finland is as heinous as it was. Communist interference with American production for defense is just as intolerable as it was before Russia was invaded.

The new Communist party line may be now to encourage American defense production in order to help Russia. As against Germany, Americans want Russia helped. We still don't need any Communist interference with American industry.

The job so well begun when the Army opened the plant of the North American Aviation Company at Inglewood, California, should be carried on to completion. Alien politicians have no place in American industry. Domestic politicians are no help, but the injection of alien issues in our production system is intolerable.

So let's continue to clean out the subversive agitators from American unions and American industry. Yes, help Russian defense against Germany in any way that seems wise to our military and naval establishments, but drive Reds, Nazis, Fascists and all other conspirators out.

The C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. have the chance to purge their ranks. The Administration's use of the Army showed what an aroused public opinion can do. The work is not finished. It won't be while any subversive agents are left.

There are no 100% Americans

FOR our money, the President's finest single act in the national emergency to date is his loud-voiced demand for an end to all racial discrimination in hiring workers for the defense industries.

Any loyal inhabitant of this country, says the President, is entitled to a chance at any of these jobs, whether he be of German, Italian, colored, Jewish or any other descent. We don't know of anything more timely that could be said just now.

It's common knowledge that discrimination has been practiced here and there against members of these groups ever since the war began, and in favor of alleged 100% Americans.

The fact is that there are no 100% Americans. We're all foreigners when you trace our family trees back far enough. That goes even for our friends the Indians, sometimes called the only real 100% Americans. The Indians' ancestors in prehistoric times came over here from Asia, via the Bering Strait.

Yet in this country, which prides itself on being the melting pot, the haven for the oppressed of all lands, there is a ceaseless undertow of provincialism, nativism, chauvinism. In times of national stress, this undertow strives to become the main current. It manifests itself in Native American, Know Nothing, Ku Klux, Black Legion, Social Justice, etc., movements; and sometimes it gets considerable power.

But it was not by such philosophies that this became a great nation. The United States made the grade by holding to the opposite idea—the idea that this country is big enough and strong enough to give everybody an even chance, regardless of ancestors, backgrounds and so on.

If we alienate the loyalties of large blocks of Americans at a time like this, we shall hack at our own national throat. The common-sense thing to do is to bind those people's loyalties and gratitude to this country with every hoop of steel we can forge. The simplest and most effective of such hoops is the practice of ruling out race discrimination in the matter of filling up the pay rolls.

Not that we should take foolish chances with fifth columnists, spies, saboteurs. We shouldn't. But the government, with its F.B.I., Secret Service and kindred agencies, is well equipped to handle that stuff. The government, for illustration, took a deadly crack at it when it closed the Axis consulates in this country.

That is the kind of work the government should do. It is also the kind of work that citizens should leave to the government to do. The rank and file of us can best combat subversive tendencies by simply staying American for the duration of this emergency.

D'Artagnan Rides Again

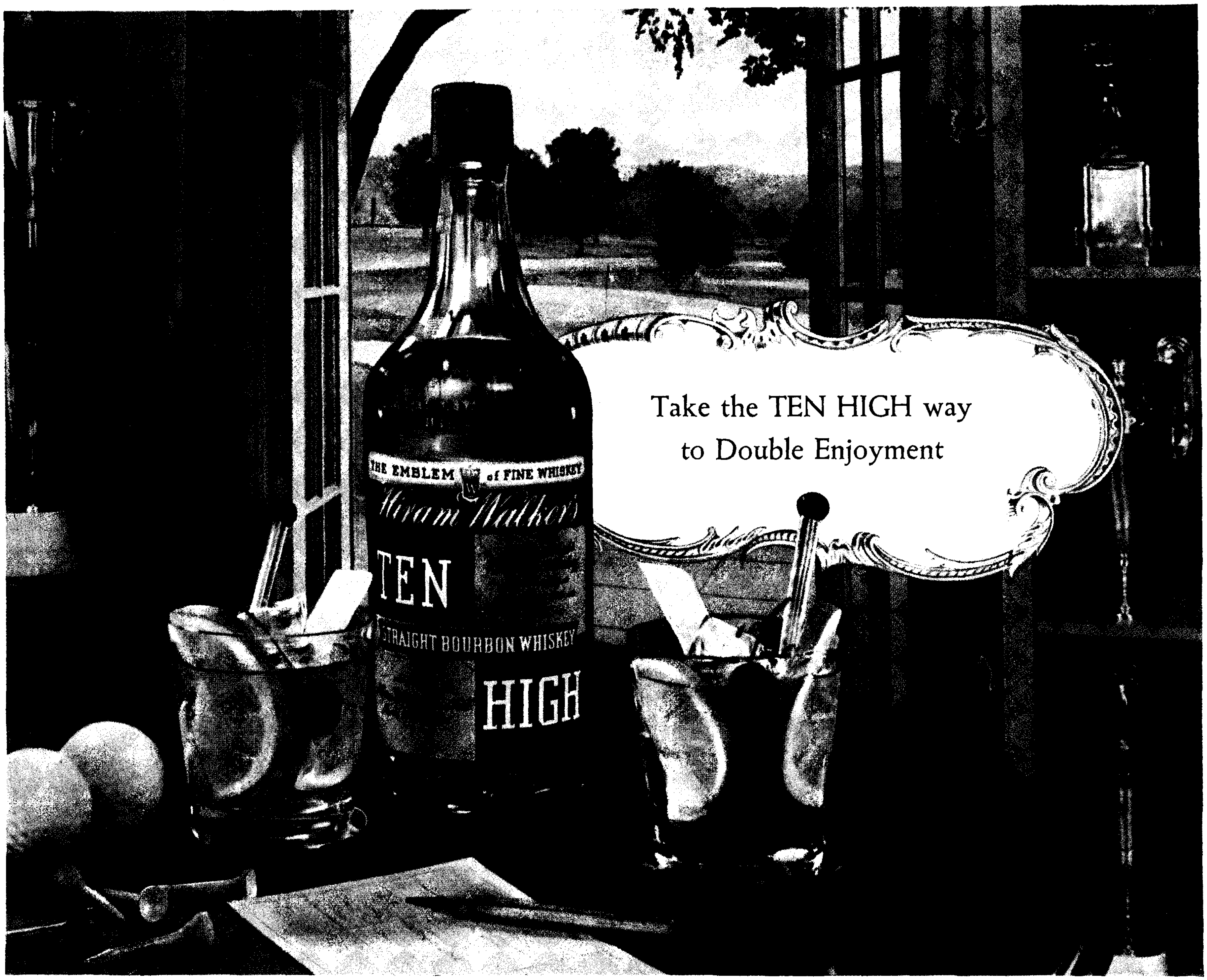
THIS editorial, quite simply, is a rave about Gen. Charles de Gaulle, leader of the Free French in this war. Whenever we think of de Gaulle, we think of Don John of Austria, cracking the power of the Turk at the Battle of Lepanto in 1571:

> *Vivat Hispania!*
> *Domino gloria!*
> Don John of Austria
> Has set his people free!

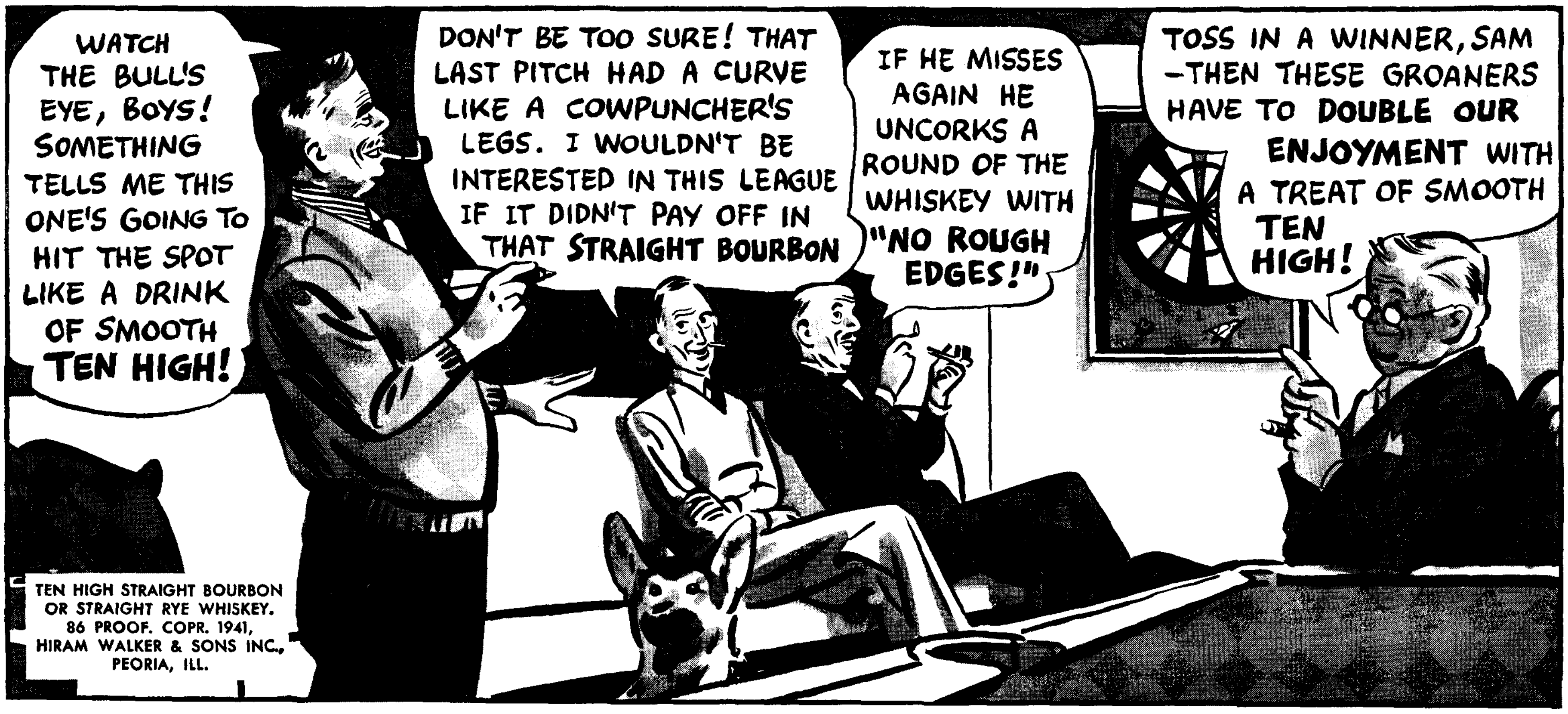
De Gaulle, who saw the blitzkrieg coming years before it struck, and tried to warn an army clique that wouldn't listen to him, cleared out after the fall of France. Not for him any truckling to the conquerors, any hanging around with the Vichy crumb collectors.

He rallied all the Free French spirits he could get in touch with, and teamed up with the British in London, beleaguered haven of toppled sovereigns and exiled fighting men. At this writing, de Gaulle heads the biggest and most formidable free-lance force engaged in this war—40,000 soldiers, 100 fighting ships aggregating about 400,000 tons, an air force of undisclosed size. It isn't big; but wonders have been wrought with less.

Whatever finally happens to de Gaulle, we think he ranks with the finest France has produced, in life or in legend—Roland, D'Artagnan, the Chevalier Bayard, Lafayette. Can a country which down the centuries has gone on breeding such men as de Gaulle fail some day, somehow, to rise again?

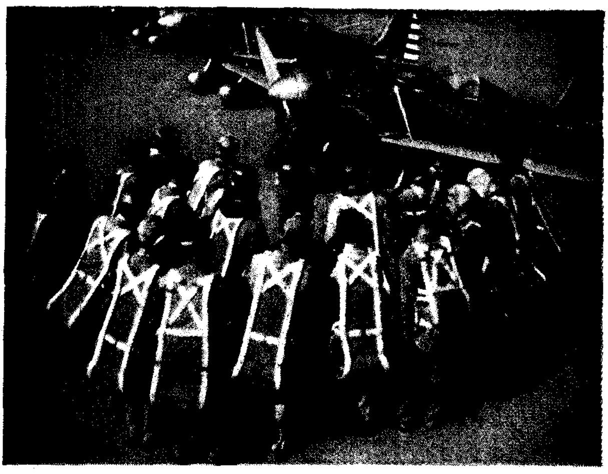

Take the TEN HIGH way
to Double Enjoyment
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH

"THE RIBBERS" by Neal Sickles

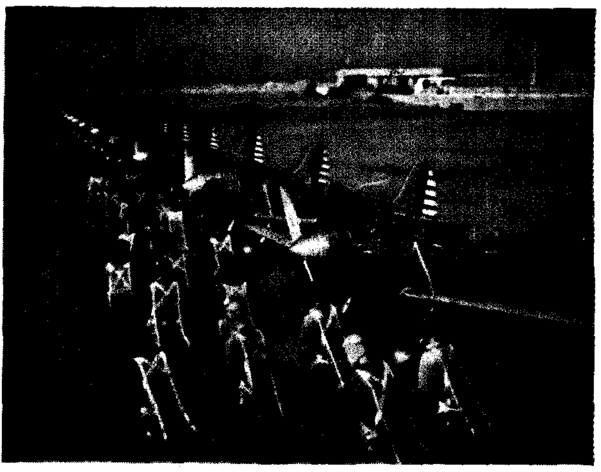

WATCH THE BULL'S EYE, BOYS! SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS ONE'S GOING TO HIT THE SPOT LIKE A DRINK OF SMOOTH TEN HIGH!
DON'T BE TOO SURE! THAT LAST PITCH HAD A CURVE LIKE A COWPUNCHER'S LEGS. I WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN THIS LEAGUE IF IT DIDN'T PAY OFF IN THAT STRAIGHT BOURBON
IF HE MISSES AGAIN HE UNCORKS A ROUND OF THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES!"
TOSS IN A WINNER, SAM —THEN THESE GROANERS HAVE TO DOUBLE OUR ENJOYMENT WITH A TREAT OF SMOOTH TEN HIGH!

TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON
OR STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY.
86 PROOF. COPR. 1941,
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.,
PEORIA, ILL.

THIS IS AMERICA... *young* America... in the air! Here at the Ryan School of Aeronautics in San Diego—at twenty-seven other "West Points of the Air"—the Army Air Corps pilot training program is turning out class after class of young men who can outfly the Eagle they are pledged to defend. Americans all... they're the Army's Flying Cadets.



THE CAMPUS is an airdrome runway . . . classroom a 2-place trainer. And the "prof" is veteran test pilot Paul Wilcox *(center, above and at left),* Ryan chief instructor. "Dodoes" now, they'll be doing Immelmans and snap rolls in eight weeks. And when they've passed that final "washing machine ride," it's "Hi ya, buddy. Got a Camel?"



YES, Charley Cadet, you'll find the cigarette that rates in the Army is the flavorful brand that is extra mild with less nicotine in the smoke. Today—and for more than 20 years—reports from Army Post Exchanges show Camels are preferred. The Army man's favorite... the Navy man's favorite... America's favorite cigarette—Camels.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

CAMELS ARE ACES WITH ME.
FLAVOR APLENTY —AND EXTRA MILD

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," says Chief Instructor Paul Wilcox, Civilian Director of Army Flight Training at Ryan School of Aeronautics, San Diego

GONE are the "Jennies" and the baling wire "crates" of 1918. *This* is 1941! Things have changed in this Army of ours, but not the Army man's preference for the cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

Today, as then, America's front-line cigarette is C-A-M-E-L!

Paul Wilcox's "I'd walk a mile for a Camel" tells you of the flavor that never wears out its welcome—full, rich, cool, extra mild. Science tells you of Camel's extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke *(see above, left).* Join up now with that ever-growing army of Camel smokers. Today get Camels—and for that chap who's waiting to hear from you, get an extra carton *of Camels.*